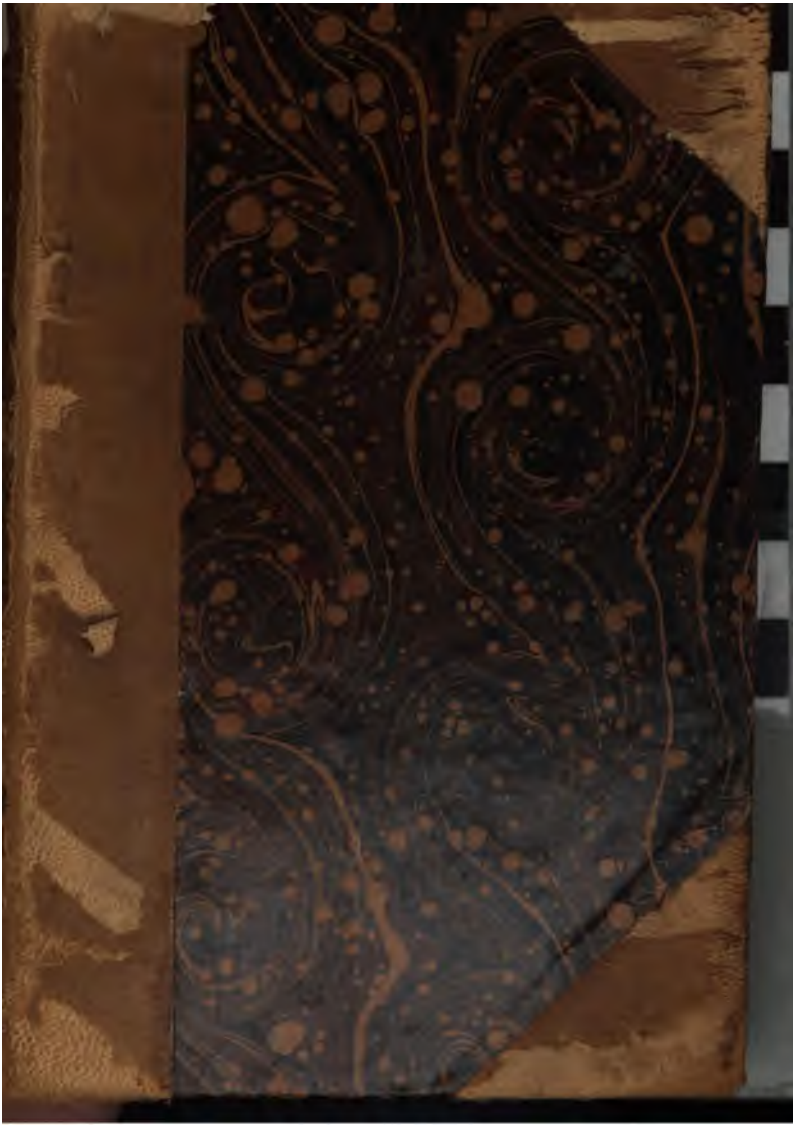

VIRGIL.

Engraved by Turman.

VIRGIL.

THE ECLOGUES TRANSLATED BY WRANGHAM,

THE GEORGICS BY SOTHEBY,

AND THE ÆNEID BY DRYDEN.

VOL. I.

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C. S. Thayer

suddenly struck with surprise and sorrow, fainted away. When she recovered, she made the poet a present of ten sesterces for every line in praise of her son, which amounted in the whole to above two thousand pounds sterling;—a reward equal to Octavia's generosity, and not above Virgil's merit.

An event at length occurred, which forms a prominent feature both in the biography of our poet, and in the poetical history of the time. Virgil, who had just revised and altered the Eclogues and Georgics, with a view to give the ultimate polish to the Æneid, which he had now completed, projected a tour in Greece and Asia. With a dread almost prophetic, and an ardor not disproportionate, Horace addresses the ship which bore his departing friend (see lib. i. ode 3.). At Athens Virgil met with Augustus, who was returning to Rome from Samos, where he had wintered after his Syrian expedition. Changing his former intention, Virgil determined to accompany his patron.

A circumstance happened about this time too remarkable to be omitted. Augustus, either cloyed

haberem tuis, libenter mitterem. Sed tanta inchoata res est, ut pæne vitio mentis tantum opus ingressus *mihi videor; cum* præsertim, ut scis, alia quoque studia *ad id opus*, multoque potiora impartiar.'

with glory, or terrified by the example of his predecessor, or to gain the credit of moderation with the people, or possibly to feel the pulse of his friends, deliberated whether he should retain the sovereign power, or restore the commonwealth. Agrippa advised the latter: but Mæcenas, who had thoroughly studied his master's temper, gave contrary advice in an eloquent oration.

Cæsar finding his council thus divided, asked Virgil's advice. Thus a poet had the honor of determining the greatest point that ever was in debate, betwixt the son-in-law and the favorite of Cæsar. Virgil delivered his opinion in words to this effect: 'The change of a popular into an absolute government has generally been of very ill consequence: for betwixt the hatred of the people, and injustice of the prince, it of necessity comes to pass that they live in distrust and mutual apprehension. But if the commons knew a just person, whom they intirely confided in, it would be for the advantage of all parties that such a one should be their sovereign. Wherefore if you shall continue to administer justice impartially, as hitherto you have done, your power will prove safe to yourself, and beneficial to mankind.' This excellent sentence, which *seems taken out of* Plato (with whose works

the writers of that day were not much acquainted, and therefore cannot reasonably be suspected of forgery in this matter), contains the true state of affairs at that time: for the commonwealth maxims were now no longer practicable; the Romans had only the haughtiness of the old commonwealth left, without one of its virtues. And this sentence we find, almost in the same words, in the first book of the Æneid, which at this time he was writing; and one might wonder that none of the commentators have taken notice of it. He compares a tempest to a popular insurrection, as Cicero had compared a sedition to a storm a little before.

On a visit to Megara Virgil was seized with an indisposition, which his voyage increased, and he died a few days after his arrival at Brundusium, in his fifty-second year. On his death-bed he earnestly desired that his Æneid might be burned, and even left in his will an injunction to that effect. Being however informed by the celebrated Varius and Plotius Tucca, that Augustus would not permit the destruction of his poem, he left it to them to publish, on condition that they would make no additions to the text, even for the purpose of supplying an unfinished verse.

Virgil was certainly the most correct poet of his

time, as almost all the facts in the Æneid are built on history. He used to revise his verses with extreme severity, to dictate many lines in the morning, and to spend the rest of the day in correcting and reducing them to a less number. He compared himself to a she-bear which licks her cubs into shape. He was so benevolent and inoffensive, that most of his contemporary poets, (even the 'genus irritabile vatum,') though they envied and maligned each other, agreed in loving and esteeming him.

With regard to the characteristical difference between Virgil and Homer, on which so many fruitless disputes have been raised, it may with truth be affirmed that the former excelled all mankind in judgment, and the latter in invention. 'Methinks the two poets,' says Mr. Pope, 'resemble the heroes they celebrate: Homer boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil calmly daring like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action, disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. Or when we look on their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter *in his terrors*, shaking Olympus, scattering *the lightnings*, and firing the heavens: Virgil like

the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.'

Virgil was of a swarthy complexion, tall, and athletic, but of a weakly constitution. He was so bashful, that when people crowded to see him, he would slip into some passage or shop to avoid them. He appeared to have had little regard for the fair sex, and it is on this account that we do not discover in his poems the character of one good woman; nay, he rather refers to them with contempt. His life however was as chaste as his style, and those who criticise his poetry can never find a blemish in his morals. With respect to his fortune, he was affluent; and, as Juvenal remarks, we should have wanted the strongest paintings and the noblest strokes of imagination in the Æneid, if Virgil had not been blessed with the comforts and conveniences of life.

His studies, sickliness, and the troubles he met with, turned his hair grey before the usual time. He had a hesitation in his speech, as many other great men; it being rarely found that a very fluent elocution, and depth of judgment, meet in the same person: his aspect and behavior were rustic and *ungraceful;* and this defect was neither likely to

be rectified in the place where he first lived, nor afterwards, because the weakness of his stomach would not permit him to take exercise.

He was of a thoughtful and melancholy temper, spoke little, loved retirement and contemplation, and was an enemy to those talkative impertinents, from which no court, not even that of Augustus, could be free. He had a delightful villa in Sicily, and a fine house and well-furnished library near Mæcenas' gardens on the Esquiline hill at Rome.

He died with such steadiness and tranquillity, as to be able to dictate his own epitaph in the following words:

> Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
> Parthenope; cecini Pascua, Rura, Duces.

His bones were carried to Naples, according to his earnest request, and a monument was erected at a small distance from the city.

THE ECLOGUES.

TRANSLATED BY

ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM, M.A. F.R.S.

WITH

NOTES

COLLECTED FROM MARTYN, PENN, &c.

ECLOGUE I.—TITYRUS.

ARGUMENT.

THE subject of this Eclogue, which was probably composed (after the *Alexis*, the *Palæmon*, and the *Daphnis*) A. C. 41, A. U. C. 713, is presumptively the division of the lands of the conquered provinces among the soldiery after the battle of Philippi, and the consequent expulsion of their rightful proprietors. Tityrus, or Virgil (as it is generally imagined) under that name, expresses his joy at being restored to his estate in the neighborhood of Mantua; which he owed—as it has been inferred from the ninth Eclogue—either to the intercession of his friend Pollio with Varus, or with some other of Octavius' favorites, or to the circumstance of his having deified Julius Cæsar the year before in his *Daphnis*. In retaking possession, however, he nearly incurred from the usurping intruder the loss of life, and only saved himself by swimming across the Mincio. On this he returned to Rome, where he seems soon afterward to have composed his *Mœris;* from which, as well as from Appian's fifth book on the Civil Wars, it appears that portions of the Mantuan territory had been seized without authority by the encroaching soldiers, to whom the lands about Cremona had been assigned. This induced numbers of complainants to flock to Rome in quest of redress.

Melibœus. BENEATH this beech you, Tityrus, thrown at ease,
Pour through the reed your sylvan melodies:

1 Professor *Martyn, in his* valuable edition of the Bucolics, *suggests that 'Tityrus'* (the 'happy old man,' with the 'grey-

We quit our homes, our pleasant native plains;
We our dear country fly! You trill your strains,
As love inspires, stretch'd careless in the shade, 5
And Amaryllis echoes through the glade.
Tityrus. O Melibœus, to a god I owe
This blest repose: to him, as god, I bow;
And oft a youngling of my fleecy brood
Shall stain his hallow'd shrine with offer'd blood. 10
He gave my herds, as here you see, to stray;
And me to breathe at will my woodland lay.
Mel. Your lot I envy not, but more admire—
When all the region shakes with storms so dire!
Lo! I my goats urge fainting o'er the mead: 15
This, feebler than the rest, with pains I lead.
Yean'd 'mid yon hazels on the flinty plain,
Her dying twins, my flock's late hope, remain.
Oft (had I mark'd it) to myself, and fold,
This whelming ruin the scathed tree foretold; 20
[The left-hand raven oft, with prescient croak,
Distinctly boded from the hollow oak!]

clad chin') as too aged for Virgil, then only twenty-nine—may represent generally the successful, and 'Melibœus' the unsuccessful applicant; or 'Tityrus' Mantua, and 'Melibœus' Cremona. Poetically, 'Tityrus' is a pastoral name, borrowed (like a great number of other things contained in these Eclogues) from Theocritus.

6 Some commentators fancifully conceive that under the names of 'Amaryllis' and 'Galatea' the poet allegorises Rome and Mantua. Yet why, as De la Rue asks, this involution; since Rome is twice mentioned by name, and Mantua as *urbs?* Besides, we are told by Servius, that in nothing are we to interpret the Bucolics figuratively; though we find him more than once offending against his own canon, particularly in the third Eclogue.

21, 22 These two lines, as a version of one which is not *found in* the most ancient Mss., or the more respectable editions (and which has therefore, it may be conjectured, been transferred from the Mgrin), are inclosed in brackets.

—But who this god of your idolatry?
Tit. The city they call Rome, ah silly me!
I fondly thought might like our Mantua be, 25
Where oft we shepherds drive our tender lambs—
Their sires so whelps resemble, kids their dams.
Thus mighty things I measured by the mean!
But high o'er other cities Rome is seen,
As the tall cypress o'er the osier's shoot. 30
Mel. And what to Rome seduced your vagrant foot?
Tit. Freedom: who, though her visit late she paid,
Approach'd at length my long-neglected shed;
When ripening age now clad with grey my chin,
And Amaryllis ruled the heart within. 35
That heart, I own, while Galatea sway'd,
Hopeless was freedom, profitless my trade:
Though many a victim issued from my fold,
And to sad Mantua many a cheese I sold;
Yet unproductive were my thriftiest pains, 40
And ne'er return'd I burthen'd with my gains.
Mel. Oft have I wonder'd, why with sorrowing cries
Thou, Amaryllis, did'st invoke the skies;
For whom thine apples linger'd on the spray:
Now, 'tis explain'd—thy Tityrus was away! 45
Thee, Tityrus, thee the pines, the brooks, the bowers
Call'd, fondly call'd from Rome's imperial towers.
Tit. What could I do? For there, and only there,
Freedom I hoped, and gods to hear my prayer.

30 Implying, with delicate flattery, a difference in kind, as well as in magnitude.—*Servius.*

46 The *arbusta*, here rendered (perhaps too generally) 'bowers,' were 'large pieces of ground planted with elms, or other trees, at the distance commonly of forty feet, to leave room for corn to grow between them. These trees were pruned in *such a manner*, as to serve for stages to the vines *which were planted near* them.'—Martyn.

There first to view that heaven-sprung youth was mine,
Yearly to whom twelve days shall flame my shrine. 51
First, to my suit propitious, there he spoke;
'Feed boys, as erst, your herds, your bullocks yoke.'
Mel. Happy old man! to you then shall remain,
For you sufficient, your dear native plain; 55
Though shingles here the sterile wild o'erspread,
And there the fenny bulrush rears its head.
With no new food your yeaning ewes shall faint;
Your herds no neighboring herd with sickness taint!
Happy old man! here by this hallow'd spring, 60
These well-known streams, the breeze its health shall fling:
Here by the neighboring hedge that bounds your farm,
Whose willow-flowers allure the busy swarm,
The wild bee's hum shall oft persuade to sleep,
And oft the pruner's song shall echo from the steep: 65
While, from yon lofty elm, your darling dove
With ceaseless plaints shall woo her turtle's love.
Tit. Sooner in air shall stags then seek their food,
And fishes change for earth the ocean-flood:
Sooner, with toil their distant confines past, 70
Germania's nations shall the Tigris taste,

50 Octavius was now about twenty-two years of age.

51 On one day in each month, probably the kalends or the ides; along with the *lares*, perhaps, who (as Tibullus informs us) were honored by a monthly worship.

56, 57 This sterility seems only to have been partial on Virgil's lands; as we read previously of fattened 'victims' and rich 'cheeses,' and subsequently of a 'vine-pruner,' home-grown 'apples and chestnuts,' and 'thickened curds.' The country round Mantua is, indeed, moist; as the Mincio flows from the Benacus (*hod.* Lago di Garda), and expands near that city into a broad lake before it falls into the Po, which frequently overflows its banks.

61 The Po and the Mincio.

71, 72 On the geography of this passage Martyn has a long

Or Parthian hordes the Sâone's slow current trace,
Than his dear form elude my heart's embrace.
Mel. We, we meanwhile to Afric's thirsty sands,
Oäxes' stream and Scythia's waste of lands, 75
Or Britain sunder'd from the world, must go!
—And shall I, after many a year of woe,
E'er my loved country tread; e'er hail again
My turf-roof'd cot, the palace of my reign?
These well-wrought fallows must the soldier own; 80
These crops be for a ruffian master sown?
What direful ills from civil fury flow!
See, for whose use our cherish'd harvests grow!
Now, Melibœus, graft thy pears: in lines,
At measured distance, now dispose thy vines! 85
—Hence, my poor goats, once happy creatures, hence
No more shall I, in rustic indolence,
From some green cave your frolic sports survey,
As on the mountain's briery crags ye play:
No more with joyous pipe your footsteps lead, 90
Their boughs where cytisus and willows spread.
Tit. Yet here with me one night, I ask not much,
Forget your woes upon this leafy couch:
Here 'mid ripe apples and soft chestnuts piled,
And thicken'd curds, your anguish be beguiled! 95
Curling from distant roofs the smokes rise slow,
And the tall hills their lengthening shadows throw.

note, proving that at this time both the Parthians had extended their conquests westward even beyond the Tigris, and the Germans also (on the invitation of the Sequani, *hod.* Franche Comté) had spread themselves in the same direction as far as the Arar, or the Saône.

94 *Mitia* (*poma*) may also mean 'mild' by nature, as opposed to the harsher species; or by cultivation, as opposed to crabs. So likewise *molles* (*castaneæ*) may signify 'ripe,' or 'fresh,' or 'smooth,' as distinguished from the hirsutæ or 'roasted.'

ECLOGUE II.—ALEXIS.

ARGUMENT.

FROM the fifth Eclogue, vv. 104, 105, it may be inferred that the *Alexis*, as well as the *Palæmon*, preceded in the dates of their composition the *Daphnis*, which itself appears to have been written A. C. 42, A. U. C. 712. The former was probably written before the death of Julius Cæsar, which took place on March 25, A. U. C. 710, and gained his approbation.—See Eclog. v. 64.

ALEXIS, beauteous, and his lord's delight,
Was loved by Corydon, in hope's despite.
Oft 'mid the solitary beechen glade,
As with his pipe the pensive shepherd stray'd,
These simple lays he pour'd to hill and grove: 5
'And cannot aught my plaint, Alexis, move?
Unpitying youth! thy frowns my death will prove.
Now herds for cooling shade their meads forsake:
Now the green lizard lurks within the brake;
And for the mowers, all faint with summer airs, 10
Wild thyme and garlick Thestylis prepares:
Whilst, as I trace thee o'er the sun-struck ground,
The copses wild with hoarse cicadas sound.

9 The 'green lizard' is very common in Italy, and is said to be found also in Ireland. It is larger than our common *eft*, or *swift*.—*Martyn*.

11 With these herbs the Roman farmers were accustomed to recruit the spirits of their laborers when exhausted by the heat. Garlic indeed, as we learn from Pliny, formed an ingredient in many rustic medicaments.

13 The *cicadæ* (Ital. *cigale*) sing or chirp most in hot weather, and in the middle of the day.

Of Amaryllis happier had it been
Still to endure the wayward scorn, or spleen; 15
Happier Menalcas' caprice to bear,
Though he so dusky dark, and thou so fair!
Trust not too much that hue, which charms the sight:
The hyacinth we pluck, the privet slight;
Though that, sweet boy! be dark, and this all snowy white, 20
—Still am I scorn'd; nor dost thou ask, or know,
What milk my pails, my folds what flocks o'erflow.
A thousand gimmers roam across my hills;
And summer's, winter's milk my dairy fills:
Nor breathed Amphion notes more soft than mine 25
When he on Aracynthus call'd his kine.
Nor so unsightly I: as late I stood
Upon the beach, beside th' unruffled flood,
Myself I view'd; and might I trust the wave,
E'en Daphnis self I'd in thy judgment brave. 30

19 Of the *ligustrum* all that we know is, that its flowers were white and valueless. It is perhaps the 'privet;' as that is called by the Italians *guistrico*, which seems to be a corruption of the Latin word: though Martyn, in opposition to Pliny (who pronounces it to be probably a tree growing in Egypt and in watery places), seems rather to incline to the *convolvulus major*, or greater bindweed.

25 Amphion and Zethus, the sons of Jupiter and Antiope, built the walls of Thebes, according to Homer. That they did it by the instrumentality of a magical harp received from Mercury, as averred by Euripides, Horace, Propertius, &c. appears to have been the figment of a later age.

26 The ancient shepherds used to go before their flocks, playing on the pipe, which call they readily followed. To this custom allusion is made in the sacred writings.—See Psalm xxiii. lxxvii. lxxx. and John x.

27 Thus the herdsman, and even the Cyclops, in Theocritus, speak of their personal appearance; the latter with the additional mention of the calm smooth sea, in which he had viewed it reflected.

'Ah! then with me this now-neglected dell
Deign to frequent, in this poor hut to dwell;
With me to pierce the stag, and to the mead
Drive the young kids, with verdant switch, to feed.
Here we, in song conjoin'd, with Pan will vie: 35
Pan, who first taught the art with waxen tie
To bind the reeds unequal; Pan, whose arm
Protects the shepherd and the sheep from harm.
Nor with the reed to wear thy lip disdain:
This skill how long'd Amyntas to attain! 40
Mine is a pipe of sevenfold tube combined,
Which old Damœtas to my hand consign'd:
'Its second master thou,' he dying said:—
He said; and weak Amyntas droop'd the head.
And mine two kids, their hides still dappled round, 45
(As late I roved, in no safe valley found,)

33 *Figere cervos* might also signify, to 'raise the forked poles,' (called *furcæ* and *cervus*) applied to the supporting of cottages, as cottages had been mentioned just before. But the more probable interpretation refers the passage to hunting.

The *viridi compellere hibisco* is likewise variously expounded. By some it is supposed to mean to 'drive the kids *to* the marsh-mallows;' while others explain it as signifying to 'drive them *with* a wand of hibiscus.' To this latter opinion Martyn inclines; though he forbears to determine whether the *hibiscus* was the same as the *althæa*, and both meant the marsh-mallow.

35 Pan was the god of shepherds, and presided generally over rural affairs. He was characterised also as making fine melody with his 'seven compacted reeds.' The fable of the nymph Syrinx, whom he pursued till she reached a river's brink and was turned into reeds, &c. &c. is told by Ovid in his *Metamorphoses*. The *cicutæ*, rendered 'tube,' in v. 41, is commonly translated 'hemlock,' but may be taken for any hollow stalk.. Servius says it probably signifies 'the space between two joints of a reed.'

45 These 'two kids' were probably *wild* ones, found among rocks of dangerous access, without their mother—as they required a foster-dam; and *young* ones, before they had lost their beauty-spots. In the same manner two bear cubs are

Which daily of two ewes the udders drain;
These I for thee preserve—alas! in vain:
These oft has Thestylis implored of me;
—And let her take them, since despised by thee! 50
'O come! The Nymphs for thee in baskets bring
Their lilied stores: for thee the blooming spring
The white-arm'd Naiad rifles; violets pale,
The poppy's flush, and dill which scents the gale,

appropriately tendered by the Cyclops in the *Metamorphoses*. Theocritus in his Third Idyl supplies the original of v. 49.

52 On *lilia*, see Martyn on Georg. iv. 130.

53 The *pallentes violas* Martyn believes to be the 'stock-gilliflower, or wall-flower,' called by the old writers *leucoïum*, (qu. λευκον ιον, or 'white violet,') not from the color of its flowers, but the hoariness of its leaves. His ingenious note explains how, in several instances, the ancients gave almost the same name to different sorts of plants; e. g. in this case, in that of the *lily* of the valley, ground *ivy*, &c. The 'gilly-*flower*, not *July-flower*, but derived from the Lat. *caryophyllum*, through the Fr. *girofle* or *giroflier*, by a transposition of letters (as appears from Chaucer's (*clowe-gylofre*, and Turner's *gelover* and *gely-floure*), with the prefix of *stock*, comprehends the wall-flower; with that of *clove*, comprises the several species of carnations and pinks!'

It ought farther to be added that *pallentes*, or the appearance of the countenance when no longer animated by the circulation of the blood, though it implies a faint dead whiteness in these northern regions, in warmer countries (where the people are generally of a swarthy complexion) is 'rather yellow.' Thus Virgil applies it to the olive. The Greeks call paleness ωχρος (whence our English *ochre*). Horace speaks of the violet-tinctured paleness (as Petrarch of the *vago impallidir*) of lovers; and Ovid ascribes this hue even to box-wood and to gold.

54 The 'poppy,' the common red species which grows wild among corn, is mentioned both by Virgil and by Theocritus, as anciently used in amorous divinations.—See Martyn on Georg. i. 78.

The *anethum*, or 'dill,' an annual smaller and less green than fennel, which however it greatly resembles, is combined with wall-flowers and roses in a love-garland described by Theocritus. *Thus also* in the Paradise Lost, Adam weaves *for Eve*

Cassia, and hyacinth, and daffodil, 55
With yellow marigold the chaplet fill.
The downy apricot be mine to bear,
And chestnuts, once to Amaryllis dear:
Nor shall the bloomy plum unhonor'd pine;
And ye, proud bays, shall with the myrtle twine: 60
For, blended so, ye breathe an odour all divine.
'Ah! clownish Corydon, thy gifts he'll none:
Nor would Iölas be in gifts outdone—
Wretch that I am! that name—not south winds more
Can vex my flowers, my streams the wallowing boar! 65
Whom shunn'st thou, inconsiderate boy? The gods,
And Dardan Paris, whilom dwelt in woods.
Let Pallas love the towers 'twas hers to rear:
To us the woodlands be for ever dear!
The lioness pursues the wolf, her prey; 70
The wolf the kid, the kid the trefoil's spray;
And Corydon Alexis: bound by laws
Peculiar, each his special pleasure draws.
'And see! their ploughs upon their light yokes hung,
Homeward the weary bullocks plod along: 75
The sun, cool setting, whelms in shade the grove;
Yet still I burn—for what can temper love?

Of choicest flowers a garland to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labors crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.

58 'Nor—unhonor'd.' So in Eclog. vii.

'Long as the hazel is to Phyllis dear,
Nor bay nor myrtle lovelier shall appear.'

The *pomum* of the original, it may be observed, means almost any edible fruit.

70 'The lioness.' Theocritus has a precisely similar passage.

74 In returning from labor the plough is drawn backward; *in which case,* from its relative lightness, it may be said to be *only just hung* on the yoke.

'Ah! Corydon, what madness fires thy brain!
Thy vines, half-pruned, on leafy elms remain.
Rather of osiers thou, with happier care, 80
Or plaited rushes useful frails prepare;
Nor fear, should still Alexis frown, to find
Some love, though not so fair, yet far more kind.'

79 This involves a double charge of neglect: the vines are only half-pruned; and the elms are suffered to make long shoots, to the overshadowing of the grapes.

ECLOGUE III.—PALÆMON.

ARGUMENT.

This Eclogue, an imitation of the fourth and fifth Idyls of Theocritus, was probably written A. C. 43, A. U. C. 711, when Mantua, as a portion of the Venetian territory, was under the government of C. Asinius Pollio; as he alone, of all the illustrious then living, is celebrated in it for his patronage of the poet, and for his own poetical powers. It is of the species denominated *Amœbæan*, in which two disputants speak alternately; the latter always endeavoring to surpass, or at least to equal the former; in which, if he fails, he loses the victory. Menalcas begins the strife by casting some reflexions on his rival Ægon, the wealthy master of his antagonist Damœtas, whom he represents as defrauding his employer while that employer is throwing away his time in following Neæra. This draws a retort from Damœtas, who hints at some secret profligacy of Menalcas. They subsequently proceed to a regular competition on the relative beauty of the corresponding couplets, of which Martyn pronounces *seriatim*.

The whole poem nearly is interpreted under *different allegories* by Servius and Catrou.

Menalcas. ARE these, Damœtas, Melibœus' sheep?
Damœtas. No, Ægon's; Ægon gave them me to keep.
Men. Ah! ever luckless flock! While he pursues
Neæra's love, and trembles still to lose
—Her favor'd suitor I—this varlet swain 5
Dares twice an hour their milky juices drain,
And the wrong'd lambs with hungry bleats complain.
Dam. These taunts on men be cautious how you throw!
We know, who saw you—in what chapel, too—
With glance oblique while goats congenial peer'd; 10
But the indulgent nymphs look'd on, and leer'd.
Men. Aye, 'twas, I trow, upon that self-same day,
When arm'd with rusty knife for fierce affray,
I hack'd poor Micon's shrubs and vines away!
Dam. Or when by these old beeches, envy-rapt, 15
The bow of Daphnis and his shafts you snapt!
These, when presented to the blooming boy,
You mark'd, Menalcas, with malignant eye;
And, had you not found means to vent your spite,
In very passion you had burst outright. 20
Men. Slaves thus audacious, what will masters dare?
Did I not see you, rascal as you are,

9 The *sacella* were commonly smaller edifices, dedicated to the deities; sometimes, in the country, mere caves were consecrated to the Napææ, and so called.

14 According to Servius, it was a capital crime to cut another man's trees; and Caius, in the *Digest*, states that those who were guilty of so doing (more especially in the case of vines) were to be punished as thieves. The malice and the injury in this place are aggravated by the *rustiness* of the *knife*, and the *tenderness* (intimated by the epithet *novellas in the original*) of the vines so treated.

While loud the mongrel bark'd, filch Damon's goat?
And when I cried, 'Yon hurrying skulker note;
Tityrus, collect your stragglers;' in the hedge 25
You sneak'd, conceal'd behind the rustling sedge.
Dam. And should not he, in minstrelsy outdone,
Resign the goat my sweeter pipe had won?
Haply you know not that the goat was mine:
This Damon own'd; yet could he not resign. 30
Men. Your 'sweeter pipe!' The pipe you call so 'sweet,'
Was it with wax e'er fasten'd? In the street
Did you not, blockhead, to the rabble train
Through grating straws squeak out your wretched strain?
Dam. And dare you, then, a match in singing make? 35
This heifer on my 'wretched strain' I stake:
Two calves she nurses, twice is milk'd each day—
What will you bet of equal value? Say.
Men. No wager dare I offer from my fold;
For, twice a day, both sheep and kids are told 40
By my strict sire and stepmother severe:
But what yourself must own a stake more dear,
Since on this madman's match your heart is set,
Two beechen cups (Alcimedon's) I'll bet;
Carved round whose rims flows gracefully a vine, 45
With leaves that mixt 'mid clustering ivy twine.
Conon their sides adorns, and—who was he,
That with his circling line traced skies and sea,

44 'Beechen cups,' as we learn from Pliny, were anciently held in great esteem. This pair is beautifully described, after the first Idyl of Theocritus.

47 Conon was probably the mathematical friend of Archimedes, who *mentions his* theorems, his profound science, *and his death. He is* recorded also with honor by Callima-

And for the scythe and plough assign'd their days?
Pure have I kept them from the lip and gaze. 50
Dam. Two cups for me, too, scoop'd that hand renown'd,
And with acanthus wreathed their handles round:
Orpheus upon the side his skill portray'd,
And ductile forests following as he play'd.
Pure have I kept them from the lip and gaze; 55
But, with the heifer match'd, they claim no praise.
Men. Not so your challenge shall you 'scape to-day.
I close with it: who passes, judge our lay!
—And lo, Palæmon!—I will teach your tongue,
Henceforth, less will to dare in taunt or song. 60
Dam. Come on, then, if of music aught be thine:
I nor the challenge, nor the judge, decline.
Your best attention, good Palæmon, pay
(The stake's no trifle) to our rival lay.
Palæmon. Begin: since here the turf supplies our seat, 65
And the soft mead strews flowers beneath our feet;

chus and Catullus, and more slightly by Propertius. The *alter*, with such a happiness of pastoral simplicity left unnamed, remains still unascertained—whether Aratus, or Hesiod (to one of whom Martyn inclines), or Archimedes himself. Aratus we know 'traced the skies,' or constellations, and 'for the scythe and plough assign'd their days.'

48 The *radius*, here translated 'circling line,' was the staff or rod used by the ancient mathematicians in describing the various parts of the heavens and the earth, and in drawing figures on sand.

50 This commendation is to be found in both the sixteenth Iliad, and Theocritus' first Idyl.

58 i. e. 'I accept your first proposal, and (notwithstanding my father and stepmother) agree to stake a heifer; so assured do I feel of victory.'

61 'Come on, then—:' so also Theocritus; of whom likewise close imitations are to be found in vv. 32. 35. 69. 71. 73. 5—78, 79—82. 91—94. 107. 108. 111. 113. &c. &c.

And forest-glades their greenest livery wear,
And nature's freshest beauties deck the year.
You first, Damœtas; then, Menalcas, prove
Your skill: alternate strains the Muses love. 70

Dam. 'Begin we, Muse, from Jove; through all he reigns;
Fattens the earth, nor e'en my verse disdains.'
Men. 'To Phœbus, too, I'm dear; and all he loves,
The bay and hyacinth, adorn my groves.'
Dam. 'Me Galatea pelts with apples green; 75
Then flies, but hopes she does not fly unseen.'
Men. 'To me my flame has ever joyous flown;
Not to my dogs my Dian better known.'
Dam. 'Gifts, to my Venus welcome, I have got;
The ring-dove's nest—I mark'd the secret spot.' 80
Men. 'To mine ten pomegranates—'twas all my store—
I've sent: and will to-morrow send ten more.'
Dam. 'How oft has Galatea charm'd my ear!
Winds, waft her words to heaven, that gods may hear!'
Men. 'Nought it avails me that Amyntas smiles; 85
If, while he hunts, I still must watch the toils.'
Dam. 'Iölas, 'tis my birthday; Phyllis send:
When bleeds my harvest-calf, yourself attend.'
Men. 'Phyllis I love: for grieved when I withdrew,
'Adieu!' she wept and cried, 'a long adieu!'' 90

81 Pomegranates grow even in the woods of Italy, as we are told by Matthioli, and are of a golden or yellowish color, *pallenti cortice* (Ov. Met. v.).

87 Iölas, addressed by both the competitors, was probably the father of Phyllis. The ancients used to celebrate their birthdays with great conviviality. To this Phyllis is invited by Damœtas; Iölas to a more solemn festival, the Ambarvalia, when a sacrifice was offered by them with peculiar rites for the *success of their corn.*—See Georg. i. 339.

Dam. 'Wolves hurt the flocks, and showers 1
ripen'd corn,
And storms the woods; and me my fair one's scorn.
Men. 'Young grain likes moisture; kids the bu
ding grove;
Lithe osiers teeming cows; I but Amyntas love.'
Dam. 'Rude though it be, kind Pollio bears 1
reed:
A heifer, Muses, for your votary feed.'
Men. 'Pollio, himself a bard, a bull demands,
Who threatens with his horns and spurns the sands.
Dam. 'Who loves thee, Pollio, may he be as tho
For him drop honey, spice on brambles grow!' 1
Men. 'Love Mævius he who, Bavius, hates th
not;
And yoke the fox, and milk the rank he-goat!'
Dam. 'Hence, boys, who gather berries in the brak
And woodland flowers! There lurks the chilly snak
Men. 'Ewes, tread with caution near that treac
erous pool: 1
See, where the ram still dripping dries his wool!'
Dam. 'Tityrus, your goats restrain from that de
wave:
Them will I soon in shallower waters lave.'

93 Literally, 'weaned kids the arbute or strawberry-tre
95 Pollio, as we learn from Horace (Od. ii. 1.), was a writ
of tragedies, and an orator, as well as a successful general. I
was also an historian, and a bountiful patron of poets, esp
cially of Virgil and of Horace.—See Martyn *in loc.*, as lik
wise for various theories on the purport and the objects
the contrasted sacrifices of the 'heifer' and the 'bull,' v
96, 97.
101 Of Bavius we know only that he was a wretched po
and died in Cappadocia, A. U. C. 720: with Mævius Hora
has made us a little, and but a little, better acquainted in o
of his epodes. He, if not Bavius also, was probably an a
versary of Pollio.

Men. 'Boys, fold your flocks: if heat the ewes distress,
In vain, as late, our hands their teats shall press.' 110
Dam. 'How lean that bull o'er clover-pastures strays!
Love on the herd, as on the master, preys.'
Men. 'Love has not struck my lambs; yet worse they seem,
Scathed by some unknown eye's malignant beam!'
Dam. 'Say, in what lands—and be my Phœbus crown'd— 115
By three short ells yon spacious heavens are bound.'
Men. 'Say, in what lands those wondrous flowers are grown,
Which bear the names of kings—and Phyllis be thine own.'

Pal. Not mine your tuneful struggle to decide:
Ye both deserve the prize for which ye've vied; 120
[And whoso or shall dread love's sweet control,
Or feel his shaft deep rankling in the soul.]
—Close, boys, the streams: enough has flow'd to feed
The swelling green, and saturate the mead.

111 *Ervum* is properly a kind of vetch, said by Aristotle, Columella, and Pliny to fatten cattle.

116—118 For the long, various, and doubtful solutions of these two puzzles, the reader is referred to Martyn *in loc.* I will only add, that of the sundry answers of the First, a *well* is the most popular with the commentators; and the *martagon lily*, spotted occasionally with ferruginous dots resembling AI, AI, (the notes of lamentation for the death of Hyacinthus, and half the name of Ajax,) is generally regarded as best fulfilling the conditions of the Second.

123 This may either literally refer to the usage of rocky and warm countries, where rills of water are diverted from their courses to refresh the parched fields; or it may metaphorically mean, 'put an end to your contest: I have received sufficient *pleasure in hearing* you;'—as good poetry is compared *in the fifth eclogue* to the quenching of thirst. Consult *also Deut. xxxii. 2.*

ECLOGUE IV.—POLLIO.

ARGUMENT.

THAT this celebrated Eclogue was a genethliacal* poem in honor of Octavius (subsequently Augustus) Cæsar, written A. C. 39, A. U. C. 715, when he had recently laid the foundation of his sovereign power by the peace of Brundusium, has been proved in an acute and elegant volume by Mr. Granville Penn; who shows that the whole of it, with the exception of its first *four* lines, is to be interpreted as proceeding out of the mouth, not of Virgil, but of the Cumæan Sibyl.

Of its two earliest expositors, Constantine the Great and Servius, the former assumed that it contained a true prophecy of the coming and final kingdom of the Messiah! while the latter pronounced it a *fictitious prophecy* of the fortunes of some Roman infant *then about to be born*—perhaps one of the sons of his patron C. Asinius Pollio (who had been consul the year before), and *that* probably the younger Saloninus, with a whimsical admixture of complimentary allusion to the adult Augustus!! At the revival of letters, however, the imperial solution was satisfactorily set aside by the elaborate Gallæus: and with respect to that of Servius, as Saloninus could not but be deemed (both *a priori*, and in point of fact) an inadequate personage, Drusus and Marcellus of the Cæsarean family were severally brought forward, though neither of them at that time in his mother's womb; Drusus being born two years after, and Marcellus, to whom however Catrou and Martyn seem to incline, three years previously to Pollio's consulship. In order to meet this difficulty, Julia was fixed on; as if the good taste of Virgil, whom Lowth justly calls *poëta omnium severissimus*, and who closes his *Sibyl's prophecy* in the sixth Æneid with the last real antecedent occurrence, the death

* *For much* and exact astrological learning, see Penn's *Observations in illustration of this eclogue*, pp. 227. et seq.

of Marcellus, would have hardily risked, according to the idea of M. de la Nauze, the result of predicting the sex of Scribonia's unborn child! For this mistake, it is true, Mr. Samuel Henley, in his observations on this Eclogue, offers a sort of apology, by gravely stating, that 'Virgil did not possess the gift of prescience!'

All these theories respecting a *Roman* child *then to be born* Gibbon absolutely rejects, as 'alike incompatible with chronology, with history, and with the good sense of the poet:' yet does he at the same time, oddly enough, seem to sanction the notion of the Christian emperor, as Heyne does that of the heathen grammarian—not, however, referring the vaticination to a son of Pollio, but to Julia or Marcellus, or perhaps (as announcing *generally* the happiest of ages at that epoch) to the *first male child who should be born under the new order of things!*

Warton, after Catrou, conceives it to have been composed in honor of the nuptials of Antony and Octavia, and Martyn leans the same way; adding, that Virgil had dexterously availed himself of the current Sibylline prophecy (about 'a child of a regal and pacific character at that time universally expected') to pay his court at once to the reconciled chieftains Octavius and Antony, to Pollio, to Octavia, and to the unborn infant!'

In opposition to all these absurdities, Mr. Penn (deriving from the poet himself the materials of his exposition) finds in the sixth Æneid the *same Sibyl* speaking in *nearly the same language*—more distinctly, however, and more explicitly applied to Augustus Cæsar. The *Saturnia regna*, and the *gens aurea*, are the theme of both; but in the epic it is said, with obvious reference to the Eclogue,

Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem PROMITTI *sæpiùs audis:*

In the latter, he supposed her (on the faith of current tradition) to have foretold a remote age, in which an infant should be born, who when grown up should introduce an era of extraordinary felicity, and that the first demonstration of the arrival of that splendid period should manifest itself during the consulship of a person named Pollio. In the former, *he supposes the* same prophetess, who was conceived to take a particular interest in the affairs of Rome,

to point out to the Trojan hero the form of the future Augustus,

So often promised and so long foretold.

Virgil clearly celebrates in his 'Pollio' the honors not of an embryo, but of a man; e. g. *decus hoc ævi te consule inibit*, and *firmata virum ubi fecerit ætas* &c.; and those not in prospect, but actually come to pass. All the difficulty, in fact, appears to be removed by considering the whole, except the first four lines, to be spoken by the Sibyl.

Whom, indeed, asks Mr. P., could he have described, in that singular crisis of Rome, as *nova progenies cœlo* demissa, but Him whom he so soon afterward celebrated for being *gentis* demissæ *ab Jove?* Of whom could he have said, *modò tu fave puero nascenti, Lucina, tuus jam regnat* Apollo, but of Him, who was Apollinis *filius existimatus?* Of whom could he have affirmed, *ille* Deûm *vitam accipiet*, but of Him, concerning whom he had so recently declared, *ille erit mihi semper* Deus? Whom could he have represented in his infancy as *puer* quo *surget gens aurea*, but Him, whom he subsequently declared in his manhood to be *vir* qui *condet aurea sæcula?* Of whom could he have pronounced *reget orbem* so consistently, as of Him at whose birth it had been predicted, *Domînum terrarum orbi natum?* &c. &c. Well may we repeat, on the subject of the pastoral, *Hic vir, hic est;* whether we refer to the public, or to the personal, circumstances of the life of Augustus Cæsar. Compare also the *venturo* of the Sibyl, v. 52, with the *venit* of the proëm, v. 4.

In p. 383, &c. he gives an elaborate and ingenious account of the three causes, which have contributed for so long a period to envelop this celebrated poem in obscurity; and finally, in his seventh chapter (pp. 402—444.) he traces Virgil's notions to the Sibylline prophecies, and those prophecies to the sacred oracles of Judæa.

Its being inscribed with the name of *Pollio*, which Lowth considers as an objection, is only a *nota temporis*.

MUSES of Sicily, a loftier strain
Be ours: the lowly offspring of the plain,

1 *Sicilian*, because Theocritus, the father of pastoral poetry, was a native of Syracuse in Sicily.

Shrubs and the humble tamarisk, please not all;
Worthy of consuls be our woodland pastoral!
Comes the last age, by Cumæ's maid foretold: 5
'Afresh the mighty line of years unroll'd,
The Virgin now, now Saturn's sway returns;
Now the blest globe a heaven-sprung Child adorns,
Whose genial power shall whelm earth's iron race,
And plant once more the golden in its place— 10
Thou, chaste Lucina, but that child sustain:
And, lo! disclosed thine own Apollo's reign!
This glory, Pollio, in thy year begun,
Thence the great months their radiant course shall run;
And, of our crimes should still some trace appear, 15
Shall rid the trembling earth of all her fear.

3 The *myrica* or *tamarisk*, generally a low shrubby tree, is very common on the banks of Italian rivers.

5 *Cumæ's maid* was one of the ten Sibyls, whose *soi-disant* predictions (derived probably from the traditionary fragments of Hebrew prophecy) were jumbled together in one confused aggregate. Those which had been collected by the senate throughout Italy and Greece, to replace what had perished at the burning of the capitol about the time of Sylla's dictatorship, were themselves also destroyed by Stilicho in the reign of Honorius. What are now extant under this name are generally deemed spurious, whatever the imperial logic of Constantine may affect to prove to the contrary: if we may argue from the suspicious acrostick of the Erythrean Sibyl, of which the initial letters compose the incomplete sentence *Ιησους Χριστος Θεου υιος σωτηρ σταυρος, Jesus Christ the Son of God, the Saviour, the cross.* Martyn has given the lines themselves, with their very imperfect Latin acrostickal version.

7 It is remarked by Penn, that the tenth month of Attia's gestation coincided with the sign of *Virgo* in the zodiac.—See his curious Genethliacal Table, p. 320, and his remarks, p. 381, &c.

15 *Our* crimes. It should be remembered that, in Ovid, the Sibyl distinctly disclaims all pretensions to a divine character, and asserts her unqualified humanity; as a farther proof of which, *she subse*quently expresses an anxious hope,

His shall it be a life divine to hold,
With heroes mingled and 'mid gods enroll'd;
And, form'd by patrimonial worth for sway,
Him shall the tranquil universe obey. 20
'Gladly to thee its natal gifts the field,
Till'd by no human hand, bright Boy, shall yield;
The baccar's stem with curling ivy twine,
And colocasia and acanthus join.
Home their full udders goats, unurged, shall bear; 25
Nor shall the herd the lordly Lion fear:
Flowers of all hues shall round thy cradle vie,
The snake and poison's treacherous weed shall die,
And far Assyria's spice shall every hedge supply.
'But soon as thou thy father's acts can'st read 30
And heroes' toils, and rate each deathless deed;

that her 'long life's closing strain' may enable her to 'hyma the deeds' which she foresees. But, though she was destined (it passed current) to be a millenarian, yet having lived seven centuries at the time of Æneas' arrival in Italy, she could not have her wish accomplished.—See Penn, ib. pp. 105—107.

17 Under the careful training of his mother Attia, as we read in Cic. De Clar. Orat.

19 Augustus was the *son* of Julius Cæsar by adoption, though by birth only his grand-nephew.

21 The Sibyl is represented as addressing the subject of the eclogue in his three genethliacal intervals—infancy, youth, and manhood: the first, vv. 21—29, containing allusions more or less limited to his horoscope, and to the ruling influence in his nativity; the second, vv. 30—42, reaching from his twelfth to his eighteenth year; and the third, vv. 43—53, extending to the date of the poem.

23, 24 As all these plants are appropriate in the formation of a chaplet or floral crown, they aptly constitute the *munuscula*, or natal offerings. The *baccar*, in particular, was esteemed potent against enchantments. See, on them all, Martyn's detailed botanical disquisitions. The *acanthus*, he says, here meant, is the acacia, an Egyptian tree, from which we obtain the Gum Arabic.

With soften'd harvests every plain shall glow,
On the wild brier the grape's rich cluster grow,
And gnarled oaks with dripping honey flow.
—Yet of old guilt shall still survive some stain: 35
Still the bold ship shall tempt the boisterous main;
Cities with walls shall still repel the foe,
And earth's torn breast be furrow'd with the plough.
Some Tiphys other chiefs again shall guide,
And other Argos bear them o'er the tide: 40
Fresh wars shall rise; and, eager to destroy,
A new Achilles shall be sent to Troy.
'When now to vigorous manhood thou art come,
O'er seas no more the laboring keel shall roam;
No more to distant realms shall Traffic hie: 45
Each land each produce shall, itself, supply.
O'er the vex'd tillage shall no harrow sound,
No pruner's hook the vine luxuriant wound:
The sturdy ploughman shall unyoke his steer,
The wool no counterfeited stain shall bear; 50
But tinctured from the mead he crops, the ram
Shall flush with scarlet, or in saffron flame,
While native crimson tints the frolic lamb.

32 *Soften'd* harvests. Martyn very elaborately contends that *mollis* (as applied here to *arista*) must mean, not *ripe* or *fertile*, but *soft and tender-bearded*. The *triticum* of the ancients (see Georg. i. 219, and not. ib.) had a beard like *vallum*, or a prickly fence, to defend it from the birds. This was to be no longer necessary.

42 That under Achilles is adumbrated Pompey, the opponent of Cæsar, who always publicly asserted his own descent from Æneas, as Rome sustained the poetical character of a new Troy, Penn contends, pp. 327—344. Thus Turnus, the adversary of the Trojan prince, is designated by the *alius Latio jam partus Achilles* of the sixth Æneid, and Pompey is said by Lucan to draw his supplies from Greece—*Proxima vicino vires dat Græcia bello.*

52 *Scarlet, or crimson,* Martyn conceives to represent better *the color obtained from the* Tyrian fish than purple. On cro-

'Flow, happy ages,' to their distaffs cried
Th' harmonious Fates; 'and pour your golden tide.'
'Those honors thou—'tis now the time—approve, 56
Child of the skies, great progeny of Jove!
Beneath the solid orb's vast convex bent,
See on the coming year the world intent:
See earth and sea and highest heaven rejoice; 60
All but articulate their grateful voice.
'O reach so far my long life's closing strain!
My breath so long to hymn thy deeds remain!
Orpheus, nor Linus, should my verse excel;
Though even Calliope her Orpheus' shell 65
Should string, and (anxious for the son the sire)
His Linus' numbers Phœbus should inspire!
Should Pan himself before his Arcady
Contend, he'd own his song surpass'd by me.
'Know, then, dear Boy, thy mother by her smile: 70
Enough ten months have given of pain and toil.
Know her, dear Boy,—who ne'er such smile has known,
Nor board nor bed divine 'tis his to own.'

ceo, see his note. We are not, he adds, to infer from the word *pascentes*, that the flocks were actually to feed on the *murex*, the *croceum lutum*, or the *sandyx* (which he explains to be a composition made of the fictitious *sandaracha*, or preparation of white lead), but that they should have fleeces as beautiful as if they had been stained by those materials.

56 *Those* honors: i. e. the succession to the name and honors of his illustrious predecessor.—See Penn, ib. p. 361.

65. 67, 68 On Orpheus and Linus, as coeval with this prophecy, and the worship then more particularly paid to Pan, see Penn, ib. pp. 94—99.

70 On the peculiar propriety of the 'smile,' as applied to Attia, the mother of Augustus and the niece of Julius Cæsar (through whom alone flowed the traditionary descent of the former from the *smiling* goddess Venus), see Penn, ib. pp. 363—369.

ECLOGUE V.—DAPHNIS.

ARGUMENT.

The triumvirs, having resolved to open the A. U. C. 712 with performing divine honors to the memory of Julius Cæsar, the *Daphnis* (which refers to this deification) must probably have been written about the beginning of the year: but, as Brutus and Cassius were still at the head of considerable armies, and Virgil had already smarted under the effects of civil fury, he cautiously veils the name of his hero under that of a Sicilian herdsman. Mopsus laments his death, and Menalcas celebrates his apotheosis. If ever Virgil intended in his Eclogues to introduce himself, it is probably as the latter. Philips has imitated this poem in his third Pastoral, intitled 'Albino,' on the death of the Duke of Gloucester, son of Queen Anne.

Menalcas. And why not, Mopsus, since we're met today—
You skill'd to pipe, and I to trill the lay—
Here seat us, where the elm and hazel blend
Their quivering boughs?
Mopsus. The elder you, my friend,
Just what you please prescribe, and I obey: 5
Whether, where Zephyrs 'mid the branches play,
We court the checquer'd shade; or choose yon cave,
Where thinly bunch'd the wild-vine's tendrils wave.
Men. None but Amyntas on our hills may try
To match your art in sylvan minstrelsy:— 10
Mops. And he would strive e'en Phœbus to outvie.
Men. Begin, then, Mopsus; if or love's fierce flame
By *beauteous Phyllis felt*, or Alcon's fame,

Or Codrus' tuneful strife inspire your reed—
Begin: your kids young Tityrus here will feed. 15
Mops. Rather those numbers let me now rehearse,
Which on the beech's rind in measured verse
I carved, and sung alternate as I lay:
Then bid Amyntas bear the palm away!
Men. Far as the willow olives pale o'erpass, 20
Or glowing rose-beds dim the spiked grass,
So far dost thou, Amyntas, in my thought—
Mops. Hush, shepherd! see, we've gain'd the grot
we sought.

'The nymphs their Daphnis wail'd, by fate austere
To death consign'd: ye hazels, witness bear, 25
And you, ye streamlets; when, with fond embrace,
Clasping the darling corse, in wild amaze
The frantic mother pour'd her piteous moan,
And charged on gods and stars her ravish'd son.
That day, no shepherd drove his flock to drink 30
The cooling wave; upon the river's brink
No steed or sipp'd the flood, or cropp'd the green:
Even Lybian lions, melting at the scene
(As the wild hills, and savage woodlands tell),
Wept o'er thy doom, and howl'd their sad farewell. 35
First Daphnis o'er th' Armenian tiger's mane
Strapp'd the strong harness; first the bacchant train

21 The *saliunca* is a plant not certainly known at present. It may be the same as the *nardus Celtica*, French spikenard, or a species of valerian growing abundantly on the mountains between Italy and Germany, and also about Genoa near Savona. This the Tyrolese peasants are said still to call 'seliunck;' whence the *saliunca* of Virgil and Pliny, and the ἁλιούγγια of Dioscorides.

28 *Mother:* i. e. Venus. Compare Ov. Metam. xv. on the same subject.

36 *Servius* informs us that Julius Cæsar first brought the *solemnities of* Bacchus to Rome. This De la Rue, arguing

To lead their orgies to the god enjoin'd,
And the slight thyrsus with soft foliage twined.
'As vines of trees, and grapes of vines the pride, 40
And bulls of herds, and corn of champaign wide,
So thou of thine: now nought of thee remains—
Pales and Phœbus both have fled the plains.
Where to the furrow bulky grain we gave,
Darnel and barren wild-oats idly wave; 45
And, for the daffodil and violet's bloom,
Thistles and briers in rank luxuriance gloom.
Scatter the ground with leaves; around each spring
Let wreathed flowers their sacred freshness fling.
—So Daphnis gives command—and rear his tomb; 50
And grave this verse, memorial of his doom:
''Pride of the woods, I Daphnis here am laid:
Fair was my flock; but fairer I, who fed.''

Men. Sweet to the ear, blest bard, thy tuneful reed,
As sleep to wearied shepherds on the mead: 55

from a passage in Livy, denies. Perhaps he restored them, after they had been abolished for their enormities, on a purer and more magnificent scale.

38 *Thiasus* is a solemn singing and dancing used at festivals. The *thyrse* was a spear twisted round with branches of vine and ivy, and borne in the hands of the bacchanals.

47 The *paliurus* has been a subject of some controversy among modern writers. By Theophrastus and Pliny it is called a shrub. Columella recommends it for a quick-hedge, as one of the strongest thorns; whence Martyn concludes it to be the *rhamnus folio subrotundo, fructu compresso C. B.*, now cultivated under the name of 'Christ's-thorn;' which grows abundantly in desert places in Italy, and is very common in the hedges.

54 This imitates, and surpasses, a similar passage in the eighth Idyl of Theocritus (who supplies many parallels to the present Eclogue), and is itself copied by Philips in his fourth Pastoral;

> *Not half so sweet* are midnight winds, that move
> *In drowsy murmurs o'er* the waving grove;

As to the traveller, parch'd with noontide heat,
The crystal rill soft purling at his feet.
Nor with your reed alone your master's fame
You emulate; like praise your voice may claim:
Blest boy! henceforth ordain'd to second such a name.
Yet shall my simple strain, in turn, arise— 61
That strain, alas! how mean!—and to the skies
Exalt your Daphnis, to the skies above:
For me, too, Daphnis honor'd with his love.

Mops. What boon more grateful can my song repay?
Worthy young Daphnis of thy happiest lay; 66
And oft, that lay how ravishingly sweet,
Has Stimicon delighted to repeat.

Men. 'Surprised, bright Daphnis hails the untried world,
And views the clouds and stars beneath him whirl'd. 70
Hence Rapture, bounding 'mid the groves and plains,
O'er Pan, the shepherds, and the Dryads reigns!
No more the wolf prowls nightly round the fold;
The careless stag no wily meshes hold.

Nor dropping waters, that in grots distil,
And with a tinkling sound their caverns fill.

63 Of *your* favorite *Daphnis* we will sing the apotheosis. It is probable that Julius Cæsar (as a learned man, and a patron of letters) admired Virgil, whose estate lay near Mantua, in his beloved province of Cisalpine Gaul. The verses of Menalcas (it may be observed) correspond, after the Amœbæan fashion, with those of Mopsus, being each thirty in number.

69 *Untried.* Compare Pope's fourth pastoral; 'But see where Daphne,' &c.

71 *Rapture* is opposed to Mopsus' 'That day no shepherd,' &c.; and 'Pan and the shepherds' to the desertion of 'Pales and Phœbus.' This passage is imitated by Philips; 'For this the golden skies,' &c. A similar double copying occurs again *below, v. 83, &c.*

Peace, peace mild Daphnis loves: with joyous cry 75
The untill'd mountains strike the echoing sky;
And rocks and towers the triumph speed abroad—
'A god! Menalcas, Daphnis is a god!'
O shine serene! Four altars, lo! we raise;
And two to Phœbus, two to thee shall blaze. 80
Yearly two bowls of milk shall bathe thy shrine,
And two rich goblets crown'd with oil be thine:
And cheerful shall thy feast with wine be made,
By winter's fire or in the summer's shade;
For my full flask its Ariusian store, 85
New nectar worthy of the day, shall pour.
The hymn shall Ægon and Damœtas sound,
While light Alphesibœus frisks around.
Such, when our offerings to the Nymphs we bear,
Or with wreathed victims to the fields repair, 90
Such honors shall thy shrine, blest Daphnis, wear.
While boars the hills, the streams while fishes love,
And Hybla's thyme to bees shall grateful prove,
Or dew to the cicada's thirsty taste;
So long thy rites, thy name, thy praise shall last. 95

75 *Peace, peace,* &c. Beside his warlike character, Julius Cæsar, as an eloquent orator, a judicious historian, a merciful conqueror, a forgetter of injuries, a grave and wise man, might fairly be represented as a 'lover of peace.'

80 Julius Cæsar was born on the day of the *ludi Apollinares.*

85 The 'Ariusian' wine was brought from Chios, *hod.* Scio, and was esteemed the best of all the Greek wines. It is said by Tournefort to be called 'nectar' to this day by the inhabitants of that island. Dancing, we may add, was much used in religious ceremonies, not only by idolatrous nations, but also by the Jews.

89—91 At the two seasons, winter and summer, of sacrificing to the *Nymphs* within doors, and the *Ambarvalia* in the open fields.

Yearly to thee his vows the hind shall pay:
Not more his prayer shall Bacchus Ceres sway;
Thou arbiter of vows, as well as they.'

Mops. A strain so soft what recompense shall greet?
For to my ear the whispering breeze less sweet, 100
And waves low rippling as they kiss the shore,
And brooks their pebbled channels gurgling o'er.
Men. First thou from me this reed, a gift, approve:
With this I sung 'Young Corydon's' sad love;
This breathed of 'Ægon's sheep' the playful strain. 105
Mops. And thou, what oft Antigenes in vain
Solicited, but I refused to give
(Fair though he was), this jointed crook receive:
With polish'd brass its knobs all equal shine;
'Tis elegantly wrought, and it is thine. 110

ECLOGUE VI.—SILENUS.

ARGUMENT.

CÆSAR having restored Virgil to his lands, the poet now, A. U. C. 714, seems to have seized the opportunity of fulfilling the promise which he had made to Q. Atius Varus (Ecl. ix. 32.) that he would exalt his name to the 'bright stars,' if he would preserve Mantua.

This he performed in his *Silenus*, one of his finest Eclogues, which is dedicated to that distinguished personage. See a

long note by Martyn on *nunc ego*, v. 6. of the original. It was probably written not 'unbidden' of him; as Virgil himself obviously was anxious to make 'kings and war's achievements' the subjects of his poetry. Varus was, it may be believed, an Epicurean: and hence the poet makes that philosophy the subject of his pastoral; which, however, as it would have been incongruous to the simplicity of a shepherd's love, he dexterously puts into the mouth of the demi-god Silenus. Accordingly, the 'long-promised strain' gives a succinct account of the Natural and the Moral doctrines of Epicurus, the formation of the world from atoms, and the necessity of avoiding perturbations of the mind. It includes a fine compliment to Cornelius Gallus, vv. 72—83, who had about this time written a poem on 'Gryneum's grove' in the style of Hesiod; and was also, like Varus, a great favorite of Cæsar.

FIRST breathed my Muse the Syracusan strain,
Nor blush'd to dwell amidst the woodland train.
When, rashly bold, I struck the lyre to kings,
And war's achievements flutter'd o'er my strings,
With friendly caution Phœbus touch'd mine ear; 5
'Tityrus, to shepherds still their flocks be dear:
Still shrink the rural bard from lofty themes:
His modest pipe a lowlier lay beseems.'
Still, then, that lay be mine! There yet will be,
Varus, enow to sing of war and thee. 10
Nor flows my verse unbidden. Should the Muse—
Ah! should she win some fond eye to peruse;
Thee, Varus, shall our tamarisks give to fame:
Phœbus most loves the page that bears thy name.
Proceed, sweet maids. Within a cavern wide 15
Silenus Chromis and Mnasylos spied.

8 *Lowlier; literally* a 'drawn out' lay. The metaphor is *taken from wool, which is* spun thinner.

Heavy with sleep the aged tippler lay,
And swoln his veins, as wont, with wine of yesterday:
Slipt from his brow, unburst, his wreath was here;
There his huge goblet hung, with well-worn ear. 20
Oft cheated with the promise of a strain,
They seize him; and his chaplet forms his chain.
Ægle, the fairest of the Naiad throng,
Ægle the tremblers joins, who press the song;
And, as the wondering captive opes his eyes, 25
With ruddy mulberries his temples dyes.
'Why bind me, boys?' at last with smiles he cried:
'Loose me; suffice a demi-god descried!
The lay ye ask be yours; the lay to you,
To her another recompense is due.' 30

He sings! In measured step you then might see
Fauns and fierce beasts frisk to the minstrelsy,
And knotted oaks their tops in rapture nod:
Not with such glee Parnassus hails its god;
Less, when the Muses breathe from Orpheus' shell, 35
Feel Rhodope and Ismarus the spell!

He sung, how from the void immense combined
Their seeds earth, ocean, fire, and æther join'd;
And how, no more in wild disorder hurl'd,
Sprang from these elements the nascent world. 40

20 The *cantharus*, a 'goblet,' was a sort of drinking vessel with ears or handles, sacred to Bacchus the pupil of Silenus. Both Pliny and Valerius Maximus heavily censure Marius for having presumed, after his victory over the Cimbri, to drink out of such a vessel; as thus insinuating that his own actions might vie with the victories of the god of wine.

26 This hue was added, not to make a jest of the tipsy deity, but to render him more propitious, red being the color sacred to the gods. So Pan, in Ecl. x. 32, has his 'vermil dye.'

32 The 'Fauns' are 'rural deities, so called *a fando*, because they speak personally to men.'—*Martyn.*

36 *Rhodope* and Ismarus were mountains of Thrace.

Its firmness how the soil, the sea its bed
Received, and gradual vegetation spread:
How the new sun o'er wondering lands arose,
And buoyant clouds their liquid wealth disclose:
How rising woods first cast their little shade, 45
And few the beasts o'er unknown mountains stray'd:
The stones of Pyrrha, Saturn's golden time,
Prometheus' penal vulture, and his crime:
And Hylas, whom his messmates loud deplore,
Whilst 'Hylas! Hylas!' rings from all the shore. 50
Happy had herds ne'er been, Pasiphäe next
He soothes, with love of her white steer perplext.
Ah, wretched fair! what madness fires thy brain?
Though Prœtus' maids with lowings mock'd the plain,
None ever coveted such foul embrace; 55
Oft though they fear'd the plough, and o'er their face
Trembling essay'd the sprouting horn to trace.
Ah, wretched fair! thy heart in absence pines:
He on soft hyacinths his side reclines;
Or in some shade reposed the cud he chews, 60
Or some congenial paramour pursues—
'Close, nymphs of Crete! ye nymphs, now close the groves:
Some friendly chance, as near my favorite roves,

47—49, &c. Of *Pyrrha* and *Prometheus*, the 'miser-maid' *Atalanta*, and the 'sad sisters of *Phaëton*,' the reader can hardly require an account; but he may be less acquainted with *Hylas*, the young companion of Hercules in the Argonautic expedition, who was lost in a fountain where he went to draw water. Hence he was said to have been carried off by a Naiad. The Argonauts called for him a long time, but in vain. See Theocr. Idyl. xiii. *Pasiphäe* and the daughters of *Prœtus* are better left in silence. Gortyna, however (it may be geographically remarked), was a city of Crete, near which the remains of the famous Labyrinth, it is said, are still to be seen; including columns of marble, granite, and red and white jasper.

May give the rambler to my longing view;
Some emerald pasture, bright with morning dew, 65
May lure his taste; or, as her willing thrall,
Some Gnossian heifer lead him to her stall.'
And now his verse laments the miser-maid,
By lust of the Hesperian fruit betray'd;
And now with mossy bark, to alders grown, 70
He girdles thy sad sisters, Phäeton.
Next Gallus, wandering by Permessus' stream,
Supplies the minstrel's desultory theme:
How to Aonia him a Muse convey'd,
And all the sisters rose, and reverent homage paid; 75
While Linus, shepherd he of sacred song
(Flowers, and wild parsley, twined his locks among),
Cried, 'Take this reed, the Muses' gift, before
To Hesiod given; with this 'twas his, of yore,
'Midst Ascra's glades to charm the hours away, 80
When woods their hills forsook to list his lay.
With this to hymn Gryneum's grove be thine,
Nor seem there bower to Phœbus more divine.'
Why should I tell, how Scylla's deed he sung—
Scylla the false, of royal Nisus sprung; 85
Or her, who girt with howling monsters shook
Ulysses' keels, and as the surges broke
In fearful thunders on that barbarous shore,
Their shuddering crews with savage sea-dogs tore?
Tereus' changed form; and, ere that change declared,
What foods, what gifts the vengeful dame prepared? 91

82 See Martyn *in loc.*; as also for the fables (here slightly referred to in the close of Silenus' song) of Scylla 'of royal Nisus sprung,' and Tereus, vv. 85—90. Dulichium, whence 'Ulysses' keels' are in the original called 'Dulichian,' was one of the Echinades, islands in the Ionian sea, subject to the *chieftain of Ithaca.*

w fleetly to the desert she is flown :
w wing'd she skims o'er domes, ah! once her own ?
ll, all he chaunts, which erst the god of verse
ght blest Eurotas' laurels to rehearse. 95
echoing vales, as swell the notes along,
ow to the skies the far-resounding song :
eve's bright star the folding-hour led on,
le count their flocks, and claim'd, constrain'd, th'
ethereal throne.

The bank of the Eurotas, which rises (like the Alpheus) Megalopolis, and runs by Sparta, abounds with bay-s; and hence perhaps that river partook so eminently of llo's favor.

Eve's bright star; i. e. Venus, which when a morning preceding the sun, is called Lucifer; when following Hesperus, or Vesper. Cic. De Nat. Deor. ii.

ECLOGUE VII.—MELIBŒUS.

ARGUMENT.

Melibœus is the only Eclogue which contains nothing thin itself to ascertain its date. Martyn thinks it may referred to A. U. C. 716, as 'that year would otherwise ve passed without any apparent mark of the poet's ge-us.' It contains the report of an Amœbæan contention tween two shepherds, Corydon and Thyrsis. Daphnis pears to have been appointed their judge. Melibœus ppening to pass by in quest of a stray goat is detained hear the dispute, and records its result in favor of Cory-n. The commentators Servius, Vives, La Cerda, De la ie, &c. &c. are, as usual, divided about the persona *posed to be represented* under the above names. To

Martyn it more correctly appears to be, in imitation of Theocritus (vv. 2. 16. 62. 67. 70. 73—84, &c.), purely pastoral.

DAPHNIS beneath a whispering holm reclined,
And near him Corydon and Thyrsis join'd
Their flocks; his sheep one pastured on the lawn,
And one his goats with udders yet undrawn:
Both freshly blooming, both of Arcady, 5
Skill'd or to lead the lay, or to reply.
Here, as I seek the father of my fold
(Stray'd hither, while my shrubs I shield from cold),
Daphnis I see; who, soon as me he spies,
'Safe are your goats, your kids,' delighted cries: 10
'Here, friend, this morning be the truant play'd!
Haste, Melibœus, join us in the shade.
Hither your steers will cross the meads to drink:
Here with slim reeds green Mincius veils his brink;
And, cheering so his toils, the tiny bee 15
Hums his low music round Jove's sacred tree.'

1 *Holm*. This tree, as well as the 'pine,' and the 'chestnut' (Ray informs us), grows abundantly in most of the provinces of Italy; as does likewise, if we may believe Matthioli, a learned botanist of that country, the 'juniper,' which is also mentioned below. Castelvetri, it seems (as quoted by Burman), has affirmed that none of them are to be found in the Mantuan territory.

5 Not really 'of Arcady,' for the scene is laid near Mantua; but so skilful in singing, that they might be taken for Arcadians, who were celebrated for their musical talents.

8 The *myrtus communis Italica C. B.*, which grows plentifully in Italy, especially on the coast of the Tyrrhene sea, does not even there (we are told by Matthioli) 'love cold.' The season of this Eclogue appears—from the greenness of the banks, the growing of the reeds, the buzzing of the bees, and the shade of the holm-oak—to be the early spring, perhaps March or April, when the weather is usually cold enough *to require* a shelter for the more tender trees.

What should I do? for no Alcippe mine,
No Phyllis, who my lambkins might confine
Wean'd from their bleating dams: and, rivals long,
The shepherds twain were met to vie in song. 20
To their sweet play my graver cares I yield;
In strains alternate they dispute the field:
Alternate strains the sacred Muses please;
Those Thyrsis sung, and Corydon's were these.

Cor. 'Dear to my heart, ye Muses, or bestow 25
Such lays, as from the reed of Codrus flow—
Codrus, who Phœbus all but mates in verse;
Or, if denied such numbers to rehearse
(Since not to all is given the power divine),
My pipe shall hang upon yon hallow'd pine.' 30
Thyr. 'Shepherds of Arcady, with ivy crown
Your rising bard, though furious Codrus frown,
And eating jealousy consume his heart:
Or should mock praise betray the envier's art,
With spikenard amulet protect my head, 35
That no ill tongue malignant influence shed.'
Cor. 'Dian, this head, the boar's late bristled pride,
These branching antlers by the stag supplied,
My little Micon hangs upon thy shrine; 39
But would'st thou grant success like this were mine,
Whole in bright marble thou should'st stand enshrined,
And purple buskins should thy ancles bind.'

30 i. e. 'I will never attempt to make any more verses.' This custom of devoting the instrument after it had ceased to be used, and hanging it up in some sacred place, is referred to both by Horace and Propertius.

31 The ivy with yellow berries is said by Pliny to be the sort used in the crowns of poets.

40 i. e. 'As I have succeeded in the hunting of the boar and the stag, so may this success be perpetual.'—*De la Rue.*

41 *Whole.* 'It was a frequent practice to make only the head *and neck of* a statue in marble.'—Martyn.

Thyr. 'This bowl of milk, these annual cakes, we give;
Wealthier, Priapus, hope not to receive:
The fruits 'tis thine to guard, alas! are mean— 45
Now poorly form'd in marble thou art seen;
But, should a teeming season bless my fold,
My grateful voice should bid that form be gold.'

Cor. 'O Galatea, thou who scent'st the air
Sweeter than Hybla's thyme, than swans more fair, 50
More graceful than the ivy's flexile twine—
O if one thought of Corydon be thine,
Soon as the herd shall seek its nightly rest,
O come, and clasp thy shepherd to thy breast!'

Thyr. 'Bitterer than crowfoot be I deem'd by thee, 55
Which glows on far Sardinia's yellow lea;
Rougher than gorse with prickles cover'd o'er,
And viler than the sea-weed cast ashore,
If this long lingering day outlast not years!
Homeward, for shame! haste homeward, well-fed steers.' 60

Cor. 'Ye springs, whose margins are with moss inlaid;
Thou grassy couch, than slumber softer made;
And thou, green arbutus, whose slender bough
Can but a thin and scanty shade bestow:
O screen my flock! 'Tis summer's sultry day; 65
See, the glad vines their turgid buds display!'

43 *Cakes. Libum* was a kind of cake made of flour, honey, and oil; so called because part of it was thrown by the sacrificers (in the way of a libation) into the fire. They were offered, with milk and fruits, instead of victims, to the inferior deities. Priapus was the guardian of vineyards and gardens.

62 *Than slumber softer.* This, says Martyn, 'does not seem a harsher figure than *downy sleep*.' On the *arbutus*, see *id.* on *Georg. i. 148. iii. 300.*

Thyr. 'Here on this hearth, with resinous billets piled,
The pine-branch blazes; and the rafters, soil'd
With constant smoke, bespeak the warmth within:
Nor more we care for winter's snow-clad scene 70
Than wolves respect the numbers of the fold,
Or streams their banks, in mountain-torrent roll'd.'

Cor. 'Now wears the juniper its leafy pride,
And the rough chestnut throws its branches wide;
Fall'n from their boughs, the apples here survey: 75
All nature laughs, and every bower is gay!
But, if Alexis from these mountains hie,
All nature sickens, and each stream is dry.'

Thyr. 'The fields are parch'd: by sultriness oppprest,
The russet meads have lost their summer vest: 80
No shade, so Bacchus wills, the vineyards rear—
But should my beauteous Phyllis re-appear,
The vines shall robe themselves in green again,
And welcome showers shall gladden all the plain.'

Cor. 'Dear to Alcides are his poplar groves; 85
Bacchus the vine, the myrtle Venus loves;
Apollo glories in his own green bay,
And Phyllis doats upon the hazel gray—
Long as the hazel is to Phyllis dear,
Nor bay nor myrtle lovelier shall appear.' 90

Thyr. 'Graceful the ash amidst the woodland towers,
Poplars by brooks, and pines in garden-bowers;
By spiry firs the mountain is possest—
But be thou, Lycidas, my frequent guest,

73—84 Imitated from Theocritus, and copied by Pope, in his first Pastoral; 'All nature mourns,' &c.

92 *Pines:* probably the *pinus sativa,* or *manured pine*, which is commonly cultivated in gardens.

Less fair the woodland ash would seem to me, 95
The pine in garden-bower less fair would be.'
Thus, I remember, vanquish'd Thyrsis strove:
And Corydon, thenceforward, rules the grove.

98 After a sedulous estimate of the merits of each successive tetrastich, Martyn agrees with Daphnis and Melibœus in adjudging the victory to Corydon. De la Rue briefly sums up the comparison as follows:—'Corydon, in his first Amœbæan, begins with piety to the gods; Thyrsis, with rage against his adversary. In the second, Corydon invokes Diana, a chaste goddess; Thyrsis, Priapus. In the third, Corydon is mild; Thrysis imprecatory. In the rest, Corydon's subjects are generally pleasing; those of Thyrsis, the contrary.'

ECLOGUE VIII.—PHARMACEUTRIA.

ARGUMENT.

During the march of Pollio, A. U. C. 715, into Illyricum, where he obtained a triumph for his victory over the Parthians, Virgil addressed his *Pharmaceutria*, another exquisitely beautiful imitation of Theocritus (cf. vv. 25, &c. 42. 45—51. 53. 73, 74. 93. 104. 106. 117. 123.), to that noble person; most probably 'framed at his bidding.' It seems to have been the poet's especial favorite. The first part contains the complaints of a shepherd despised by his mistress; the second the incantations used by a sorceress to regain the lost affections of her lover.

The tale of love Alphesibœus sung
And Damon, when the heifer wondering hung
(Forgetful of her food) upon the strain,
And headlong torrents paused, nor sought the main;

And lynxes couch'd, to list the lay divine— 5
That tale to give posterity be mine.
O Pollio! whether now thou bend'st thy way
Where huge Timavus glitters on the day,
Or tread'st Illyrian strands: when, when will be
The happy hour that I may sing of thee; 10
To distant lands thy deeds of war rehearse,
And hymn thee lord of Sophoclean verse?
From thee the Muse began, with thee shall end:
Framed at thy bidding, to her song extend
Thy favoring smile; and O forgive the lay, 15
Which twines this ivy with thy victor-bay.

Scarce from the sky had night's cold shadow fled,
When herds delighted crop the dewy mead;
Propt on his staff, sad Damon thus begun:
'Rise, Phosphor, and lead on the lingering sun; 20
While duped by Nisa's love I mourn in vain,
And to the gods of broken faith complain:

7 It should be remarked, that though Martyn agrees with Joseph Scaliger and De la Rue in supposing this Eclogue to be addressed to Pollio, Servius (and after him most of the commentators) considers it as dedicated to Augustus Cæsar. —See Martyn *in loc.*

8 The *saxa Timavi*, like the *fons Timavi* in the first Æneid, relates to the mountains where that river rises, which it was necessary to surmount in passing from Italy into Illyricum.

12 This line furnishes a strong proof that Pollio is the person addressed, as he was an eminent writer of tragedies. This we know on the authority of Horace; whereas Augustus' 'Ajax' appears to have been, even in the opinion of Suetonius himself, only a sorry composition. Sophocles was the first who introduced the *cothurnus*, or 'buskin,' a kind of boot reaching to the *sura*, or calf of the leg, and having thick soles of cork, in order to give increased height to the wearer.

19 Martyn interprets the *incumbens tereti olivæ*, 'leaning against the round olive-tree; as deeming the image of the olive-staff too humble even for a shepherd.

For not a god, who witness'd, heals the wrong!
Yet, yet to them my parting strains belong—
Begin with me, my pipe, the soft Mænalian song. 25
'Still blooms on Mænalus the rustling grove,
And vocal pines resound the shepherd's love:
Still Pan is heard its echoing bowers among;
Pan, who first bade the reed its notes prolong—
Begin with me, my pipe, the soft Mænalian song. 30
'To Mopsus now is faithless Nisa given:
What may not lovers dread from angry Heaven!
Henceforth shall blend the griffin with the steed,
And dogs and trembling deer together feed.
Prepare thy torches, Mopsus, thou art wed; 35
Scatter thy nuts: for thee his Œta's head
Hesper forsakes, and speeds the night along—
Begin with me, my pipe, the soft Mænalian song.
'Well worthy, Nisa, of thy conquer'd swain,
For whom thy other suitors met disdain; 40
For whom thou scorn'd'st my reed and humble herd,
My shaggy eyebrows, and my lengthen'd beard!

26 Mænalus was a high mountain in Arcadia, sacred to Pan, and abounding with pines.

33 The 'griffin' is a fabulous monster, said to have the body of a lion and the head and wings of an eagle, to be occupied in digging gold out of the mines of the north of Europe, and to be engaged in continual wars with the one-eyed Arimaspians for this precious metal. See Herodotus and Pliny. To this Milton alludes in the second book of his Paradise Lost:

> As when a griffin through the wilderness
> With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
> Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth
> Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
> The guarded gold.

35 Five pine-torches used to precede the bride, when led to her new home. The 'nuts,' of mystical meaning, were walnuts, on which see Martyn on Georg. ii. 187. Œta was a *lofty mountain in* Thessaly.

Nor deem'st the gods, resentful, visit wrong—
Begin with me, my pipe, the soft Mænalian song.
'First did'st thou to these doting eyes appear 45
Within our orchard's bound, thy mother near;
Thy little hands the dewy apples pile:
I was your guide—too happy I the while!
Just enter'd on my teens, with utmost stretch
On tiptoe rising I the boughs could reach: 50
I saw, I died, by passion borne along—
Begin with me, my pipe, the soft Mænalian song.
'Now know I Love's dire source: in Thracia bred,
Where Rhodope in tempests veils its head;
Or rock'd 'mid Garamantian crags to rest, 55
He tears, remorseless tears the human breast:
Not to our nature does the boy belong—
Begin with me, my pipe, the soft Mænalian song.
'Love taught the mother barbarous lore and wild,
To plunge the dagger in her guiltless child: 60
—O savage mother, who such lore could'st learn!
O boy, too savage, teaching lore so stern!
Savage alike who urged, and did, the wrong—
Begin with me, my pipe, the soft Mænalian song.
'Fly now, ye hungry wolves, th' unguarded fold, 65
And glow each oak with vegetable gold;
All gay with daffodils let alders tower,
And lowliest tamarisks weep their amber shower:

55 The Garamantes were a savage people of Africa, living as far southward (it was thought) as the earth was habitable, and therefore called *extremi*.

59 The 'mother' here alluded to was Medea, who when Jason married Creusa, murdered her children.

66 Swans were erroneously supposed by the ancients to sing sweetly, especially just before their death. The story of Arion of Corinth, who captivated a dolphin by his music, when he was on the point of being thrown overboard by some sailors, and was borne safely by it to shore, is told by Herodotus.

Vie owls with swans: let Tityrus Orpheus be;
Orpheus amid the woods, or in the sea 70
Arion, sovereign of the dolphin throng—
Begin with me, my pipe, the soft Mænalian song.
'Be earth one wat'ry waste! ye woods, farewell!
Headlong, amidst the sweeping surges' swell,
From some sky-piercing cliff I'll spring to death: 75
Accept these strains, thy lover's latest breath,
His dying legacy, withheld too long!—
Cease now, O cease, my pipe, the soft Mænalian song.'

Thus Damon: next Alphesibœus' strain
Record, ye Muses! for our powers are vain. 80
'Bring water, and with fleecy fillet wreathe
This altar's frame, and bid rich incense breathe,
And vervain burn; that so my spells may fire
The cold swain's sense, and force him to admire.
Those spells, unseconded, will stamp his doom— 85
Bring from the city, bring, ye charms, my Daphnis home.
'The spell of verse can drag th' obedient moon
From heaven, when riding in her highest noon:
Ulysses' comrades with the numerous spell
Circe transform'd: cold serpents writhe and swell, 90
Compell'd by mighty song, and burst in foam—
Bring from the city, bring, ye charms, my Daphnis home.
'First, these three threads in mystic union join'd,
Three-color'd, I around his image bind;

81 Alphesibœus assumes the person of a sorceress engaged in magical incantations.

85 *Spells.* The *carmen*, whence our word 'charm,' means here a particular form of words used in these superstitious ceremonies; probably the recurring line, or *formula*, 'Bring *from the city*,' &c.

And with that image circle thrice the shrine 95
(Uneven numbers please the powers divine!)
So may he at my potent summons come—
Bring from the city, bring, ye charms, my Daphnis
home.
'In threefold knot now, Amaryllis, tie
The triple threads: and still, in tightening, cry; 100
'With these, love's knots, I knit him ne'er to roam'—
Bring from the city, bring, ye charms, my Daphnis
home.
'As shrivels in one fire this moulded clay,
And melts the wax, so Daphnis melt away!
So shrivels in my love! The salted meal 105
Now sprinkle; burn the crackling bay: I feel
Harsh Daphnis fire me! Such his lot I doom—
Bring from the city, bring, ye charms, my Daphnis
home.
'O seize him love like that, when far and near
The wearied heifer seeks her wandering steer; 110
And having languish'd much, and rambled long
The wide-spread forest's lengthening glades among,
Sinks by some sedgy stream: nor quits the grove,
Though night's late hours approach! Him seize such
love,
Nor deign I his physician to become— 115
Bring from the city, bring, ye charms, my Daphnis
home.

103 This was continued, even in later times. James I., in his 'Dæmonologie,' says: 'To some others at these times he (the devil) teacheth how to make pictures of waxe or claye, that by the roasting thereof the persons that they beare the name of may be continually melted, or dried away by continual sicknesse,' &c.

105 The 'meal' salted, parched, and kneaded (molita) was called *mola*, and sprinkled on the foreheads of the victims, &c. whence our term 'immolation.'

'To me these relics once the traitor left—
Dear relics! These I now, of him bereft,
Beneath my threshold, earth, to thee consign:
These, these again shall make the rover mine; 120
Though, far estranged, 'midst other scenes he roam—
Bring from the city, bring, ye charms, my Daphnis home.

'These herbs, these poisons cull'd on Pontic ground
(In Pontus, herbs of wondrous power abound)
Mœris bestow'd: and him I oft have view'd, 125
Changed by their force, in sylvan solitude,
Howl a fierce wolf; transport the bearded grain
From its first native to a distant plain,
And call pale spectres from the yawning tomb—
Bring from the city, bring, ye charms, my Daphnis home. 130

'Forth, Amaryllis, forth the ashes bear,
And o'er thy shoulder in the streamlet clear
Whelm them, with unreverted head: a spell
Of different kind his stubborn soul shall quell.
Nor gods he heeds, nor dreads the strains of doom—
Bring from the city, bring, ye charms, my Daphnis home. 136

'And lo! the altar gleams with quivering blaze,
Self-kindled, while my tardy hand delays
To bear the ashes to the destined flood:
Something it, sure, portends—O be it good! 140
May I, then, trust my heart's fond wishes?—Hark!
Loud at the door I hear my Hylax bark—
Or weave I love's light dream in fancy's loom?
No, cease, my charms; he comes—comes from the city home!'

ECLOGUE IX.—MŒRIS.

ARGUMENT.

In this Eclogue, which was probably composed by Virgil soon after his *Tityrus*, A. U. C. 713, on his return to Rome from his unsuccessful attempt to take possession of his Mantuan property, are dexterously introduced fragments of his earlier poems; one in particular addressed to Varus (through whom the poet seems to have been first made known to Pollio), promising him the reward of poetical praise for his intercession in behalf of Mantua; and another in honor of the star, which appeared for seven days together after the death of Julius Cæsar, and was supposed to announce his reception among the immortals.

Mœris, as Servius informs us, Menalcas', i. e. Virgil's, farming bailiff, had been directed by his master (during his own absence) to carry matters as fairly as possible with Arrius, the centurion, who had refused with great violence to readmit him to his 'little field.' Catrou, however, stiffly contends (from the *nostri agelli*, the *vestrum Menalcam*, &c.) that Mœris must have been the father, not the servant, of Virgil.

Lycidas. WHITHER, good Mœris? For the city bent?

Mœris. O Lycidas, our life, with sad extent,
Has reach'd to woes beyond my utmost fear;
'Begone, old landlords; I am master here!'
Our little field's usurper sternly cries. 5
To him, since thus her wheel dame Fortune plies,
These kids—ill luck go with them!—sad I bear.

Lyc. I heard, indeed—and, oh, would such things were!

That where yon hills slope gently to the plain,
Far as to Mincius' banks (his own domain) 10
Their shatter'd tops where those old beeches raise,
Menalcas had protected by his lays.

Mœr. So were you told, and fame so blazed abroad:
But weak our lays, by clashing arms o'erawed,
As when the eagle swoops, Dodona's dove. 15
Nay—but that, croaking from the tree of Jove,
The left-hand raven warn'd me not to strive,
Nor Mœris nor his lord had been alive.

Lyc. And lives there who such deed of death would dare?
Alas! how near had vanish'd into air 20
With thee, Menalcas, all thy soothing verse!
For who the nymphs' soft wailings would rehearse;
'Scatter the ground with leaves,' or 'round each spring
Bid wreathed flowers their sacred freshness fling?'
Who those sweet lines repeat I slily heard, 25
As to my Amaryllis you repair'd?
'Till I return my flock, kind Tityrus, feed
(Short is my journey) and to water lead;
But as thou lead'st them, Tityrus, have a care:
Of that old butting goat, dear boy, beware.' 30

Mœr. Or (sung to Varus) that unfinish'd strain;
'Varus, thy name—if Mantua still remain,
Ah! to Cremona fatally too near!
Melodious swans to yon bright stars shall bear.'

9 It is generally believed that the poet in this line describes the actual position of his estate, between the foot of the hills and the Mincio. The 'old beeches' are too particular for a fictitious scene. In the first eclogue, vv. 56, 57, the lands of Tityrus are partly 'shingly,' and partly 'fenny,' which agrees very well with the site here referred to.

12 Most probably, as before observed, by the *Daphnis*.

22—24 Alludes perhaps to Eclog. v. 24. 48. &c.

27—30 An imitation of Theocritus, as is likewise v. 38. 45—52. 71. 76.

Lyc. So may thy bees the poisonous yew forego ; 35
Thy cows, on trefoil fed, with milk o'erflow !
Begin, if aught thy memory retain :
Me, too, the Muses taught the sylvan strain ;
I have my songs ; and many a swain avers
A bard I am : but far their judgment errs ! 40
Unfit with Várius or with Cinna I,
As gabbling geese with sweetest swans, to vie.
Mœr. Much I in silence have revolved, and long
To call to mind—'tis no ignoble song—
'Hither to land, O Galatea, haste : 45
What joy can florish 'mid the wat'ry waste ?
Here bright-robed spring with verdure decks the bowers,
And every streamlet's brink is strew'd with flowers ;
Here the white poplar quivers o'er each cave,
And curling vines their shady foliage wave. 50
Hither, O Galatea, haste to land,
And let the surge rave idly on the strand.'
Lyc. One moonlight night, thou sung'st too—such a strain !
The words forgotten, I the air retain.
Mœr. 'Why on old constellations, Daphnis, gaze ? 55
See, where its beams the Julian star displays ;
A star, whence fields draw fatness as it rolls,
And grapes grow duskier on their sunny knolls.
Plant, Daphnis, for the rising race thy pears :'
—Ah ! age, which pilfers all, not e'en the memory spares ! 60
Oft when, a careless boy, I trod the mead,
The lingering sun I caroll'd to his bed :
Now, every lay is vanish'd from my head.

56 In reference to this phenomenon Augustus caused the statue of Julius Cæsar in the Forum to be adorned by the addition of a star.—*See* Martyn on Georg. i. 488.

His very voice has hapless Mœris lost;
His path some wolf's first-darted glance has crost: 65
But well the chasm Menalcas will supply.
Lyc. My wish but grows with your apology.
And see the lake's broad plain unruffled spread,
Nor moves one murmuring breeze the beech's head.
Now midway of our journey we are come, 70
For lo! there rears its head Bianor's tomb.
Here sit we, Mœris, where the leafy boughs
The farmers trim, and sing as we repose.
Here rest thy kids: we soon shall reach the town;
Or if we fear the night-storm's gathering frown, 75
Light song will ease the road of half its care:
To aid thy song, let me this burthen bear.
Mœr. Press me no more, but onward let us go:
Sprightlier the strain, when He returns, will flow.

65 It was the superstitious belief of the ancient Italians that if a wolf saw any man first, it for a time deprived him of the power of speech.—See Plin. Nat. Hist. viii. 22.

71 Sepulchres were anciently placed near the highways, whence their inscriptions are frequently addressed to 'travellers.' Bianor, surnamed Ocnus (son, as we learn from the tenth Æneid, of the Tiber by the prophetess Manto, the daughter of Tiresias), is said to have fortified Mantua, and to have given it a name derived from that of his mother.

79 This seems to prove that *He* (Menalcas, or Virgil) was then at Rome.

ECLOGUE X.—GALLUS.

ARGUMENT.

As the *Silenus* appears to have been begun at the command of Varus, and the *Pharmaceutria* at that of Pollio, we have

some reason to believe that this Eclogue, a fine imitation of Theocritus (in reference to whom he invokes the Sicilian nymph Arethusa), was undertaken A. U. C. 717, at the request of Gallus, whose hapless love it records: thus extending the period occupied in writing the Eclogues over seven years, from A. U. C. 710 to 717. The order of them appears to have been (different from their usual location) *Alexis, Palæmon, Daphnis, Tityrus, Mœris, Silenus, Pollio, Pharmaceutria, Melibœus,* and *Gallus.*

THIS closing effort, Arethusa, aid;
A few brief strains be to my Gallus paid:.
What bard to Gallus can a lay refuse?
And may Lycoris' eye that lay peruse.
So, as thou glidest beneath Sicilia's brine, 5
Her wave no bitter sea-nymph blend with thine!
Begin: record we Gallus, love's sad prey;
Our goats, meanwhile, will browse the tender spray.
Nor sing we to the deaf: the woods reply,
And bear the strains of sadness to the sky. 10

Nymphs, o'er what lawns, what forests did ye rove,
When Gallus faded in disastrous love?

3 So Pope, in his 'Windsor Forest;'

What muse for Granville can refuse to sing?

The same poet has also in his second Pastoral happily imitated vv. 9, 10.

Lycoris is supposed to have been Cytheris, an actress of those times.

The old mythology states, that Alpheus, a river of Peloponnesus, fell in love with the nymph Arethusa; who flying from his pursuit, was metamorphosed by Diana into a fountain, and made her escape under the sea to Ortygia, an island near Sicily.—See Æneid ix.

11 Imitated from Theocritus, and by Pope, as likewise by Milton *in his* 'Lycidas;' 'Where were ye, nymphs,' *&c.*

For then nor Pindus nor the Phocian mount
Detain'd your steps, nor Aganippe's fount.
For him the bay, for him the tamarisk pined; 15
For him, beneath their craggy feet reclined,
Even Mænalus the dews of sorrow shed,
And cold Lycæus on his craggy bed.
The sheep stand round, nor slight their master's pain;
—Nor thou, bright bard, the humble flock disdain: 20
In beauty's prime beside the lucid flood,
Well pleased, Adonis fed his fleecy brood.—
The shepherd came; and, with the herdsmen last,
Menalcas dripping from the snow-soak'd mast.
All seek thy passion's source. Apollo came; 25
And, 'Whence this frenzy, Gallus? She, thy flame
Lycoris for another swain,' he cries,
'Braves barbarous camps and winter's dreary skies.'
With woodland wreath came old Sylvanus crown'd,
Fennel and largest lilies nodding round. 30
Pan, too, we saw: th' Arcadian god appear'd
With vermil dye and elder-berries smear'd;
'And yet this grief?' he asks. 'In vain it flows:
No glut of tears insatiate Cupid knows.
Sooner shall herbage moisture cease to love, 35
The bee his trefoil, goats the budding grove.'
—'But you, Arcadians, deign (sad Gallus cried)
To sing my sorrows on each mountain's side:
You, only, of the poet's art possest;
And softly, sweetly, will my relics rest, 40
If by your simple reeds my suffering be exprest.
'Ah! had I, one of you, your flocks or fed,
Or pluck'd the grape with luscious ripeness red!
Then, whomsoe'er had woo'd my amorous strain—
Or Phyllis, or Amyntas— we had lain 45

30. 32 On the 'fennel' and 'elder,' see Martyn in loc.

In willowy bower o'erhung with flaunting vine ;
And he would sing, or she the chaplet twine.
Nor had I cared that dusky he to view:
Dusky the hyacinth's, the violet's hue.
Here cooling springs, Lycoris, meadows gay 50
With flowers, and winding glades invite to stray ;
Here could I, blest with thee, wile life's fleet hours away.

'Me reckless love in iron fields detains,
Where all the fury of the battle reigns:
Thou tread'st—and is it true? perfidious fair, 55
No Gallus at thy side to shield or share—
Dauntless tread'st Alpine snows, and ice-bound Rhine!
Ah! may no ice wound those soft feet of thine,
No arrowy sleet that tender person pierce!
For me, adapting my Chalcidian verse 60
To pastoral pipe, I'll sylvan strains rehearse.
Yes, 'tis resolved: 'mid wildest lairs I'll go,
And there in solitude endure my woe;
Carve on the tender rind my tale of love,
And mark it growing with the growing grove. 65
Or Mænalus, with mingling nymphs, I'll tread;
Or chase the tusky savage, undismay'd:
Nor storms shall stay me, as with faithful hound
Arcadia's forest-depths I girdle round.
Now over rocks, through groves, I seem to go; 70
Now twang my shafts from Parthia's horned bow:
As if such toils the tyrant could remove,
Or any human art could medicine love!

'Ah! nor by wood-nymphs I, nor woodland strain,
Solaced or soothed! Farewell, ye woods, again. 75
Vainly to tame th' obdurate god we try:
Not should our lip drain wintry Hebrus dry,

60 Gallus *is said to* have translated the works of Euphorion, *a native of Chalcis in* Eubœa, into Latin.

Not though our foot 'mid storms trod Thracia's snows,
Not though we fed our flocks where Cancer glows
On Indian sands, and peels the towering grove— 80
Love conquers all; and we must yield to love.'

Enough, ye Muses, has your bard essay'd,
Weaving his rushy basket in the shade.
These numbers you to Gallus will endear;
Gallus for whom, as year succeeds to year, 85
My love still grows, as in the vernal prime
The alder's shoots with strong luxuriance climb.
Rise we; shades, e'en of juniper, annoy
The minstrel choir, the ripening grain destroy:
Goats, from your pastures sated, homeward hie— 90
See, where bright Hesper fires the evening sky!

THE GEORGICS.

TRANSLATED BY

WILLIAM SOTHEBY, ESQ.

RINTED FROM THE THIRD AND LAST EDITION.]

THE following notes, of which the sole object is to facilitate the English version to the English reader, have been added, more in conformity with the desire of others than from my own original intention: they are chiefly compiled from remarks of former commentators; and are inserted in the words, and designated by the names of their respective authors. For the selection alone I hold myself responsible. But it would be unpardonable not to particularise the remarks of the Rev. W. Stawell and T. A. Knight, Esq. My estimation of the remarks of the former will be best evinced by the number and importance of the notes which I have selected from his printed illustrations: and the original observations of the latter, communicated in a letter to me, will give additional proofs of the sagacity of a writer, whose philosophical investigations and successful experiments have not only contributed to the speculative knowlege of this scientific age, but have assisted the labors, and meliorated the produce, of the farmer and the horticulturist. W. S.

GEORGIC I.

ARGUMENT.

VIRGIL begins the poem by propounding the subjects of his four books—Agriculture, Planting, the Breeding of Cattle, and the Management of Bees. After invoking every rural deity, he particularly calls on Augustus Cæsar to favor his attempt—He now opens the peculiar subject of the first book by pointing out the proper seasons for ploughing—He advises the husbandman to acquire a previous knowlege of different soils and climates, of the prevailing modes of cultivation, and of the productions suited to each country: and of these he gives several examples—He then resumes the subject, and mentions the seasons best adapted for the ploughing either of rich or of poor soils—Recommends that the ground should lie fallow, or be refreshed by change of crops or manure; that the stubble should be burnt for the melioration of the soil; and that the ground be duly prepared by frequent ploughing and harrowing—He now enters on the subject of sowing, and advises that, immediately after that process, the clods be carefully broken, and the land artificially overflowed—He then proceeds to the growth of the corn, and recommends the feeding down of its rank luxuriance—He now mentions several circumstances prejudicial to agriculture, and attributes them to the will of Jove. This remark easily leads to a digression on the golden and silver ages—He then describes the origin of agriculture, and the instruments employed in it: shows how to form a judgment of the ensuing harvest, and how to medicate and select the seeds—He then marks the connexion between agriculture and astronomy, which points out the different *seasons for sowing* different grains—From this con*nexion he likewise introduces* the description of the annual

course of the sun, and of the singular varieties occasioned by the position of the poles—He farther evinces the utility of astronomical knowlege; enumerates several works to be performed in the rainy season, and what are lawful on festivals; gives an account of fortunate and unfortunate days; what works best suited to the night; what to the day, both in summer and winter—From winter he naturally remarks on the stormy seasons, the latter end of spring, and the commencement of autumn; describes a storm in autumn; and shows how to avoid such calamities by a diligent observation of the heavens, and worship of the gods, chiefly Ceres—Then he enumerates various prognostics of the weather; those of bad weather; those of fine weather—Farther prognostics from the sun and moon—He begins with the latter: continues the subject by predictions drawn from the rising and setting of the sun—These prepare the way for a digression on the prodigies that followed the death of Julius Cæsar, and predicted the horrors of the civil wars—And he concludes with vows for Augustus, under whose government alone the world could be restored to peace and order.

WHENCE joyful harvests spring, what heav'nly sign
Invites the plough, and weds to elms the vine;
How rear'd, Mæcenas, flocks and cattle thrive,
And what experience stores the frugal hive;
I sing.—Ye lights of heav'n! whose sov'reign sway 5
Leads on the year around th' ethereal way:
Bacchus and Ceres! if beneath your reign
Earth chang'd Chaonian mast for golden grain,
First found the grape, and mingling with the wave,
To Acheloian bowls its nectar gave: 10

8 Epirus is often called Chaonia, because the Chaones formerly ruled over the whole country. Dodona, a city of Epirus, celebrated for the oracular oaks encompassing the temple of Jupiter.

10 The river Achelous is said to have been the first that *broke out of the* earth. Macrobius relates, and Fulvius Urai-

Ye, too, whose gifts my votive numbers guide,
Fauns and fair Dryads that o'er swains preside;
And thou, whose powerful trident shook the earth
When first the steed proud neighing sprung to birth;
Guardian of woods! whose herds, a snowy breed, 15
Three hundred beeves, on fertile Cæa feed:
God of the fleece, forsake thy native shades,
Leave thou awhile thy own Lycæan glades,
And if thy Mænalus yet claim thy care,
Hear, Tegeæan Pan! th' invoking pray'r. 20
Pallas! whose voice the olive rais'd; and thou,
Fam'd youth, inventor of the crooked plough!
And thou, Sylvanus, in whose hand is borne
A sapling cypress with its roots uptorn;

nus quotes, many passages to prove that water was solemnly invoked by the term of Achelous.

14 This alludes to the contest between Neptune and Minerva. The deity whose gift was deemed most beneficial was to name the new-founded city. Neptune, by the stroke of his trident, caused the earth to pour forth a horse. Minerva (Athenæ) produced an olive-tree. A dolphin in brass was placed over a bar that runs across the entrance of the Hippodrome at Olympia, as a symbol of the production of the horse by Neptune.—*West's Dissertation on the Olympic Games, and quoted by Stawell.*

15 Aristæus, the son of Apollo and Cyrene, was taught by the nymphs the arts of curdling milk and cultivating olive-trees.

16 Cæa, an isle in the Ægean sea, one of the Cyclades. To this isle Aristæus retired after the death of his son Actæon.

18, 19 Mountains of Arcadia, sacred to Pan.

20 Tegea, a town of Arcadia.

21 Pliny says, that the olive-tree produced by Minerva was to be seen at his time in Athens.

22 Triptolemus, the son of Celeus, instructed by Ceres in the arts of husbandry.

23 God of the woods. Achilles Statius, in his commentary on Catullus, tells us, that on ancient coins and marbles Sylvanus is represented *bearing* a cypress-tree plucked up by the *roots*.

Oh come, protectors of the plains! descend; 25
Each god and goddess at my call attend,
Who rear new plants that earth spontaneous yields,
Or feed with prosperous show'rs the cultur'd fields.
Thou, Cæsar, chief, where'er thy voice ordain
To fix 'mid gods thy yet unchosen reign— 30
Wilt thou o'er cities rule? shall earth obey?
The world's vast orb shall roll beneath thy sway;
Fruits and fair seasons from thy influence flow,
And the maternal myrtle wreathe thy brow;
O'er boundless ocean shall thy pow'r prevail, 35
Thee her sole lord the world of waters hail!
Rule, where the sea remotest Thule laves,
While Tethys' dow'rs thy bride with all her waves.
Wilt thou 'mid Scorpius and the Virgin rise,
And, a new star, illume thy native skies? 40
Scorpius, e'en now, each shrinking claw confines,
And more than half his heav'n to thee resigns.

34 The myrtle was sacred to Venus, from whom, and Anchises, the Julian family boasted their origin.

37 The isle which the Romans called Thule seems to be Schetland. Schetland is still called by sailors Thylensel.—*Stawell.*

39 Servius says, that the Chaldæans made the Scorpion extend his claws into the place of Libra, reckoning only eleven signs, though the Egyptian astronomers reckoned twelve. Virgil takes advantage of this difference among the ancient astronomers, and accommodates it poetically, by placing Augustus instead of Libra, the emblem of justice, between Virgo (Erigone) and Scorpio; and describes the Scorpion as already pulling back his claws to make room for him.—*Martyn.*

The balance was originally represented as held up by Scorpius, who extended his claws for that purpose out of his proper dominions. On the Farnese globe it is held by Scorpius: in several of the gems and medals it is held by a man: this is said to be Augustus. Perhaps the Roman astronomers took the hint of placing him there from Virgil.—*Polymetis.*

Where'er thy reign (for not, if hell invite,
May such dire lust of sway thy soul delight,
Though Greece Elysium vaunt, and oft in vain, 45
Lorn Ceres woo her child to earth again),
Breathe fav'ring gales, my course propitious guide,
O'er the rude swain's uncertain path preside;
Now, now invoked, assert thy heav'nly birth,
And learn to hear our pray'rs, a god on earth. 50

When first young Zephyr melts the mountain snow,
And Spring unbinds the mellow'd mould below,
Press the deep plough, and urge the groaning team
Where the worn shares 'mid opening furrows gleam.
Lands, that the summer sun has twice matur'd, 55
Twice the keen frost, and wintry cold endur'd,
Profuse of wealth repay th' insatiate swain,
And pour from bursting barns th' exuberant grain.

Ere virgin earth first feel th' invading share,
The genius of the place demands thy care: 60
The culture, clime, the winds, and changeful skies,
And what each region bears, and what denies.
Here golden harvests wave, there vineyards glow,
Fruit bends the bough, or herbs unbidden grow—
Her saffron, Tmolus, Ind her ivory boasts, 65
Soft Saba yields the spice that scents her coasts;

51 The beginning of the spring was in the month of March; but Virgil, and the writers on agriculture, did not confine themselves to the computations of astrologers, but dated their spring from the end of the frosty weather.—*Martyn.*

64 It is a singular circumstance that many seeds lie dormant in the earth till brought forward by a particular cultivation or manure. It is known that siliceous sand, limestone gravel, and other calcareous manures, have brought to light the finest carpets of white clover. Poppy seeds have also been known to lie dormant for many years. See Tull's Horse-hoeing Husbandry.—*Stawell.*

65 A mountain of Lydia, famous for saffron.—Ivory is the tusk, not the tooth, of the elephant. The elephants of India are *preferable to those of* all other countries.—Martyn.

Pontus the pow'rful Castor, Chalybs' steel,
And Elis' palms th' Epiran steeds reveal.
In stated regions, from th' eternal Cause,
Such nature's compact and unbroken laws; 70
Such from the time when first Deucalion hurl'd
The stones, whence man's harsh race o'erspread the world.
Come, when new Spring first claims the timely toil,
Break with laborious steers the generous soil,
And give the sun through many a summer day 75
To bake the clod, and feed with ripening ray;
But in light furrows turn th' unfertile ground
When slow Arcturus wheels his lingering round:
There, lest rude weeds should choke the rising grain,
And here, scant moisture fail the sandy plain. 80
Rest by alternate fallows wearied earth,
And leave the soil to harden into birth;

66 The Sabeans are a people of Arabia Felix, in whose country only the frankincense-tree is said to grow.—*Martyn.*

68 Epirus, a kingdom of Greece, famous for horses.

71 When the world was destroyed by a deluge Deucalion, and Pyrrha his wife, only survived. The oracle of Themis commanded them to cast the bones of their great mother behind them, in order to reproduce the human race. By the 'great mother,' they understood the earth to be meant; and by her 'bones,' the stones. They obeyed the oracle; and the stones cast by Deucalion became men, those cast by Pyrrha women.—See *Ovid's Metam.*

73 Both Pliny and Columella agree in this precept. The early season, and the deep ploughing, are restrained to the rich soil.

77 Columella gives the same advice relative to the light and late ploughing of a poor soil. 'Arcturus, in the time of Columella and Pliny, rose with the sun at Athens, when the sun was in 12⅓ of Virgo; but at Rome three days sooner, the sun being in 9¼ of Virgo; the autumnal equinox then falling on the 24th or 25th of September.'—*Dr. Halley, quoted by Martyn.*

, the season chang'd, with grain the clod,
the bean harvest burst the shatter'd pod,
light vetch and bitter lupine grew, 85
:o the gale, and rattled as it blew.
d the flaxen harvest burn the ground,
ppies shedding slumb'rous dews around.
ll thy lands through easier labor rear
rops by changeful produce year by year, 90
nanure new life and nurture yield,
ıes renovate th' exhausted field.
terchanging harvests earth repair,
ds unplough'd, meantime, no profit bear.
ı it avails to burn the sterile lands 95
.bble crackling as the flame expands;

Lille has suggested the true interpretation of this
' Virgile ne défend point ici de semer du lin, de
et des pavots, comme on peut le voir par le vers 212,
ɔscrit le tems de les semer : mais il ordonne aux
urs d'observer que ces sortes de graines, au lieu
er la terre comme les légumes, l'épuisent, et la mai-
'—*Stawell.*
ɔ esculent poppy of the Romans seems to be the same
f our gardens, from the figure of its head in the hand
statues of Ceres.—*Martyn.*
mentions three sorts: the white, or esculent; the
.e receptacle of opium; the red, which Mr. Martyn
ıe corn-rose, or poppy weed. Of the heads of the
odion is made. The black is found wild, as well as
ırdens. See Miller.—*Stawell.*
gil speaks of two different things; of burning the
lf before the ground is ploughed, and of burning the
ıfter the corn is taken off the arable land.—*Mr. B——,*
Martyn.
Davy explains better than I can the effects pro-
y burning the turf, which are greater than I can ac-
:. The farmer of the present day, with reason, thinks
his stubble a bad practice.—*T. A. Knight.*
ɜage s'est conservé en Italie. Fontanini, dans son
des Antiquités d'Horta, rapporte à ce sujet une
singulière. Marie Lancisius, qui avoit beaucoup de
près du Pape Clément XI., incommodée par la cha-

Whether earth gain fresh strength or richer food,
Or noxious moisture, forced by fire, exude;
Whether it draw through many an opening vein
Juice to fresh plants that clothe anew the plain, 100
Or brace the pores that, pervious to the day,
Felt the prone sun's intolerable ray,
To piercing show'rs th' expanded fissure close,
And the chill north that blisters as it blows.
Th' obdurate glebe with frequent harrow break, 105
With osier hurdles each dull clod awake.
Fair Ceres self shall kindly view thy toil,
When sidelong furrows cross the furrow'd soil.
Thus rule the fields, exert despotic sway,
Pursue thy triumph, and bid earth obey. 110
Swains! pray for wintry dust, and summer rain;
Then smiles the freshen'd earth, and golden plain:
More rich the crop on Mysia's fertile fields,
And Gargarus wonders at the wealth he yields.
Him shall I praise, who o'er the new-sown earth 115
Crumbles the clods that hide th' intrusted birth,
Freshens with streams that at his pleasure glide,
And leads th' obedient rills from side to side?

leur que causoit l'incendie des chaumes dans les campagnes voisines de Rome, persuada au souverain Pontife de proscrire cet usage par un édit. Le Pape fit part de ce projet au Cardinal Nuptius, qui l'en détourna en lui représentant l'antiquité et l'utilité de cet usage, et en lui citant ces beaux vers de Virgile.—*De Lille.*

111 This prayer is adopted by the Tuscans to this day. 'In a dry and cold winter the wheat is generally strong-rooted, and is able to withstand any accidents in the spring and summer; but if the winter be wet and mild, and the spring also proves both moist and warm, a dearth is inevitable.' Symond's Communications to the Annals of Agriculture.—*Stawell.*

113, 114 Mysia is a part of Asia Minor, joining to the Hellespont. In this province were both a mountain and a town called Gargarus, famous for great plenty of corn.—*Martyn.*

117 The advantages of irrigation are well known to the mo-

'Mid gasping herbs when fever'd nature dies,
Lo! on yon brow whence bubbling springs arise, 120
The peasant bending o'er th' expanse below
Directs the channell'd waters where to flow:
Down the smooth rock melodious murmurs glide,
And a new verdure gleams beneath the tide.
Him shall I praise, who, lest th' o'erloaded ear 125
Shed with prone stem the promise of the year,
Feeds down its rank luxuriance, when the blade
Waves level with the ridge its rising shade;
Or who, in changeful months, and flooding rains,
Down the drench'd sand th' o'erflowing marshes drains,
When oozy rivers far and wide expand, 131
And issuing vapors smoke along the land?
Yet when the sturdy swain and patient steer
Have tamed the land by many a toil severe;
Cranes, noxious geese, and succory's bitter root 135
Waste, or injurious woods o'ershade the fruit.
Not to dull Indolence and transient Toil
Great Jove resign'd the conquest of the soil:
He bad sharp Care make keen the heart, nor deign'd
That sloth should linger where his godhead reign'd. 140
Ere Jove bore rule, no labor tamed the ground,
None dared to raise the fence, or mark the bound:

dern cultivators. The sentiments of the ancients on this important precept are strongly illustrated by the following circumstance, quoted by Warton from Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws.

'When the Persians were masters of Asia, they permitted those who conveyed a spring to any place, which had not been watered before, to enjoy the benefit for five generations: and, as a number of rivulets flowed from Mount Taurus, they spared no expense in directing the course of their streams. At this day, without knowing how they came thither, they are *found in the fields* and gardens.'—Stowell.

Nature for all her fruits profusely bore,
And the free earth, unask'd, but proffer'd more. 145
Jove to the serpent fang new venom gave,
Commanded wolves to prowl, and swell'd the wave;
From leaves their honey shook, the fire withheld,
And wand'ring streams, that flow'd with wine, repell'd.
Jove will'd that Man, by long experience taught,
Should various arts invent by gradual thought, 150
Strike from the flint's cold womb the latent flame,
And from the answering furrow nurture claim.
Then first the hollow'd alder prest the stream,
Then sailors watch'd each star's directing beam,
Number'd the host of heav'n, and nam'd the train, 155
Pleiads, and Hyads, and the northern Wain;
Then snares, and lime, the beast and bird betray'd,
And deep-mouth'd hounds inclosed the forest glade;
Light meshes lash'd the stream with circling sweep,
And weighted nets descending dragg'd the deep; 160
Then iron, and the saw's shrill-grating edge,
Eas'd the rude efforts of the forceful wedge;
Hence various arts: stern labor all subdues,
And ceaseless toil that urging want pursues.
First pitying Ceres taught the famish'd swain 165
With iron shares to turn the stubborn plain,

153 The alder tree delights in moist places, and on the banks of rivers. One of these, hollowed by age, floating down a stream, may have given the first hint towards navigation.—*Martyn.*

156 The Pleiades are seven stars in the neck of the Bull. They are fabled to have been the seven daughters of Atlas, king of Mauritania, whence they are called by Virgil Atlantides. The Hyades are seven stars in the head of the Bull. Calisto, the daughter of Lycaon, violated by Jupiter, was turned into a bear by Juno. Jupiter afterwards translated her into the constellation called by us the Great Bear.—*Martyn.*

What time the arbute fail'd and fail'd the food
Shower'd from the oak along Dodona's wood.
New cares the corn pursued : here mildew fed,
There thistles rear'd aloft their horrent head : 170

167 The arbute or strawberry-tree is common in our gardens. The fruit resembles a strawberry, but is larger, and has not the seed on the outside of the pulp, like that fruit. It grows plentifully in Italy, where the meaner sort of people eat the fruit; a very sorry diet.—*Martyn.*

169 Sir Joseph Banks, in a late pamphlet, attributes the disease of blight, or mildew, to a parasitic plant of the fungus kind, growing on the stalks of wheat, which propagates rapidly : this he illustrates by engravings made from the drawings of Mr. Bauer, botanical painter to His Majesty; the striped appearance of the surface of a straw, which may be seen by a common magnifying glass, is caused by alternate longitudinal partitions of the bark; the one imperforate, and the other furnished with one or two rows of pores or mouths, shut in dry, and open in wet weather: by these pores, which exist also on the leaves and glumes, it is presumed that the seeds of the fungus gain admission, and at the bottom of the hollows to which they lead they germinate and push their minute roots, no doubt, into the cellular texture beyond the bark, where they draw their nourishment by intercepting the sap that was intended by nature for the nutriment of the grain. Though every species of corn is subject to the blight, he remarks, that spring-corn is less damaged by it than winter-corn, and rye less than wheat. Each individual is so small, that every pore on a straw will produce from twenty to forty fungi, and every one of these will no doubt produce one hundred seeds. A few diseased plants, scattered over a field, must very speedily infect a whole neighborhood, for the seeds of fungi are not much heavier than the air. The fungus of the barberry-bush, and that of wheat, are possibly one of the same species: the seed, therefore, transferred to the corn, may be one cause of the disease.—*Stawell.*

170 Our common thistle not only sends forth creeping roots, which spread every way, and send up suckers on all sides, but is propagated also by a vast number of seeds, which, by means of their winged down, are carried to a considerable distance. Dr. Woodward has calculated that one thistle seed will produce at the first crop twenty-four thousand; and consequently five hundred and seventy-six millions of seeds at the second crop.—*Stawell.*

The harvest perishes; with prickles crown'd,
The burr and caltrop bristle all around:
Their baleful growth wild oats and darnel rear,
And tow'r in triumph o'er the golden ear.
Harrow, re-harrow, lop, re-lop each spray, 175
Vex heaven for rain, shout, shout the birds away,
Or thou on crops not thine shalt gaze and grieve,
And from the shaken oak sore want relieve.
Now learn what arms industrious peasants wield,
To sow the furrow'd glebe, and clothe the field: 180

172 The land caltrop is an herb with a prickly fruit, which grows commonly in Italy, and other warm countries.

173 These are not the common oats degenerated by growing wild, but a different species: the chaff of them is hairy, and the seed is small, like that of grass. It was the general opinion of the ancients that wheat and barley degenerated into these weeds; but they are specifically different, and rise from their own seeds.—*Martyn.*

It is remarked that the wild oat remains a century in the soil, without losing its vegetative quality. As it ripens before any crop of grain, it sheds its seed on the ground, protected from the birds by the roughness of its coat.—*See Marshall, quoted by Stawell.*

C'est une opinion générale dans l'Italie que l'ivraie ou le gioglio, selon la manière de parler du peuple, si elle est mêlée dans le pain avec la farine, dérange la tête de celui qui en mange. On dit aussi d'un homme mélancolique, 'a mangiato di pane con loglio.'—*De Lille.*

In Ireland, this weed, which the peasants call reeleigh, is very prevalent in the corn, and its flour has been observed to be of an intoxicating quality.—*Stawell.*

176 It is necessary for the farmer to use a wise discrimination. It is said that the destructive fly of America prevails from the absence of rooks, whereas crows (with which these innocent birds are often confounded) are most unprincipled plunderers. In Ireland they are remarked for rooting up the potatoe sets when just planted, and watching for them in all the stages of their growth: they contrive to draw the longest wheaten straws out of the closest made stacks. The impudent familiarity of the sparrow should not be suffered to disgust us; who, by the destruction of insect-eggs, almost repays the debt to vegetation contracted by his voraciousness.—*Stawell.*

The share, the crooked plough's strong beam, the wain
That slowly rolls on Ceres to her fane:
Flails, sleds, light osiers, and the harrow's load,
The hurdle, and the mystic van of God.
These, mindful, long provide, ere use require, 185
If rural fame thy breast with glory fire.
Form'd for the crooked plough, by force subdu'd,
Bend the tough elm yet green amid the wood:
Beyond eight feet in length the beam extend,
With double back the pointed share defend, 190
Double the earth-boards that the glebe divide,
And cast the furrow'd ridge on either side;
But light the polish'd yoke of linden bough,
And light the beechen staff that turns the plough.

182 In the feasts of Ceres at Rome her statue was carried about in a cart or waggon.—*Martyn.*

183 The tribulum, or tribula, was an instrument used by the ancients to thrash their corn. It was a plank set with stones or pieces of iron, with a weight laid on it, and so was drawn over the corn by oxen.—*Martyn.*

Immediately preceding the revolution they trampled out the grain with oxen, in France, and preferred that mode to the flail. Burning the straw to obtain the grain was an ancient practice in Ireland.—*See Young's Tour in France, quoted by Stawell.*

184 The fan, or van, the instrument that separates the wheat from the chaff, is a proper emblem of separating the virtuous from the wicked. In the drawings of the ancient paintings by Bellori there are two that seem to relate to initiations, and in each of them is the vannus. In one, the person that is initiating stands in a devout posture, and with a veil on, the old mark of devotion; while two that were formerly initiated hold the van over his head. In the other, there is a person holding the van, with a young infant in it. 'Whose fan is in his hand, and he shall thoroughly purge his floor, and will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire.' Luke iii. 17.—*Holdsworth and Spence, quoted by Warton.*

These long suspend where smoke their strength
plores,
And seasons into use, and binds their pores.
Nor thou the rules our fathers taught despise,
Sires by long practice and tradition wise.
With ponderous roller smooth the level floor,
And bind with chalky cement o'er and o'er;
Lest weeds spring up, and as it wears away,
The tiny mouse creep thro' its chinks to-day.
There rise his granaries, there the blind mole work
There the lone toad within its hollow lurks,
And all the nameless monsters of the soil,
That swarm and fatten on thy gather'd spoil:
The weevil wasting with insatiate rage,
And the wise ant that dreads the wants of age.
With many a bud if flow'ring almonds bloom,
And arch their gay festoons that breathe perfume,
So shall thy harvest like profusion yield,
And cloudless suns mature the fertile field:
But if the branch, in pomp of leaf array'd,
Diffuse a vain exuberance of shade,
So fails the promise of th' expected year,
And chaff and straw defraud the golden ear.
Some medicate the beans, with previous toil
Steep them in nitre, and dark lees of oil,

208 It is an error that the ant lays up corn, or any f whatever, for winter use.—*T. A. Knight.*

209 The blossoms of all trees are formed in the preced year, and are a much better proof that a good season passed than that one is to come.—*T. A. Knight.*

217 On a vu plusieurs fois, en conséquence de la prépa tion des semences, un seul grain pousser sept ou huit tig dont chacun portoit un épi de plus de cinquante grains. nombre de tiges sur un même pied s'est quelquefois trou prodigieux; on en a compté jusqu'à trente, soixante, et p

But false their swell, and oft the chosen seed,
Seeth'd in slow fires, that maturate the breed. 220
Yet have I seen the chosen seeds deceive,
And o'er degenerate crops the peasant grieve:
Save where slow patience, o'er and o'er again,
Cull'd yearly one by one the largest grain;
So all, forced back by Fate's resistless sway, 225
To swift destruction falls and sad decay.
Thus if the boatman who long-laboring plied
The stubborn oar that scarcely stemm'd the tide,
Once, once relax, the stream's o'erwhelming force
Drives him, whirl'd backwards, down its headlong course. 230

de cent. Un grain de seigle, qui avoit crû sous les débris d'une couche de mon jardin, m'a donné 14 épis et 833 grains. Pline raconte qu'on avoit envoyé d'Afrique à Auguste un grain qui avoit poussé 400 tiges, et que Néron en avoit reçu un sur lequel on en comptoit 560.—*Pluche, quoted by De Lille.*

218 Saline bodies, particularly a strong solution of common salt, appear to destroy one species of parasitical plant—that which constitutes smut in corn. But modern experience proves that nothing of this kind has any influence on the (probably) very numerous family of parasitical plants which produce diseases on corn and fruit-trees.—*T. A. Knight.*

224 There is an old opinion that the earth is fond of variety of seed, and the farmers generally change their seed of every kind within a short period, to prevent degeneration. With some, however, this principle is exploded, who deem it more reasonable to cull the best seed from their own every year, as has been observed by Mr. Bakewell with respect to his breeding cattle.—*Letter on Husbandry in Lord Kaimes' Life.*

It has been intimated that plants acquire certain habits, which they preserve for a time, though removed to different soils and climates: this disposition may and has been taken advantage of. The Siberian wheat, habituated to a rapid vegetation, in a season of momentary warmth, retains the impression of its climate. Fruit-trees that are forced will vegetate under the same premature impulse, even after the cause is removed. The corn of a southern aspect will ripen early, though changed to a more unfavorable situation.—*Stawell.*

Nor less intent, Arcturus' train behold,
The Kid's bright beams, and Dragon's lucid fold,
Than the bold crew that sweep the Euxine o'er,
And by Abydos seek their native shore.
When poising Libra rest and labor weighs, 235
And parts with equal balance nights and days,
Goad, goad the steer, with barley sow the plain
Till the bleak solstice sheds its latest rain.
While yet the glebe is dry, beneath the earth
Hide the young flax, and poppy's future birth, 240
And urge the harrow while the clouds impend,
And tempests gather, ere the rains descend.
When Taurus' golden horns the year unbar,
And Sirius ' 'gins to pale' his yielding star,
Then beans and lucerne claim the mellow soil, 245
And millet springing from thy yearly toil.

231 Arcturus is a star of the first magnitude, in the sign Boötes: the Kids, two stars on the left arm of Auriga, whose rising portended storms: the Dragon, a constellation between the two Bears.

234 Abydos is situated on the Asiatic side of the Hellespont.

235, 237 The time mentioned by Virgil for the sowing of barley, is from the autumnal equinox to the winter solstice. This perhaps may seem strange to an English reader, it being our custom to sow it in the spring; but it is certain that in warmer climates they sow it at the latter end of the year; whence it happens that their barley harvest is considerably sooner than their wheat harvest. Thus we find, in the book of Exodus, the flax and the barley were destroyed by the hail, because the barley was in the ear, and the flax was in seed; but the wheat and the rye escaped, because they were not yet come up.—*Martyn.*

243 C'est par le Belier que commence l'année astronomique; mais comme c'est au mois d'Avril que la Nature ouvre son sein, Virgile a jugé à-propos de faire ouvrir l'année rurale par le signe du Taureau, où le soleil entre le 22 Avril. Virgile donne au Taureau deux cornes dorées, à cause d'une étoile brillante qu'il a au bout de chacune de ses deux cornes.—*De Lille.*

245 The lucerne was introduced from Media into Greece by Darius, in the Persian war.

But if thy labor from the cultur'd plain
Exact rich wheat, strong spelt, and bearded grain,
Trust not the furrow, nor with lavish haste
The promise of the year untimely waste, 250
Before the Pleiads from the dawn retire,
Or Ariadne gleams with matin fire.
Swains, who, ere Maia sets, cast forth the seed,
Mourn o'er delusive crops their fruitless speed.
But if Pelusian lentils clothe the plain, 255
Nor thou th' unvalued bean and vetch disdain,
Wait till Boötes' lingering beams descend,
And 'mid hoar frosts thy patient toil extend.
For this the golden sun the earth divides,
And, wheel'd thro' twelve bright signs, his chariot guides. 260
Five zones the heav'n surround: the centre glows
With fire unquench'd, and suns without repose:
At each extreme the poles in tempest tost
Dark with thick show'rs, and unremitting frost:

246 Le sainfoin dure plusieurs années: le millet, au contraire, veut être semé tous les ans.—*De Lille.*

252 Ariadne, daughter of Minos, king of Crete. At the celebration of her nuptials with Bacchus, in the island of Naxos, where she was abandoned by Theseus, Venus presented her with a crown, which was translated to the heavens.

253 Maia is one of the Pleiades: the poet puts a part for the whole. He speaks here against sowing too early; and we are informed by Columella that it was an old proverb amongst the farmers, that an early sowing often deceives our expectations, but seldom a late one.—*Martyn.*

Too early sowing is apt in this country to produce much straw and little wheat.—*T. A. Knight.*

255 Pelusium is a town of Egypt, which gives name to one of the seven mouths of the Nile: the best lentils are said to grow in that country.—*Martyn.*

257 Boötes, a northern constellation, near the tail of the Great Bear. Arcturus (in this constellation) sets, according to *Columella, on the 29th of* October.—Martyn.

Between the poles and blazing zone confined 26
Lie climes to feeble man by Heav'n assign'd.
'Mid these the signs their course obliquely run,
And star the figur'd belt that binds the sun.
High as at Scythian cliffs the world ascends,
Thus low at Libyan plains its circle bends. 27
O'er us perpetual glows th' exalted pole;
There gloomy Styx, and hell's deep shadows roll:
Here the huge Snake in many a volume glides,
Winds like a stream, and either Bear divides,
The Bears that dread their flaming lights to lave, 2
And slowly roll above the ocean wave.
There night, 'tis said, and silence ever sleep,
And gathering darkness broods upon the deep:
Or from our clime, when fades the orient ray,
There bright Aurora beams returning day: 2
And here when first the Sun's hot coursers breathe,
Late Vesper lights his evening star beneath.
Experience hence the doubtful storm fore-learns,
When best to sow, when best to reap, discerns.

271 Virgil says that the North Pole is elevated, becau that only is visible to us; and, for the contrary reason, l calls the Southern Pole depressed.

275 Virgil no doubt had in view Homer's description the northern constellations on the shield of Achilles.

> 'The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team,
> And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
> To which, around the axle of the sky,
> The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye,
> Still shines exalted on th' ethereal plain,
> Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.'
>
> POPE.—*Martyn.*

277 Virgil here alludes to that doctrine of Epicurus, th the sun might possibly revive and perish daily; and in li 280,

> 'There bright Aurora beams returning day,'

he proposes the contrary doctrine; that the sun lights an ther hemisphere when he leaves our horizon. Lucreti *mentions both* opinions.—Martyn.

false wave, or trust with fleets the flood, 285
y fell the pine that crown'd the wood.
›bservation reads the starry sphere,
rfold parts, as seasons change, the year.
ıelter'd from the shower at leisure frame
hat serener skies impatient claim; 290
oughs from trees, or mark each hoarded heap,
the two-horn'd forks, or brand the sheep;
e sharp stake, or edge the blunted share,
ile vines the willowy wreath prepare;
skets weave with pliant osier twined, 295
:ch the grain, and now with millstones grind.
nid high feasts to holy leisure giv'n,
aims a part, nor fears offended Heav'n:
ain the dikes, snare birds, and fire the thorn,
: the bleating flock, and fence the corn. 300
. the peasant balancing his loads,
;gish mule beneath his burden goads;
itch and millstones home for barter'd oil,
.t, cheap produce of his native soil.
:ss the lunar orb with prescient ray 305
›r each varying work th' appropriate day.
ıe fifth, it gave pale Orcus birth,
ies and nefarious brood of Earth,
apetus, Typhœus bold, 309
leagued brethren 'gainst the gods enroll'd;
ıeir strain'd strength had Ossa on Pelion laid,
ved on Ossa all th' Olympian shade;
e indignant as the structure grew,
hund'ring, thrice the mountain mass o'erthrew.

e Romans kiln-dried their corn before grinding, ›eing considered more salubrious, and in conformity rdinance.—*De Lille.*—*Stawell.*

'égard de la poix, les Romains en faisoient grand r goudronner les vases où ils gardoient le miel et le *Lille.*

Seventh from the tenth, the hours propitious shine,
To weave, to tame the steer, and plant the vine;
Fair sheds the ninth the beam that favors flight,
While robbers dread the inauspicious light.
The night to many a work advantage yields,
Nor less the dawn that cools with dew the fields;
By night o'er arid meads the swathe pursue,
And mow the stubble moist with clammy dew.
While some keen peasant o'er his ember's light
Points the sharp torch thro' winter's ling'ring nigh
The housewife sooths long labor by her song,
And shoots her rattling reed the loom along,
Seethes the sweet must, and with light foliage ski
The froth that bubbles o'er the caldron's brims.
But reap beneath the sun thy golden wheat,
And tread the ear in noontide's sultry heat.
Plough naked, naked sow, bleak winter's reign
Alone suspends the labors of the swain.
Then the gay hind unlocks his hoarded store,
Glad social feasts exchange, and jests the goblet c
The genial time invites; th' elastic mind
Springs from its load, and leaves its cares behind

321 Pliny observes that a dewy night is fittest for mo
—*Martyn.*

327 Must is the new wine before fermentation. W
in Columella that it was usual to boil some of the must,
fourth part, or a third, or even sometimes half, was e
rated; and this was put into some sorts of wine, to
them keep. Columella recommends the sweetest mu
this purpose.—*Martyn.*

330 This was the common practice throughout the
and that humane text of Scripture, 'Thou shalt not n
the ox that treadeth out the corn,' is a plain allusion t
Warton.

331 This precept is taken from Hesiod. Accordi
Pliny, Cincinnatus was found ploughing naked whe
dictatorship was announced to him.—*Martyn.*

As when the deep-stor'd ships their anchor cast,
And joyful seamen crown with flow'rs the mast.
Then store what olives oaks and bays supply,
And myrtle-berries stain'd with sanguine dye; 340
Then catch in toils the stags, then cranes ensnare,
Press round her tainted maze the list'ning hare;
Launch the whirl'd sling, and pierce the distant does,
When the clogg'd river freezes as it flows.
Why should I mark each storm, and starry sign, 345
When milder suns in Autumn swift decline?
Or what new cares await the vernal hour,
When Spring descends in many a driving show'r,
While bristle into ear the bearded plains,
And the green stalk distends its milky grains? 350
E'en in mid-harvest, while the jocund swain
Pluck'd from the brittle stalk the golden grain,
Oft have I seen the war of winds contend,
And prone on earth th' infuriate storm descend,
Waste far and wide, and, by the roots uptorn, 355
The heavy harvest sweep through ether borne,
As the light straw, and rapid stubble fly
In dark'ning whirlwinds round the wintry sky.
Column on column, clouds by tempest driven,
Sweep from the sea, and darken all the heaven: 360
Down rushes ether deluging with rain
The labors of the ox, and joyful grain;
The dikes o'erflow, the flooded channels roar,
Vext ocean's foaming billows rock the shore:
The Thunderer, throned in clouds, with darkness crown'd, 365
Bares his red arm, and flashes lightnings round.

365 This description is very sublime, but is excelled by the storm in the 18th Psalm: God is described flying on the wings of the wind: '*He* made darkness his secret place: his position *round about him* with dark water; and thick clouds

The beasts are fled: earth rocks from pole to pole,
Fear walks the world, and bows th' astonish'd soul:
Prone Athos flames, and, crush'd beneath the blow,
Jove rives with fiery bolt Ceraunia's brow: 370
The tempest darkens, blasts redoubled rave,
Smite the hoarse wood, and lash the howling wave.
Preventful of the storm, with prescient view
The monthly signs and nightly orbs pursue,
Whither cold Saturn's lingering star retires, 375
Or swift Cyllenius shifts his wandering fires.
But, chief, with frequent pray'r the gods implore,
And Ceres, chief, with annual feasts adore;
When Winter flies, and Spring new robes the ground,
When mild the wine, and lambkins gaily bound, 380
When sweet to slumber on the grass reclin'd
Where the thick foliage murmurs to the wind;
The sky her temple, and the turf her shrine,
Her pure libation honey, milk, and wine;
Let the long choir with shouting pomp proceed, 385
And thrice round teeming fields the victim lead:
Nor let a blade beneath the sickle fall
Till to their roofs the swains the goddess call;

to cover him. The springs of waters were seen, and the foundations of the round world were discovered at thy chiding, O Lord.'—*Warton.*

367 'Les animaux ont fui.' J'ai cru qu'on me pardonneroit d'avoir essayé de rendre la vivacité admirable de ce trait, produit, à ce qu'il me semble, par sa précision, et par le changement du présent en parfait. Je suis étonné que Dryden, écrivant dans une langue plus hardie que la nôtre, ait défiguré cet endroit par ce vers traînant et froid:

And flying beasts in forests seek abodes.—*De Lille.*

369 A mountain of Macedonia.

370 Mountains in Epirus.

376 Mercury, called Cyllenius from Cyllene, a mountain *in Arcadia,* where he was born.

Rude rustic carols to her praise resound,
And, wreath'd with oak, in untaught measures bound.
Jove bade unerring signs to earth foreshow 391
Rain, and fierce heat, and tempests swoln with snow;
And the moon warn when winds should rise or fall,
And cattle pasture near the sheltering stall.
Lo! to the gathering storm, amid the deep, 395
The troubled ocean swells its billowy sweep,
Loud rings the crash upon the mountain brow,
Or the far shores resounding howl below,
And hoarse and hoarser thickens in the gale
The ceaseless murmur of the woodland vale. 400
Huge billows threat the ship, when cormorants sweep
Along the shore, and screaming fly the deep,
When sea-coots hastening back with wanton wing
Skim round the beach in many a sportive ring,
And the lone hern his wonted moor forsakes, 405
And o'er the clouds his flight aërial takes.
Oft shalt thou see, ere brooding storms arise,
Star after star glide headlong down the skies,
And, where they shot, long trails of lingering light
Sweep far behind, and gild the shades of night; 410
Oft the fall'n foliage wings its airy way,
And floating feathers on the water play.
When lightning flashes from the northern pole,
From east to west when thunders widely roll,

390 Un commentateur Anglois (Mr. Holdsworth) dit avoir vu des paysans Florentins danser et chanter dans le mois de Juillet, la tête couronnée de feuilles de chêne.—*De Lille.*

397 'Along the woods, along the moorish fens
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook,
And cave presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding *long in list*'ning fancy's ear.'
Thomson, quoted by Warton.

The deluge pours, and, fearful of the gale, 415
The wary seaman furls his dripping sail.
Not unforeseen the storm, th' aërial cranes
In the deep valley fly th' uprising rains;
The heifers gaze aloft where vapors sail,
And with wide nostril drink the distant gale; 420
The twittering swallow skims the pool around;
Along the marshes croaking frogs resound;
Ants, from roof'd cells bear out their eggs to day,
And wear, each following each, their narrow way.
The vast bow drinks; and, rustling on the wing, 425
From their wide plumes the rooks thick darkness fling.
Then shalt thou view the birds that haunt the main,
Or where Cayster floods the Asian plain,
Dash forth large drops that down their plumage glide,
Dance on the billows, dive beneath the tide, 430
In gay contention dip their wings in vain,
And prelude, as they sport, th' impending rain.
But o'er dry sands the crow stalks on alone,
Swells her full voice, and calls the tempest down.
Nor yet unconscious of the threatening gloom 435
The virgin labors o'er the nightly loom,
When sputtering lamps flash forth unsteady fire,
And round th' o'erloaded wick dull flames expire.

425 It was a vulgar opinion amongst the ancients that the rainbow drew up water with its horns. We find frequent allusions amongst the poets to this erroneous opinion. I shall content myself with one quotation from the Curculio of Plautus: where, as Lena, a drunken, crooked old woman, is taking a large draught of wine, Palinurus says, 'See how the bow drinks: we shall certainly have rain to-day.'—*Martyn.*

428 The Asian plain is the name of a fenny country, which receives the overflowings of the Cayster, a river of Asia, which rises in Phrygia Major, passes through Lydia, and falls into the Ægean sea near Ephesus. The country about this *river being* marshy, abounds with water-fowl.—*Martyn.*

Nor less, 'mid show'rs, propitious signs display
Returning sunshine, and unclouded day; 440
Then 'mid refulgent stars the orb of night
Seems like a sun to shed unborrow'd light:
Then nor the rack across the ether driv'n,
Silvers with light-spun fleece the face of heav'n,
Nor halcyons, lov'd of Thetis, haunt the strand, 445
And to the sun their glittering plumes expand;
Nor swine the stubble toss: but dark and deep,
Low on the plain incumbent vapors sleep;
And the lone owl, that eyes the setting ray,
Pour from her tow'r in vain the nightly lay. 450
Lo! Nisus soars aloft through liquid air,
And claims sad vengeance for his purple hair:
Where with stretch'd wing swift Scylla cuts the skies,
Behind, on rustling plume, fierce Nisus flies;
And where swift Nisus tow'rs, her forward flight 455
Darts far away, and cleaves th' aërial height.
Hush'd their hoarse pipe, and prest to clearer notes,
Rooks to redoubled echoes strain their throats;

445 The king-fisher: Ceyx and Halcyone, on account of their mutual fidelity and love, were changed into king-fishers: and the gods ordained that during their incubation the ocean should be unruffled; an amiable superstition! The story is beautifully related in the eleventh book of Ovid's Metam. During the incubation the attachment of the male is unalterable. The sea-nymphs are said by Theocritus to be passionately fond of this bird.—*Stawell.*

451 Nisus, king of Acathoë or Megara, had a lock of purple hair, on which depended the security of the state. Scylla, his daughter, enamored of Minos, who had laid siege to Megara, cut off the fatal lock. Minos rejected her advances, and sailed to Crete without her. She plunged after him, and clung to the vessel that conveyed him, till her father, changed into a sea-eagle, hovered over her to tear her into pieces, when she loosed her hold, and was changed into a ciris, supposed to be a lark. Ovid's Metam. book viii.—Stawell.

Oft, wild with rapture, on the woodland height
Mingle the murmur of confused delight, 460
Sport in the foliage, and the storm at rest,
Revisit their young brood and blissful nest.
Not that I think their sense divinely giv'n,
Or prescience theirs, to mark the will of Heav'n:
But still through Nature's vast and varied range, 465
The air's vicissitudes, and season's change,
New instincts sway, and their inconstant mind
Shifts with the clouds, and varies with the wind:
Hence frisk the kine, mirth swells the woodland notes,
And rooks exulting strain their gurgling throats. 470
But if you watch the sun's revolving speed,
And moons, that moved in order'd course, succeed,
Then no vain signs shall mark the treacherous day,
Nor the fair night shall flatter and betray.
If, when the moon renews her refluent beam, 475
Through the dark air her horns obscurely gleam,
Along the wasted earth, and stormy main,
In torrents drives the congregated rain.
Or if with virgin blush young Cynthia blaze,
Tempestuous winds succeed the golden rays; 480
But if (unerring sign) the orb of night
Clear wheel through heav'n her fourth increasing light,
Rain nor rude blast shall vex that hallow'd day,
And thus the month shall glide serene away,
While rescued sailors on their native shore 485
With votive gifts the ocean gods adore.
Alike, with orient beams, or western rays,
The prescient sun each future change displays:
Signs, that can ne'er deceive, the sun attend
At day's first dawn, or when the stars ascend. 490
When many a spot his rising lustre shrouds,
Half hid the disk beneath a vale of clouds,

Beware the show'rs that from the south wind sprung
Foam the strown corn, and herds, and woods among.
If dull at morn with many a scatter'd beam 495
Through the dense clouds the rays diversely gleam,
Or if Aurora with dank mists o'erspread,
Leave with pale brow Tithonus' saffron bed,
Ill shall the leaf the ripening grapes surround,
While rattling hailstones from the roof rebound. 500
But most at sunset mark what tints prevail;
If dusky, dread the rain; if red, the gale:
If spots immingle streak'd with gleams of fire,
Rain and fierce wind to vex the world conspire:
On that dread night let none my sail allure, 505
Or my firm cable from the land unmoor.
But if the orb, at dawn that brightly rose,
With radiant beam its course of glory close,
The threatening clouds thy fear shall vainly move,
And the clear north shall rock the sounding grove. 510
Last, what late eve shall bring, what winds prevail,
And all that Auster plans with humid gale,
Behold the sun's prophetic signs display;
Who dares mistrust the god that gives the day?
He, too, with frequent portent deigns presage 515
Blind tumult, treasons, and intestine rage.
He, too, when Rome deplored her Cæsar's fate,
Felt her deep woe, and mourn'd her hapless state;
While in dark clouds he veil'd his radiant light,
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night. 520
Nor less dread signals shook the earth and wave,
Birds of ill note, and dogs dire omens gave;

519 Plutarch says that this obscurity continued for a year after the death of Julius; and that the fruits rotted, without coming to maturity, for want of the heat of the sun.—Stawell.

522 Ovid *mentions* the dogs howling in the forum, and *about houses*, and in the temples.—Stawell.

How oft we view'd, along th' expanse below,
Wide seas of fire down bursting Ætna flow,
While globes of flame the red volcano cast, 525
And molten rocks that blazed beneath the blast.
Germania heard all heav'n with battle bray,
Alps reel'd with all her mounts in strange dismay:
Shapes wondrous pale by night were seen to rove,
A voice terrific fill'd the silent grove: 530
The rivers stop, earth opes, and brutal herds,
Tremendous portents! utter human words.
The ivory weeps 'mid consecrated walls,
Sweat in big drops from brazen statues falls;
Monarch of rivers, raging far and wide, 535
Eridanus pours forth his torrent tide,

526 The academy of Naples confirms the propriety of the poet's description of a volcanic eruption, in the account published of the eruption from Vesuvius in 1737, when the rocks were melted.—*Stawell.*

527 Appian speaks of the din of arms, the shouting of men, and the trampling of horses being heard, though nothing could be seen. Appian, lib iv.—*Stawell.*

Perhaps this was some remarkable aurora borealis seen about that time in Germany. The learned M. Celsius, professor of astronomy at Upsal in Sweden, has assured me, that in those northern parts of the world, during the appearance of an aurora borealis, he has heard a rushing sound in the air, like the clapping of a bird's wings.—*Martyn.*

529 Plutarch and Ovid mention ghosts appearing at night, before Cæsar's death. See Calphurnia's speech in Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, Act ii. sc. 11.

530 Josephus, speaking of the prodigies that preceded the destruction of Jerusalem, says that the priests heard a voice in the night-time, saying, 'Let us go hence.'—*Martyn.*

533 Appian says that some statues sweated blood. Ovid and Tibullus mention the tears of the images of the gods.

536 The Greek name of the Po, 'the monarch' of the Italian rivers. Along the banks of this river are high dikes raised against its depredations: there are matted huts at every hundred or two hundred yards, with men stationed, called 'Guardia di Po,' ready to assist with their tools at a moment's warning, in case of a breach.—See *Young's Tour, quoted by Stawell.*

Down the wide deluge whirls th' uprooted wood,
And swells with herds and stalls th' incumber'd flood.
That time nor ceased the wells with blood to flow,
Nor spotted entrails ceased foreboding woe, 540
Nor ceased loud echoes nightly to repeat
The wolf's fierce howl along th' unpeopled street.
Such lightnings never fired th' unclouded air,
Nor comets trail'd so oft their blazing hair.
For this in equal arms Philippi view'd 545
Rome's kindred bands again in gore imbrued,
Nor did the gods repent that twice our host,
Broad Hæmus fed, and bathed th' Emathian coast.

543 Thunder from a clear sky was always deemed a prodigy by the ancients. A comet appeared for seven nights after the death of Julius; which Pliny says was worshipped in a temple at Rome, as a sign that the soul of Cæsar was received into the number of the gods.

545 In the history of the two civil wars of Cæsar and Pompey, and of Augustus and the republicans under Brutus and Cassius, we shall find, as Mr. Martyn suggests, that they may be ascribed to the same country. Lucan speaks of Emathia, Thessaly, Hæmus, Pharsalus, and Philippi, being in the same country. Strabo tells us that some reckon Epirus a part of Macedon.

Pomponius Mela seems to speak of Thessaly also as a part of Macedon.

Ovid places Philippi in the Emathian territory, which comprised, probably, in the indistinctness of ancient geography, Macedon, Thessaly, and Epirus: there will appear therefore a very pardonable latitude in Virgil's calling these different sub-denominations of country by the comprehensive description, Emathian, including the extensive plains of Hæmus in Thrace, to whose very confines the wreck of Pompey's army was pursued in the neighborhood of Philippi.—*Stawell.*

Virgil means by his two battles of Philippi, not two battles on the same spot, but at two distant places of the same name: the former (that of Cæsar and Pompey) at Philippi (Thebæ Phthiæ), near Pharsalus in Thessaly; the latter (that of Augustus against Brutus and Cassius) at Philippi, near the *confines of Thrace.—Holdsworth.*

There, after length of time, the peaceful swain
Who ploughs the turf that swells o'er armies slain, 550
Shall cast, half gnaw'd with rust, huge pikes in air,
And hollow helms that clash beneath the share,
And 'mid their yawning graves amazed behold
Large bones of warriors of gigantic mould.
Ye native gods! ye tutelary pow'rs 555
Of Tuscan Tiber, and the Roman tow'rs;
Deign, Romulus! maternal Vesta! deign:
Oh! let this youth a prostrate world sustain!
Enough, enough of blood already spilt
Sates vengeful gods for Troy's perfidious guilt. 560

549 The art of the poet, in returning to his subject by inserting the circumstance of the ploughman finding the old armor, cannot be sufficiently admired. Philips has finely imitated it in his 'Cyder,' where, speaking of the destruction of old Ariconium, he adds:

'——— upon that treacherous tract of land
There whilom stood: now, Ceres, in her prime,
Smiles fertile, and, with ruddiest freight bedeck'd,
The apple-tree, by four forefathers' blood
Improved, that now recalls the devious muse,
Urging her destined labors to pursue.'

Philips' Cyder, b. i.—*Warton.*

553 What difficulty a poet, so justly celebrated as De Lille, should have found in rendering into French the original of this passage, I cannot conceive. His translation, and his note, I shall now transcribe.

'Et des soldats Romains les ossemens rouler.'

'Je n'ai pu rendre ce mot 'grandia' (large), qui, si l'on en croit les commentateurs, fait allusion à une opinion particulière des anciens. Ils croyoient que les hommes dégénéroient de siècle en siècle: voilà de ces expressions qui sont intraduisibles, parce qu'elles tiennent aux préjugés et aux opinions des anciens.'—How strange!

560 Laomedon defrauded Apollo and Neptune of the reward promised them for building a rampart round Troy: to appease the wrath of the offended deities, he exposed his daughter Hesione to a sea monster, whom Hercules released: but Hercules being defrauded of the horses engaged to him, sacked the city, slew Laomedon, and gave Hesione in marriage to *Telamon.*

Already envious heav'ns thee, Cæsar, claim,
And earthly triumphs deem below thy fame;
Where, right and wrong in mad confusion hurl'd,
New crimes alarm, new battles thin the world:
None venerate the plough: waste Earth deplores 565
Her swains to slaughter dragg'd on distant shores:
Far, far they fall from their uncultured lands,
And scythes transform'd to falchions arm their hands:
There Parthia's hosts, Germania's here engage,
Near towns their treaties break, and battle wage: 570
Mars arms the globe. Thus, steed provoking steed,
Bursts from the bars, and maddens in his speed;
The guide each wearied sinew vainly strains,
On flies th' infuriate car, and mocks the starting reins.

568 'Beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruning-hooks into spears.' Joel, ch. iii. v. 10.—*Stawell.*

569 Cet endroit des Géorgiques semble avoir été écrit dans le tems qu'Auguste et Antoine rassembloient leurs forces pour cette guerre dont le succès fut décidé par la défaite d'Antoine et Cléopatre au promontoire d'Actium. Antoine tiroit ses forces de la partie orientale de l'empire: c'est ce que Virgile désigne par l'Euphrate. Auguste tiroit les siennes de la partie septentrionale: c'est ce qu'exprime Germania.—*De Lille, from Martyn.*

GEORGIC II.

ARGUMENT.

The poet, after a brief recapitulation of the subje
former Georgic, and a general notice of that of the
on Planting, begins with an invocation to Bac
patron of the vine—Then he mentions how trees
nally produced by nature, spontaneously, from s
suckers—Then the various methods employed b
art—Suckers, sets, layers, cuttings, pieces of cl
and ingrafting—Having thus generally opened the
he invokes the assistance of Mæcenas—He no
by what culture trees of spontaneous growth may
orated—Then the best methods of artificial cultu
he here concludes by a detailed description of in
and ingrafting—This leads him to an enumeration
species of trees, and varieties of vines—He obse
different plants are the natural produce of differ
and situations, and that the world itself may be
into regions distinguished by their respective
productions—Of these he gives several examples,
cludes the remark by a description of the citro
Media—This account of remarkable plants, the g
foreign countries, prepares the way for a beautifu
sion on the praises of Italy—He now resumes his
on soils, and mentions those best suited for olive
pasture, and corn—Then gives instructions by w
several soils may be ascertained—He enters no
more particular detail of the culture of the vine, ar
different modes of planting a vineyard, either or
plain—Gives instructions relative to the depth of
—Farther precepts relative to vineyards, and a p
caution against the intermixture of the wild ol
them, lest its unctuous bark should accidentally c
and destroy the whole plantation—This calam

poetically described—He then gives instructions concerning the proper seasons for planting the vines, in autumn and spring; and digresses on the charms and utility of the spring—Farther directions about layers, and of dunging, and placing stones and shells at the roots of the plants, of digging the beds, and of the propping and pruning of the vines—He now mentions the necessity of making hedges to defend the young plants from the cattle, particularly goats—This last circumstance leads to a digression on the sacrifices to Bacchus—He again insists on the ceaseless labor required in digging, dressing, and pruning the vineyard—To these toils he opposes the facility in the culture of the olive, and shows the benefits we derive from various useful plants, the free gifts of Nature—These, in many instances, he prefers to the vine, not unfrequently the cause of crimes and slaughter—Hence, in contrast to a scene of Bacchic tumult, to the unquiet splendors of courts, and the vain pursuits of mankind, he expatiates on the advantages of philosophical studies, and on the innocence, security, and utility of a country life—And with this exquisite digression he concludes the second Georgic.

THUS far of heav'nly signs, and cultured plains:
Bacchus! thy praise now claims the votive strains:
With thee, I join each shrub, and woodland shoot,
And olives slowly ripening into fruit.
Oh come, Lenæan sire! lo! all around, 5
Blest by thy bounty, teems th' exulting ground:

4 The epithet 'slow grower,' given to the olive by the Greek writers, must have arisen from their cultivating it by seed, and not by truncheons. Mr. Miller has said that the former method is practised to this day in Greece. Pliny quotes Hesiod, where he says that the planter of an olive never lived to gather the fruit; but that in his time they planted the olive in one year, and gathered the fruit in the next.—See *Martyn, quoted by Stawell.*

5 From *ληνος, a wine-press*:—sire, father, a title peculiar *to Bacchus.*

For thee the field with clustering autumn glows,
And from full vats the foaming vintage flows;
Oh come! crush out with me the purple wave,
And stain'd with must thy limbs unbuskin'd lave. 10
First, trees diversely rise: here native woods
O'erspread at will wide plains and mazy floods;
There the tall poplar tow'rs, the broom extends,
O'er her dank bed the pliant osier bends,
And azure willows waving with the gale 15
Turn their hoar leaf, that silvers o'er the vale.
Some high in air from scatter'd seed arise;
Hence the tall chestnut spreads her stately size,
Huge æsculus o'ershadowing all the grove,
And oaks that spoke to Greece the will of Jove. 20
Here self-form'd forests gather round the root,
Thus branching elms and clustering cherries shoot,
And e'en the tender bay's Parnassian bloom
Springs up beneath its mother's leafy gloom.

10 Bacchus is represented frequently with buskins: thence 'The buskin'd Muse,' to designate Tragedy, which arose from the feasts in honor of Bacchus. Thus we find in Tacitus, that Silius wore buskins in imitation of Bacchus. Velleius Paterculus also tells us that Marc Antony would have himself be called a new Father Bacchus, and was carried at Alexandria in a chariot, like Father Bacchus, crowned with ivy, adorned with a golden crown, holding a thyrsus, and wearing buskins. —*Martyn.*

19 It is not easy to determine certainly what the poet denominates the æsculus. Martyn affirms that it cannot be our beech. Mr. Stawell assigns many reasons for supposing it to be a species of the oak.

22 Cherries were introduced from Pontus in Asia by Lucullus, and displayed by him with great pomp in his triumph over Mithridates, about the year 680 of the building of Rome. About one hundred and twenty years afterwards, Pliny says, they were introduced into Britain.

23 The finest bay-trees grow on Parnassus. Martyn concludes that the *laurus* of the ancients is the bay, and not our *laurel.*

Thus varying nature first the desert crown'd, 25
And shrub, and grove, and forest rose around.
By gradual use and long experience taught,
Art a new race to fair perfection brought.
Some from the tender mother's bleeding wound
Slip the young shoot, and plant the furrow'd ground:
Others, large sets in earth's deep bosom hide, 31
Edge their sharp points, or, fourfold-split, divide:
In arches, these within their native bed
The living layers round their parent spread;
These ask no root, and from the topmost spray 35
Boldly the planters cut the sprout away,
And, fearless of success, to earth once more
The gadding twig, that waved in air, restore.
In each cleft piece the olive lives again,
Puts forth new roots, and clothes the wondering plain;
And oft unhurt the trees transform'd assume 41
Leaves not their own, and fruit of alien bloom;
On the changed pear ingrafted apples grow,
And redd'ning plums on stony cornels glow.
Learn then what arts each varying species suit, 45
And tame by culturing skill the savage fruit:

The common laurel was presented, 1576, by David Ungnad, the imperial ambassador in Turkey, to Clusius the botanist. It was sent from Constantinople to him by the name of *Trabis-on-curmasi*, or the date of Trebisond: but he named it *lauro-cerasus*. See Mason's English Garden.—*Stawell.*

39 La Cerda assures us, qu'il a été témoin de cette reproduction merveilleuse en Espagne, où il écrivit son commentaire sur Virgile. On a remarqué près d'Ollioula, qui est à une lieue de Toulon, que la plupart des oliviers sont des rejetons des anciennes tiges qui moururent dans l'hiver de 1709.—*De Lille.*

43 The pear and apple will grow a year or two on each others' stocks, but the graft of both soon dies.—*T. A. Knight.*

44 If by *corna* Virgil means what we call the cornelian cherry, *I suspect he* errs wholly.—T. A. Knight.

Bid bloom the waste, o'er Ismarus vineyards spre
And shade with olives huge Taburnum's head.
  And thou, Mæcenas! o'er my course preside,
Light of my life, my glory and my guide!
Spread to the sea my sail, and aid the lay
That not all Nature labors to display:
Not, though at will, I moved an hundred tongues,
And breathed unnumber'd notes from iron lungs.
Oh come! with cautious helm the coast explore,
Guide with firm hand, and steer along the shore!
Here no vain fable shall thy ear detain,
Nor long preamble load the mazy strain.
  Trees that spontaneous drink th' ethereal light,
Unfruitful spring, yet florish fair to sight;
For Nature, working in their vigorous bed,
Gives the tall stem to rise, the branch to spread:
But these transplanted, or by grafts reclaim'd,
By culturing skill their savage nature tamed,
Ere long with fair increase thy toil repay,
And, train'd at pleasure, every call obey.
E'en on low stems each unproductive shoot
In freer space transposed shall burst with fruit,
Tho' now thick leaves and the maternal gloom
Stint its pale growth, and blast its opening bloom.
  Slow grows from seeds the tree, and long delay'
For distant times, reserves its sullen shade:
Their former flavor lost, the fruits decay,
And birds unscared on grapes degenerate prey:

47 Ismarus, a mountain of Thrace famous for vines. U
ses commends the wine given to him by Maron, the prie
Apollo at Ismarus.
48 Taburnus, a mountain in Campania, famous for olive
63 Harsh and wild fruit is changed by transplantation
improved soil and culture operate slowly, and on succes
generations only, each becoming a little better than its
rent: and it is by long culture and selection only that hi
improved varieties of fruit can be produced.—T. A. Knig

All, all alike the nurturing trench require, 75
Arts that improve, and toils that never tire.
Myrtles from boughs, from truncheons olives rise,
The flexile layer fairest vines supplies;
From natural plants the hardy hazel's born,
Trees whose thick leaves th' Herculean brow adorn, 80
The oaken forest of Chaonian Jove,
The stately palm that tow'rs above the grove,
Vast ash, and firs that from their mountain steep
Rush 'mid the floods, and dare the stormy deep.
O'er the rough arbute grafted walnuts spread 85
Leaves not their own, and stranger blossoms shed;
Luxuriant apples load the sterile planes,
The beech the chestnut's foster'd fruit sustains,

79 This line and the six subsequent have been by Mr. Holdsworth very ingeniously, I know not whether justly, interpreted to mean the act of transplanting full-grown trees.

80 The poplar, sacred to Hercules.

85 Columella supports the practicability of grafting any scion on any stock; and the instance he produces is the union of an olive with a fig-tree.—*Martyn.*

De Lille supposes it practicable by inducing an uniformity of motion in the sap-juice of each tree: and adds; C'est ce qu'on a pratiqué souvent avec succès. A Carthusian friar is said to have succeeded in grafting a vine on a fig-tree, and a jasmine on an orange.—*Travels in France and Italy, by E. Wright.*

Another writer says, that if a vine be grafted on a cherry, the grapes which it produces will be ripe in the seasons of cherries. The sexual system is hostile to these unnatural connexions.—*Stawell.*

Every thing said of grafting in this and the three following verses is, I am confident, incorrect, except that the pear will grow on the mountain ash; but I do not suppose that to be the tree Virgil means.—*T. A. Knight.*

87 The platanus is our oriental plane-tree. Pliny tells us that this tree was first brought over the Ionian sea into the island of Diomedes, for a monument for that hero: thence into Sicily, and so into Italy. Pliny likewise mentions that the ancients had so profuse a veneration for this tree, as to irrigate it with wine.—*Martyn.*

Pears crown the mountain ash with silver wreath,
And swine fall'n acorns craunch the elm beneath. 90
Experienced art by varying culture knows
To graft the scion, or the bud inclose.
Where the swoln germ, in vernal vigor bold,
Bursts through the bark, and breaks each yielding fold.
Slit the mid knot, and, in the wound confined, 95
Teach the strange bud to wed the bleeding rind:
Or cut the knotless bole, and fix the spray
Where 'mid the wood deep wedges force their way.
Fill'd with new life, ere long the tree ascends,
And far and wide its branching pomp extends, 100
And as its joyous brow to heaven aspires,
Fruits not its own, and foreign leaves admires.
Not the same species every elm supplies,
New willows wave, and other loti rise;

92 The poet shows the difference between grafting and inoculating: the latter operation consists in making a slit in the bark of one tree, and inserting the bud of another into it. There are several ways of grafting now in use: but the only one which Virgil describes is what we call cleft-grafting, which is performed by cleaving the head of the stock, and placing a scion from another tree in the cleft.—*Martyn.*

95 There does not result any advantage from placing the inserted bud on the site of another bud. Inserted buds, on the contrary, take best where the bark is quite smooth. Columella is silent respecting the practice here mentioned by Virgil.

104 Mr. Martyn thinks, in which he is followed by De Lille, that the lotus of which Virgil speaks, and which gave its name to the lotophagi, is what we now call the zizyphus, or the jubeb-tree. The leaves of this are about an inch and a half long, and about one inch in breadth; of a shining green color, and serrated. The fruits grow thick on the branches: they are of the shape and size of olives; and the pulp of them has a sweet taste like honey, which agrees with what Homer says of the lotus.

Theophrastus describes the rhamnus lotus of Linnæus. Dr. Shaw has seen many of them in Barbary, and describes it to be a shrub like zizyphus, or jubeb. See Shaw's Travels. —*Stawell.*

Not one the cypress on th' Idæan height, 105
Nor one the olive swelling on the sight;
Of changeful aspect, orchi, radii shoot,
And pausia noted for their bitter fruit.
Fruits of each varying flavor, form, and flow'r,
Deck'd with mix'd hues Alcinous' blooming bow'r. 110
How different Syrian, and Crustumian pears!
How bent the bough that vast Volemi bears!
Italia's hills far other vintage yield
Than Lesbos gathers from Methymna's field.
Here Egypt's silver grape rich mould demands, 115
There Thasian clusters bloom in lighter lands.
Dried in the sun-beams Psythian raisins glow,
And staggering draughts from sharp Lageos flow;
Soon reels the foot beneath th' inebriate juice,
And the chain'd tongue, confused, forgets its use. 120
Here, purple clusters jocund earth illume,
There, tendrils earliest wreath'd in vernal bloom.
How shall I praise thee, boast of Rhætian hills?
Alone Falernum richer juice distils.
Proud Tmolus bows to Aminæan wines, 125
And crown'd Phanæus' self his brow inclines:

105 Ida, a mountain in Crete. Theophrastus says that the cypress is so familiar to that island, that it comes up there spontaneously, on turning up the soil.—*Martyn.*

114 Methymna, a city of Lesbos in the Ægean sea.

116 Thasos, another island in the Ægean.

117 Passum is a wine made from raisins or dried grapes.

118 Lageos is so called from a hare, on account of its color, λαγως.

123 Rhætia bounded by Italy. Suetonius informs us that its wine was the favorite of Augustus Cæsar. Falernus, a mountain of Campania, famous for the best wine.—*Martyn.*

125 Tmolus, a mountain of Lydia. Le Tmole, qui étoit fertile en safran, l'étoit aussi en excellent vin. On voit à Pouzzol une vase dédiée à Tibère, sur laquelle sont quatre figures en bas-relief, représentant quatre provinces d'Asie avec leurs *attributs*, et le nom des figures au bas de chacune.

And, far o'er all, the lesser Argite, famed
For fullest flood by length of time untamed.
Nor be thou, Rhodian! loved of gods, unsung,
Or swelling clusters from Bumastus sprung. 130
But vain the wish, th' imperfect labor vain,
To rank their various tribes, or name the train.
Go, number first th' innumerable sands
Whirl'd by the western blast round Libyan lands;
Or tell, when Eurus sweeps th' Ionian o'er, 135
The multitudinous waves that lash the shore.
Not every soil each varying race supplies;
Willows by streams, in marshes alders rise:
Wild ashes wave bleak promontories o'er,
Gay myrtles blossom on the sea-beat shore, 140
Along the sunny uplands vineyards glow,
And yews ascend where freezing north winds blow.
The cultivated globe's wide tenants trace,
The Arabs here, there Scythia's painted race;
To each his plant; far Ind dark ebon bears, 145
And incense floats on soft Sabæan airs:

le Tmole y est représenté en Bacchus, sans doute à cause de l'abondance et de la bonté de son vin.—*De Lille.*

129 The Rhodian wine was poured forth in libations to the gods at the second course of the Romans. Le Bumaste étoit un gros raisin qui tire son nom du mot Grec qui signifie mamelle de vache.—*De Lille.*

139 The situation here assigned to the orni would induce me to suppose the ornus to be the mountain ash, on which Virgil states the pear to succeed when grafted.—*T. A. Knight.*

144 The Geloni, a people of Scythia, who painted their faces like several other barbarous nations, to make themselves appear more terrible in war.

145 Theophrastus also says that ebony was peculiar to India. This wood is said to have been first brought to Rome when Pompey triumphed over Mithridates. Pliny quotes Herodotus, to show that Ethiopia produces ebony: Lucan also mentions its growth in that country. But Servius vindicates the poet, by saying that Ethiopia was reckoned a part of India. There are three kinds of ebony, black, red, and green.—*Stawell.*

There trees weep balsam from the trickling wound,
And here with berries green Acanthus crown'd.
Soft wool from downy groves the Æthiop weaves,
The Seres comb their fleece from silken leaves. 150
Say, shall I mark what woods gigantic wave
O'er Indian seas that earth's last boundary lave,
Where the spent shaft, from skilful archers sped,
Turns ere it strike the tree's aërial head?

147 According to Pliny the balsam-plant grows only in Judæa: but Josephus mentions in his Jewish Antiquities that this plant was introduced from Egypt by the queen of Sheba, who presented it to Solomon. The true country of this plant is said to be Arabia Felix. The balsam flows out of the branches, either naturally, or through incisions, in June, July, and August. It is said to be white at first, then green, and at last of a yellow color, like that of honey.—*Stawell.*

Vespasien et Titus firent voir à Rome cet arbuste dans la cérémonie de leur triomphe, après avoir terminé la guerre contre les Juifs.—*De Lille.*

148 It is supposed that Virgil here speaks of an Egyptian tree. It is large, and affords timber of twelve cubits: the fruit grows in pods, after the manner of pulse, and is used by the inhabitants instead of galls in dressing leather: the flower is beautiful, and used in garlands; it is also used as a medicine: a gum also flows from it, either spontaneously, or by incision. It shoots again the third year after cutting. A large wood of it grows about Thebais. Mr. Martyn takes this tree to be the Egyptian acacia, from which we obtain gum arabic. —*Stawell.*

149 These groves are the cotton-trees: they grow usually to about fifteen feet in height: the cotton grows within a green husk, which serves to defend the seeds.

150 Les Romains, qui n'avoient point de commerce immédiat avec la Chine, et chez qui la soie n'arrivoit qu'après avoir passé par bien de mains étrangères, avoient entendu dire qu'on la recueilloit sur des arbres, d'où ils concluoient qu'elle étoit la production des arbres même.

Plus l'usage de la soie est commun, moins on a besoin de laine; moins on nourrit de troupeaux, moins on a d'engrais pour fertiliser les terres. Cette raison, quoique vieille, n'en est pas moins *sensée*: c'étoit elle qui avoit prévenu le sage *Sully contre les manufactures* d'étoffes de soie.—De Lille.

Nor be the citron, Media's boast, unsung, 155
Whose juice, tho' harsh, and lingering on the tongue,
When stepdames mix their herbs with baleful spells,
From the envenom'd limbs dire death expels;
Large, like the bay, and were its sweets the same,
The tree itself had known no other name: 160
Before the wind its leaves unscatter'd play,
The flow'rs unbroken blossom on the spray;
With fragrant juice th' infected breath assuage,
And breast that pants beneath the load of age.
Yet nor the boundless woods o'er Media spread, 165
Ganges' fair flood, or Hermus' golden bed,
Nor all the spice that all Panchaia breeds,
Bactra, nor Ind, Italia's praise exceeds.
Here, while they cleave the glebe, the yoke beneath,
No powerful bulls live flames around them breathe, 170
No hydra teeth embattled harvest yield,
Spear and bright helmet bristling o'er the field;
But golden corn each laughing valley fills,
The vintage reddens on a thousand hills,
Luxuriant olives spread from shore to shore, 175
And flocks unnumber'd range the pastures o'er.
Hence the proud war-horse rushes on the foe,
And where thy sacred streams, Clitumnus! flow,

155 Pliny speaks of the citron as the most salutary of exotic fruits, and a remedy for poison. Palladius seems to have first cultivated it with any success in Italy.—*Martyn.*

166 The Indian Ganges is mentioned by Pliny among the rivers which afford gold.—Hermus, a river of Lydia: it receives the Pactolus, famous for its golden sands.

168 The capital of Bactriana, a country between Parthia and India, celebrated for its large-grained wheat.

170, 171 Virgil alludes to Jason, and the golden fleece. See the spirited description in Apollonius Rhodius, beautifully imitated by Val. Flaccus.

178 Now called Clitumno: it rises a little below Campello, in Ombria. The inhabitants near this river still retain a notion *that its waters* are attended with a supernatural property,

White herds, and stateliest bulls that oft have led
Triumphant Rome, and on her altars bled. 180
Here ceaseless Spring, here Winter wreathed with flowers,
And flocks twice teem, and fruits twice bend the bowers:
Yet here no lion breeds, no tiger strays,
No poisonous aconite the touch betrays,
No monstrous snake th' uncoiling volume trails, 185
Or gathers orb on orb his iron scales.
But many a peopled city tow'rs around,
And many a rocky cliff with castle crown'd,
And many an antique wall whose hoary brow
O'ershades the flood that guards its base below. 190
Say, shall I add, inclosed on either side,
What seas defend thee, and what lakes divide?
Thine, mighty Larius? or, with surging waves,
Thine, that like ocean, vext Benacus, raves?
Havens and ports, the Lucrine's added mole, 195
Seas that enraged along their bulwark roll,
Far from the deep where Julian waters roar,
And Tuscan billows sweep th' Avernian shore?

imagining that it makes the cattle white that drink of it. See Melmoth's Pliny, p. 455.—*Warton.*

193, 194 Larius, at the foot of the Alps, now Lago di Como. Benacus, in the Veronese, Lago di Garda.

195 Lucrinus and Avernus are two lakes of Campania, the former of which was almost destroyed by an earthquake; the latter still remains, and is called Lago d' Averno. The Lucrine bay was separated from the sea by a mound, which was said to have been made by Hercules; but as the sea had broken through it, Agrippa restored it: the moles erected by him permitted only a communication with the sea sufficient to receive the ships into the harbor. Suetonius says that Augustus called the basin within the mole the Julian port. We find in Strabo that the lake Avernus lay near the Lucrine bay, *but more* within land: hence it seems probable *that a cut was made* between the two lakes.—Stawell. Martyn.

Here brass and silver earth's deep beds contain,
And streams of gold enrich the pregnant vein.
Blest with bold race; Ligurians unsubdued,
The spear-arm'd Volsci and the Sabine brood:
Camilli, Marii, Decii swell thy line,
And, thunderbolts of war, each Scipio thine!
Thou, Cæsar! chief, whose sword the East pow'rs,
And the tamed Indian drives from Roman tow'rs.
All hail, Saturnian earth! hail, loved of fame,
Land, rich in fruits, and men of mighty name!
For thee I dare the sacred founts explore,
For thee the rules of ancient art restore,
Themes, once to glory raised, again rehearse,
And pour through Roman towns th' Ascræan ver
Now learn the soils, the nature of each field,
What fruits their varying strength and virtue yie
Know first, th' ungenial hill, and barren land,
Where sterile beds of hungry clay expand,
And thorns and flints deface the rugged earth,
Demand the long-lived plants, Palladian birth.

199 Pliny tells us that Italy abounds in all sorts of m
but that to dig them was forbidden by a decree of the s
203 Marcus Furius Camillus drove the Gauls from I
after they had taken the city, and laid siege to the Ca
His son Lucius conquered the Gauls.

There were several Marii: one was seven times c
Julius Cæsar was related to them by marriage; hen
compliment to Augustus, the poet celebrates the M
family.

The elder Scipio delivered his country from the inv
of Hannibal, by transferring the war into Africa, whe
subdued the Carthaginians, and obtained the surnar
Africanus: the younger Scipio triumphed for the concl
of the third Punic war, by the total destruction of Carth
Martyn.

212 Ascra, in Bœotia, the birth-place of Hesiod, aut
Georgies in Greek

Wild olives there from many a wanton shoot
Show'r the rude berry and uncultured fruit. 220
But fertile land, by genial moisture fed,
Where the thick herbage mats th' exuberant bed,
Such as we view from off the mountain brow
In the rich vale where nurturing floods o'erflow;
And plains that to the south their upland turn, 225
And rear, abhorr'd by ploughs, th' unfruitful fern;
There shall large grapes on crowded clusters grow,
Wines that to gods from golden bowls o'erflow,
When the swoln Tuscan pipes th' invoking strain,
And bending chargers smoke before the fane. 230
But if the breed of herds thy care invite,
If calves, or lambs, or browsing kids delight;
Seek far Tarentum's glades and fertile shores,
And plains which hapless Mantua still deplores,

219 The wild olive differs from the cultivated, as crabs from apples. The plant cultivated in our gardens under the name of oleaster is not an olive. Tournefort refers it to his genus of Elæagnus.—*Martyn.*

221 The opinion Virgil here gives, that deep and rich soils are better for vines than dry and rocky soils, does not agree with modern observations and experience.—*T. A. Knight.*

226 Fern has sometimes a root eight or ten feet deep in the ground; it is therefore detested by the ploughman, as it descends deeper than the plough. Its ashes are said to yield a greater quantity of salt than any other vegetable.—*Stawell.*

229 C'étoient ordinairement des Toscans qui jouoient de la flûte dans les sacrifices: ils étoient fameux pour leur gloutonnerie. Une fois ils quittèrent Rome, parce qu'on les empêcha de satisfaire leur amour pour la bonne chère. Ils ne consentirent à leur retour que sous la condition qu'on leur permettroit de manger dans les sacrifices.—*De Lille.*

232 We find in Varro that the ancient Romans articled in their leases that the tenants should not breed kids, because they destroy, by browsing, the trees and bushes.—*Martyn.*

233 Tarentum, a city of Magna Græcia, according to Pliny, famous for fine wool.

Augustus Cæsar had given the fields about Mantua and Cremona to his soldiers; and Virgil in consequence lost his

Where silver swans on Mincio's herbage feed, 235
Nor fountains fail the flock, nor grass the mead:
And what thy herds throughout long days devour,
Cool dews restore beneath night's transient hour.
For wheaten harvests Nature points her bed
Black, rich, and crumbling underneath the tread: 240
Such as the plough prepares, and glads the swain
When the slow ox home drags the frequent wain.
Or where rich soil has idly slept unknown,
Age after age, by forest wilds o'ergrown,
Th' indignant peasant fells th' uprooted wood, 245
And ancient mansions of the feather'd brood;
The houseless exiles wing the waste of air;
But the fresh land bright opes beneath the share.
Scarce can the hungry gravel's hilly field,
Vile casia for thy bees and rosemary yield; 250
And mould'ring stones that crumble to decay,
And chalk where black'ning snakes have gnaw'd their way,
There lurks in winding caves the serpent breed,
And gathers poison from each baleful weed.
Where lands thin mists and vapors light exhale, 255
Drink, and at will with fogs condense the gale,
Clothe their green lap with grass that never fades,
Nor rust the share that cuts their humid blades;

farm, to the possession of which he was restored by the interest of his patron Mæcenas. This is the subject of his first Eclogue.—*Martyn.*

239 The celebrated soil of Campania, called *pulla*, was a black earth. The black color of soils is the effect of putrefactive decomposition. The influence of caloric is increased on a dark-colored soil, the rays being absorbed; therefore, other circumstances alike, the fertility of such a soil is higher. It is observed that the peasants of the Alps spread black mould over the surface in the spring to dissolve the snow.—*Stawell.*

There shall the olive spread her fruitful race,
There marriageable vines the elm embrace; 260
And there, alike indulgent to the swain,
Grass feed the flock, or furrows teem with grain.
Such blest Campania, such rich Capua boasts,
And Clanius flooding void Acerra's coasts.
Now learn how art each varying soil defines, 265
If dense, for harvests, or if light, for vines;
For Ceres' smiles enrich the densest plain,
And o'er the lighter, Bacchus loves to reign:
With careful eye select th' appropriate ground,
There sink in solid earth a pit profound; 270
Then to the land its former soil restore,
And press with frequent footstep o'er and o'er.
Sinks the loose mould beneath its former bed?
There give thy flocks to range, thy vines to spread;
But if the stubborn earth its bounds disdain, 275
Rise round the pit, and stiffen on the plain,
Along th' obdurate glebe and ling'ring clay,
Break with resistless steers thy forceful way.
Test of the soil, where bitter salts abound,
Where never ploughshare meliorates the ground, 280
Where the vine droops, and fruits, renown'd of fame,
Degenerate lose their nature and their name:
Take, where they hung thy smoky roof beneath,
Strainers and baskets plash'd with osier wreath;
There heap th' infected earth, and closely tread, 285
Mix'd with pure water from the fountain head;
Then as the struggling exudations flow,
Forced through the osiers drop by drop below,
The saturated streams the soil betray,
And lips, that taste, distorted turn away. 290
Like pitch, close prest, the fat uncrumbling land
Cleaves to the touch, and spreads beneath the hand.

The humid earth large herbs luxuriant feeds,
And with rank wildness clothes th' unfaithful meads:
Ne'er may be mine tall blades that proudly tow'r, 295
And mock the promise of their vernal hour!
Their weight the heavy and the light betrays;
At once the sight each varying hue surveys:
But cold, that slowly starves th' intrusted birth,
Lurks unperceived beneath the doubtful earth, 300
Save where, at times, pernicious yews abound,
Pines and dark ivy indicate the ground.
Go then, forewarn'd, thy timely beds provide,
With frequent trenches wound the mountain side,
To northern gales th' inverted earth expose, 305
Ere thou the vineyard's joyful birth inclose:
And the loose soil prefer, where frost and wind
And the strong hand of toil the glebe unbind.

301 The berries of the yew are said by Pliny to be poisonous: the leaves also are said by the ancients to be destructive to horses, which we find to be true in England. The berries have been eaten by myself and many others with impunity: but this may be owing to the difference of climate; for Dioscorides, who says it is not alike poisonous in all places, affirms that the berries are poisonous in Italy, and the shade hurtful in Narbonne. Perhaps the species may be different: for there is mention of a sort of yew in the Pisa garden, which is more bushy than the common, and has leaves more like a fir, and sends forth such a poisonous smell when it is clipped, that the gardeners cannot work at it above half an hour at a time.—*Martyn.*

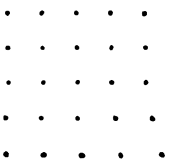
Dr. Percival of Manchester mentions the melancholy circumstance of three children having died in consequence of having taken a small quantity of the fresh leaves of this tree. Mr. Bell, in his Journey from Petersburgh to Ispahan, remarks that in those places of the country of the Tangusi where the pitch-tree is seen, the land is invariably barren.—*Stawell.*

Our common ivy-berries are black when ripe. There is a white ivy mentioned by Virgil, as well as by Theophrastus, Pliny, and Dioscorides; but we are not now acquainted with *such a plant.—Martyn.*

But cautious swains with more than common care,
Beds, like the soil that bore the shoots, prepare, 310
Lest the weak offspring, from their mother torn,
The sudden change and alien nurture mourn.
Some, where keen Boreas smote, or southern wind
Foster'd the vernal bloom, inscribe the rind:
Each as it stood, again transplanted rear: 315
So forceful habit sways in early year.
Ask first if hill or plain thy vines invite;
If rich the plain, there crowded plants unite:
If earth unequal swell with sloping banks,
Spread in free space, and range in open ranks: 320
Yet not the less in measured bounds confine,
Square the set vines, and station line by line.
As when the legion o'er the plain afar
Unfolds its spreading cohorts ranged for war,
When opposite in arms the squadrons stand, 325
And gleaming steel wide waves o'er all the land;
Nor yet in conflict, shield has clash'd on shield,
Nor death defaced the glory of the field;
But preluding the battle, ere it bleeds,
Mars wheels 'mid either host his fiery steeds: 330

315 Theophrastus enforces this precept. It is easy to see a very great difference between the north and south side of a tree after it has been felled; for the annual rings are much closer on the north side than on the south.—*Martyn.*

322 The poet means that the vines should be planted in a square figure, as described below: as Virgil compares the disposition of the trees to an army drawn up in battle array, it is evident that this figure, and not a quincunx, must have been in his contemplation.—*Stawell.*



Thus shall the vineyard, ranged in graceful rows,
No idle pomp to lure the sight expose,
But every plant shall equal nurture share,
And spread with equal growth its boughs in air.
Ask you what stated depth the trenches claim? 335
Not one their produce, nor their beds the same.
To shallower furrows trust the tender vine,
But, to deep beds the forest's growth confine:
Chief, æsculus, whose head as high aspires,
Low as his root to central night retires. 340
In vain the wintry blast assaults his brow,
In vain the torrent floods his base below:
Unmoved he sees round ages ages roll'd,
Sees nations perish, and the world wax old,
Spreads far and wide his branches o'er the plains, 345
And on his central trunk th' o'ershadowing mass sustains.
Where bloom thy vines no hazel growth inclose,
Nor on their ranks let western suns repose;
Nor topmost shoots select, but cull the race
From plants that near the earth the stem embrace: 350
Nor with blunt knife the gadding tendril wound,
Nor mix wild olives on their sacred ground.

340 This is a vulgar error, the oak in few soils rooting more than four or five feet deep; and its tap root, about which so much has been written, never had existence, except in very young plants.—*T. A. Knight.*

347 The hazel has a large spreading root, which would injure the vine.—*Stawell.*

On faisoit de son bois des broches pour rôtir les entrailles des victimes consacrées à Bacchus. C'étoit immoler à ce dieu un double ennemi.—*De Lille.*

349 Cuttings taken from the extremities of the bearing branches of all trees which have attained their middle age, or are becoming old, from the period when the tree, or the first tree of that variety, sprung first from seed, afford plants which readily produce fruit, but soon decay: this circumstance was known to the ancients; it is noticed by Columella, *cap. 3. de Arboribus.*—T. A. Knight.

352 *It seems* by this passage as if it had been the custom

by careless shepherds left behind,
ks unseen beneath the unctuous rind,
ıe trunk, amid the branches soars, 355
through the blazing leaves, and fiercely roars:
›ugh to bough th' insulting victor spreads,
his conquest o'er their topmost heads,
he whole wood in flame, and, upwards driven,
e thick cloud that dims the cope of heaven; 360
ɜf, whene'er the rushing blast conspires,
each spark, and gathers all their fires.
r pruned branch revive: but there alone
:he wild olive with harsh leaves o'ergrown.
not to plant when wintry Boreas blows, 365
ullen earth in undisturb'd repose:
are her frozen pores, and, closed with cold,
the root to pierce th' unyielding mould.
l, returning on the gale of Spring,
ke-fed bird unfolds his silver wing, 370
ɜlope sun his flying axle speeds,
e bleak Winter, Autumn chills the meads.
g comes, new bud the field, the flow'r, the
rove,
wells, and claims the genial seeds of love:
e etherial Father, lord of life, 375
n the bosom of his blissful wife,
ıow'rs prolific feeds the vast embrace
s all nature, and renews her race.
ngs with tuneful birds the pathless grove,
tle then renew their yéarly love; 380

wild olives in vineyards for support to the vines.—

rries are used in various parts of Spain for this pur-
tdwell.
iny mentions that storks are in such esteem for de-
serpents, *that in* Thessaly it is a capital crime to

Bathed in soft dew, and fann'd by western winds,
Each field its bosom to the gale unbinds:
The blade dares boldly rise new suns beneath,
The tender vine puts forth her flexile wreath, 384
And, freed from southern blast and northern shower,
Spreads without fear, each bud, and leaf, and flower.
Yes! lovely Spring! when rose the world to birth,
Thy genial radiance dawn'd upon the earth,
Beneath thy balmy air creation grew,
And no bleak gale on infant Nature blew. 390
When herds first drank the light, from Earth's rude bed
When first man's iron race uprear'd its head,
When first to beasts the wild and wood were given,
And stars unnumber'd paved th' expanse of heaven;
Then as through all the vital spirit came, 395
And the globe teem'd throughout its mighty frame,
Each tender being, struggling into life,
Had droop'd beneath the elemental strife,
But thy mild season, each extreme between,
Soft nurse of Nature, gave the golden mean. 400
Guard, when you set the plants, their infant rows,
Feed with manure, with plenteous mould inclose;
Shells in their bed, and spongy stones inhume,
To draw the dew down earth's imbibing womb;
Hence shall each root new life and strength inhale,
And catch the spirit of the genial gale; 406

393 This seems, at first sight, to be oddly put together: the forests were stocked with beasts and the heavens with constellations. It was not so in these times, when the constellations were generally considered as real animals, and many of them as men, but most of them as beasts. The prologue to the Rudens of Plautus is spoken by Arcturus, as one of the dramatis personæ.—*Spence, quoted by Warton.*

403 Ceci est encore pratiqué près de Trani dans la Pouille, *où l'on fait* d'excellent vin muscat.—De Lille.

and some are found, who ponderous fragments spread,
Large stones and tiles that press their loaded bed,
Alike to guard against tempestuous rain,
Or shade when Sirius cleaves the thirsty plain. 410
The plants now fix'd, th' unwearied work pursue;
Oft round their shelter'd roots the soil renew,
Oft with laborious prongs the clods unbind,
And 'mid their ranks the struggling bullocks wind;
Then with light reed, peel'd osier's flexile spear, 415
Ash-pole, and forky stake, the vineyard rear,
Till the propt tendrils, train'd from stage to stage,
Crown the tall elm and brave the tempest's rage.
When the new leaf in Spring's luxuriant time
Clothes the young shoot, oh! spare its tender prime:
And when the gadding tendril wildly gay 421
Darts into air, and wantons on its way,
Indulgent yet the knife's keen edge forbear,
But nip the leaves, and lighten here and there.
But when in lusty strength th' o'er-shadowing vine 425
Clings with strong shoots that all the elm entwine,
Range with free steel, exert tyrannic sway,
Lop the rank bough, and curb th' exuberant spray.
Now weave the hedge, guard from stray herds the ground,
Now, when the tender branch most feels the wound, 430
Not the fierce sun alone, and icy gale,
But savage buffaloes the shoots assail;
And persecuting goats devour the boughs,
And nibbling sheep and greedy heifers browse.
Yet, nor the rime by hoary winter shed, 435
Nor suns that scorch the mountain's arid head,

432 In the original *urus*, which Julius Cæsar describes as a wild bull, inhabiting the Hercynian wood, of prodigious strength and swiftness, and almost of the size of an elephant.

Hurt like the flock, whose venom'd teeth deface
The wounded bark, and scar the bleeding race.
  For this the goat, that on the vineyard feeds,
Victim to Bacchus, on each altar bleeds: 440
For this the goat first crown'd the scenic song,
When round their hamlets roved th' Athenian throng,
And wild with joy and wine, in grassy plains
'Mid oily bladders leap'd the bounding swains.
Nor less Ausonian hinds, the race of Troy, 445
Sport in rude rhymes, and shout their tipsy joy;
Grim masks of bark deform the laughing band,
And, Bacchus! Bacchus! rings around the land:
While on the lofty pine his figure hung,
Floats to and fro the breezy boughs among. 450
Where'er the god his gracious front inclines,
There plenty gushes from the loaded vines,
Down richer vallies fragrant clusters breathe,
And hills grow dark their purple weight beneath.
Then pile the charger, hallow'd offerings bring; 455
Songs, that our fathers taught, to Bacchus sing:
Lead by the horns the goat, and, duly slain,
Slow roast on hazel spits before the fane.
  Yet other cares remain, thy vines require
Exhaustless pains, and hands that never tire. 460
If turn'd the ground, thrice urge the yearly toil;
Break with bent prongs, and ceaseless work the soil;
Strip all the leaves: so labor claims the swain,
And year on year wheels round his toils again.

439 Thespis, an Athenian poet, contemporary with Solon, is said to have invented tragedy, and to have carried his actors in a cart.

449 Spence, in his Polymetis, says that he was obliged to a gem in the Great Duke's collection at Florence for the understanding of the passage in Virgil which mentions the little heads of Bacchus suspended from trees.

E'en when at last the north has blown away 465
The lonely leaf that shiver'd on the spray,
Th' unwearied peasant, as his labor ends,
O'er all the coming year his care extends,
Prunes the bare vine, unblest with fruit, or shade,
And shapes its future growth beneath the blade. 470
First of the swains th' impatient furrow turn,
First of the swains the shoots superfluous burn,
And first beneath thy roof the props repose,
Last, strip thy vines at Autumn's ling'ring close.
Twice, countless leaves their loaded boughs o'ershade,
Weeds and wild brambles twice their beds invade: 476
If such the laborer's unremitting care,
Praise the large farm, but till thy scantier share;
Go, cut the broom that shoots along the wood,
And reeds and willows that o'erhang the flood. 480
At length the toil is o'er, the vines are bound,
The blunted knife lies idle on the ground;
Th' o'erwearied dresser sings in sweet repose
At the last rank where all his labors close;
Yet must he turn the soil, and dread lest Jove 485
Crush the ripe grapes, and waste the purple grove.
Not tortured thus to frail and feeble life,
The olive slowly grows beneath the knife,
When once her root has pierced the soil below,
Or genial breezes wanton'd round her brow. 490
Earth, loosen'd by the prong, the nursling feeds,
And fruit unstinted to the plough succeeds.
Then go, and, grateful for the blest increase,
With happiest culture rear the plant of peace.
Nor less, when once the vigorous scions rise, 495
Nature herself the orchard's growth supplies,
Gives with internal strength to dart in air,
And scorn the littleness of human care.

See, on each loaded grove wild fruitage grows,
In the deep wood the sanguine berry glows; 500
Th' unconquer'd cytisus, profuse of life,
Shoots from the wound, and buds beneath the knife;
Firs and tall pines throughout the livelong night
Feed the bright flame, and spread the cheerful light.
And doubts ungrateful man to plant the earth, 505
And tend on Nature teeming into birth?
Why on sublimer trees the lay prolong?
Willows and lowly broom demand the song;
Their leaves the cattle feed, the shepherd shade;
They load with sweets the bee, and fence the blade. 510
Gay waves with box Cytorus' breezy head,
Grateful the pines o'er dark Narycium spread.
How sweet to rove 'mid solitude and shade,
Where boundless Nature scorns all human aid!
E'en barren woods that crest Caucasean heights, 515
Woods whose shent brow th' unwearied whirlwind smites,
Give pines that spread the canvass o'er the main,
Cedar and cypress that the dome sustain,
Form the swift spokes, and orb the solid wheel,
And cut the stormy brine with crooked keel. 520

501 Citysus Maranthæ.—*Martyn.*

Shrub-trefoil. Columella says the time for cutting it for hay is when its seeds begin to grow large; first dried in the sun, then thoroughly in the shade. It is used as fodder for goats in the Neapolitan territories, whence excellent cheese is made: it bears cutting several times in the year. It afforded the Roman husbandman bloom for his bees, seed for his poultry, and shoots and leaves for his flocks.—*Stawell.*

511 Cytorus, according to Pliny, a mountain with a city of the same name in Paphlagonia.—*Voss.*

512 Naryx, a town of Magna Græcia.—*Stawell.*

515 Caucasus, a ridge of mountains running from the Black sea to the Caspian.—*Martyn.*

Wreaths for thy vines the pliant willow weaves,
Elms for thy flock diffuse their nurturing leaves;
Thy spear a myrtle, dart a corneil grew;
For Ityræan archers bend the yew.
Smooth box and polish'd lime the lathe demand, 525
And shape their patient forms beneath thy hand;
Launch'd on Po's torrent flood light alders glide,
And bees in mouldering oaks their honey hide.
And shall with these the Bacchic gifts compare?
Bacchus, who fill'd the Centaur feast with war, 530
When Pholus perish'd, and Hylæus cast
The ponderous bowl that, charged with terror, past.
Ah! happy swain! ah! race beloved of heaven!
Too blest, if conscious of the blessing given!
For thee just Earth from her prolific beds 535
Far from wild war spontaneous plenty sheds.
Though nor high domes through all their portals wide
Each morn disgorge the flatterer's refluent tide;
Though nor thy gaze on tortoise columns rest,
The Ephyreïan brass, and gold-wrought vest: 540
Nor poisoning Tyre thy snowy fleeces soil,
Nor casia taint thy uncorrupted oil;

522 When hay and fodder are dear cattle will eat the leaves of elm in preference to oats. In some parts of Herefordshire they gather them in sacks for their swine and other cattle.—*Evelyn. Stawell.*

524 The Ityræi, a people of Cœlo-Syria, famous for archery. —*Voss.*

539 Les Romains ornoient leurs portes d'écailles de tortues, qu'ils incrustoient encore de pierres précieuses.—*De Lille.*

540 Corinth, called Ephyre, from Ephyre, the daughter of Epimetheus.

541 The Tyrian dye, which was obtained from two sorts of shell-fish, the murex and the purpura, both belonging to the testacea, or third genus of Linnæus' sixth class. See the process described in Travels in the Two Sicilies by H. Swinburne.

Virgil shows his contempt of spoiling the native whiteness

Yet peace is thine, and life that knows no change,
And various wealth in Nature's boundless range,
The grot, the living fount, the umbrageous glade, 545
And lowing herds, and sleep in soothing shade;
Thine, all of tame and wild, in lawn and field,
That pastured plains or savage woodlands yield:
Content and patience youth's long toils assuage,
Repose and reverence tend declining age: 550
There hallow'd shrines, and, as she fled mankind,
There Justice left her last lone trace behind.
But, most beloved, ye Muses! at whose fane
Tranced by deep zeal I consecrate my strain,
Me first accept! and to my search unfold 555
Heaven and her host in beauteous order roll'd;
Th' eclipse that dims the golden orb of day,
And the moon laboring thro' her changeful way;
Whence rocks the earth, by what vast force the main
Now bursts its barriers, now subsides again; 560
Why wintry suns in ocean swiftly fade,
Or what delays night's slow-descending shade.
But if chill blood, long lingering in my vein,
From Nature's secret lore my search restrain,
Oh may I yet, by fame forgotten, dwell 565
By gushing fount, wild wood, and shadowy dell!
Oh loved Sperchean plains, Taygetian heights,
Where Spartan virgins rage in Bacchic rites!

of wool with that expensive color: as, in the next verse, he speaks of the pure oil being tainted with perfumes.—*Martyn.*

The casia here mentioned is the casia lignea, described by Theophrastus as a sort of cinnamon, an aromatic bark.—*Stawell.*

551 Astrea, or Justice, was feigned by the poets to have descended from heaven in the golden age, and to have returned again to heaven, indignant at the impiety of the brazen age. See Hesiod's Account of Modesty and Justice leaving the world.—*Works and Days*, book i.

567 Sperchius, a river of Thessaly: Taygetus, a mountain

Oh hide me, where cool Hæmus' vales extend,
And boundless shade and solitude defend! 570
How blest the sage! whose soul can pierce each cause
Of changeful Nature, and her wondrous laws:
Who tramples fear beneath his foot, and braves
Fate, and stern death, and hell's resounding waves.
Blest too, who knows each god that guards the swain,
Pan, old Sylvanus, and the Dryad train. 576
The popular pow'r, the purple robe of state,
Nor discord urging on fraternal hate,
Not Dacia roused at war-leagued Istria's call,
Nor Rome, nor kingdoms doom'd by fate to fall; 580
Envy's wan gaze, nor pity's bleeding tear,
Disturb the tenor of his calm career.
From all that bends the branch, and clothes the fields,
He culls the wealth that willing Nature yields,
Far from the tumult of the madd'ning bar, 585
And iron justice, and forensic war.
Some vex wild seas, some rush in arms on death;
These wind the monarch's golden roofs beneath,
O'er towns and hapless hearths these carnage spread,
To quaff from gems, and robe with Tyre their bed: 590

of Laconia, near Sparta: it was sacred to Bacchus, whose orgies were there celebrated by the Lacedæmonian women.—*Martyn.*

569 Hæmus, a mountain of Thrace.

579 The ancients called the Danube below Illyricum, Ister. The Dacians inhabited the countries now called Transylvania, Moldavia, and Wallachia.

581 It is not the intention of the poet to commend stoical apathy, but simply to observe, that objects, neither of envy, nor of distress, disturb the tranquillity of the husbandman.

590 The Romans procured large drinking-cups of one intire gem. Pliny says that Petronius, a few moments before his death, had a cup of great value broken to pieces, lest it should fall into the hands of Nero.—*Stawell.*

Les anciens se faisoient une gloire de couvrir leurs tables

These brood with sleepless gaze o'er buried gold,
The rostrum these with raptured trance behold;
These on throng'd theatres transported gaze
When senates swell the people's shout of praise;
These, stained with brother's blood, in exile roam, 595
Seek a new sun, and leave their blissful home.
The peasant yearly ploughs his native soil:
The lands that blest his fathers bound his toil,
Sustain his herd, his country's wealth increase,
And see his children's children sport in peace. 600
Each change of season leads new plenty round;
Now lambs and kids along the meadow bound,
Now every furrow loads with corn the plain,
Fruits bend the bough, and garners burst with grain.
His mills at winter swell the olive flood, 605
His swine haste homeward from the acorn wood;
His are the arbute forests, his the bow'rs
Whence all her varying fruit glad Autumn show'rs;
And where on mellowing rocks prone suns repose,
For him the purple harvest richly glows. 610
Chaste love his household guards, and round his knees
Fond infants climb, the foremost kiss to seize;
Kine from their gushing udders nectar shed,
And wanton kids high toss their butting head.
He, too, at festal days, where flames the shrine, 615
And, ranged around, his gay compeers recline,

de vases de pierres précieuses; et les coupes d'agathe, de jaspe, que l'on conserve dans les cabinets et les trésors publics, servoient probablement aux princes, et aux personnes riches. Telle est la coupe de saphir que l'on conserve dans l'église de Saint Jean à Monza près de Milan. Elle fut laissée par Theudelinde, reine des Lombards, qui bâtit et dota cette église. Dans le trésor de Saint Denis il y a une *large coupe* d'agathe orientale avec des bas-reliefs représentant *un sacrifice.—De Lille.*

Stretch'd on the turf unyokes from care his soul,
And, Bacchus! thee invoking, crowns the bowl;
Or on the elm the javelin's mark suspends,
Where the bold herdsman for the prize contends; 620
Or joys the hardy wrestlers to behold,
Bare their huge limbs, cast in Herculean mould.
Such was the life that ancient Sabines chose;
Thus Rome's twin founders, thus Etruria rose:
Thus Rome herself, o'er all on earth renown'd, 625
Who with one wall sev'n hills encompass'd round.
Such, ere great Jove, Dictæan monarch, reign'd,
And slaughter'd bulls the unhallow'd banquet stain'd;
Such was the life on earth that Saturn knew,
Ere mortals trembled as the trumpet blew, 630
Or started when the anvil rung afar,
And clattering hammers shaped the sword of war.
But now, at length o'erpast the boundless plain,
Freed from the car the smoking steeds unrein.

627 Dicte, a mountain of Crete, where Jove was nursed. Varro informs us that in ancient times it was deemed a capital crime to slaughter an ox, the associate of man in his agricultural labors.

GEORGIC III.

ARGUMENT.

VIRGIL begins this Georgic, on the breeding of cattle, by announcing his intention of singing Pales, the goddess of shepherds, and Apollo, who fed the herds of Admetus on the banks of the Amphrysus—He observes that fabulous tales, the familiar themes of every poet, pall by repetition; and that he shall endeavor to soar beyond the track of imitators, and bring new palms to his native Mantua, by celebrating actions founded on truth, the victories of the Romans, and the triumphal honors of Augustus—This intention he conveys under a sublime allegory of the apotheosis of Augustus, and of the games which he himself proposes to institute in honor of his divinity—In the mean while he obeys the command of Mæcenas, and continues his rural theme—In an animated description of a chariot-race, he dwells on the ardor and spirit of the contending animals—This leads him to the mention of the inventor of chariots, and of those who first tamed the horse for the purposes of riding—The subject of bulls and horses being concluded, he enters on that of sheep and goats; dwells on the peculiar care which they require in winter; on their excellence and utility; how they are to be managed in warm weather—This easily leads to a digression on the Libyan shepherds wandering with their flocks over boundless plains; and to this description he contrasts that of the cattle and climate of Scythia—He now gives directions concerning wool and the choice of sheep, and chiefly of the rams; of the nourishment proper for sheep kept for milk—The care of sheep leads him to that of dogs, the defenders of the fold—Thence he proceeds to mention the injuries to which cattle are subject, snakes and serpents; and particularly dwells on one that haunts the Calabrian woods—He then notices the diseases of sheep and their

remedies; and describes at large a plague which laid waste the regions about the Alps; its effects on calves, swine, horses, bulls; traces its progress through earth, sea, and air; and concludes this highly-wrought detail with the miserable death of those who dared to handle the infected fleece or hide.

THOU too, great Pales! and th' Amphrysian swain,
Woods and Lycæan streams, ye claim the strain.
Themes that detain'd the vacant mind of yore,
Trite and familiar now, can please no more.
Who knows not stern Eurystheus, and thy fane, 5
Accurst Busiris! fed with strangers slain?
Latonian Delos, Hylas' youthful charm,
Hippodame, and Pelops' ivory arm?

1 Pales, the goddess of shepherds. Amphrysus, a river of Thessaly, where Apollo fed the herds of King Admetus. Lycæus, a mountain of Arcadia, famous for sheep, and sacred to Pan.

5 Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus, king of Mycenæ, at the instigation of Juno imposed on Hercules his twelve labors.

Busiris, a king of Egypt, son of Neptune. He sacrificed all foreigners to Jupiter. When Hercules visited Egypt, Busiris took him to the altar, bound hand and foot. The hero soon liberated himself, and sacrificed the tyrant and his son on the altar.—*Stawell.*

7 Hylas was beloved by Hercules, and accompanied him in the Argonautic expedition. In attempting to draw water from a fountain he fell in, and was drowned; and thence gave rise to the fable of his having been carried away by the nymphs. See Theocritus, Idyll. 13, and Apollonius Rhodius, book i. 1206.

Delos, one of the Cyclades islands, in the Ægean sea. It is fabled that this island floated till Latona brought forth in it Apollo and Diana, after which time it became fixed.

8 Hippodame was the daughter of Œnomaus, king of Elis and Pisa. Either enamored of the beautiful princess, or afraid, as foretold by an oracle, of being slain by his son-in-law, or by one of his daughter's children, he refused to marry her, unless the suitor could surpass, in a chariot-race, his horses begotten by the wind. Thirteen suitors thus perished;

I too will strive o'er earth my flight to raise,
And, wing'd by victory, catch the gale of praise. 10
I first, from Pindus' brow, if life remain,
Will lead the Muses to the Latian plain,
For thee, my native Mantua! twine the wreath,
And bid the palm of Idumæa breathe.
Near the pure stream, amid the green champaign, 15
I first will rear on high the marble fane,
Where with slow bend broad Mincio's waters stray,
And tall reeds tremble o'er his shadowy way.
High in the midst great Cæsar's form divine,
A present god, shall consecrate the shrine. 20
For him my robes shall flame with Tyrian dye,
Wing'd by four steeds my hundred chariots fly.
All Greece shall scorn her famed Olympian field;
Here lash the courser and the cæstus wield.
I will myself around my temples twine 25
The olive wreath, and deck with gifts the shrine.
E'en now, methinks, the solemn pomp I lead,
E'en now I see the sacred heifers bleed,

but Pelops succeeded, by bribing the charioteer of Œnomaus to leave one of the wheels unpinned. Pelops was gifted with an ivory shoulder, to supply the loss of the one devoured by Ceres, when his father Tantalus, in order to try the divinity of the gods, slew him, and served up his flesh at a celestial banquet.

14 Idumæa, or the land of Edom, was famous for palms: Virgil therefore uses Idumæan palms for palms in general, as is common in poetry. Palms were used for crowns in all the games, as we find in the fourth question of the eighth book of Plutarch's Symposiacs; where he inquires why the sacred games had each their peculiar crown, but the palm was common to all.—*Martyn.*

Dr. Hurd considers the following splendid passage of the dedication of a temple to Cæsar, and of the sacred games and festivities in honor of his divinity, as an allegory of the poet's *intention to complete* the Æneid, and in the person of Æneas *to shadow forth* and consecrate the character of Augustus.

Now view the turning scenes, and now behold
Th' inwoven Britons lift the purple fold. 30
There on the ivory gates with gold embost,
Quirinus' blade shall flame o'er India's host;
Here the vast Nile shall wave with war, and there
Columns of naval brass ascend in air.
Niphates here, there Asia's conquer'd tow'rs, 35
And Parthia's flight conceal'd in arrowy show'rs:
From different nations double trophies torn,
And from each shore Rome twice in triumph borne.

29 The ancient scenes were painted on a triangular machine, which was so formed as to turn on an axle or pin: each of its three sides represented a different subject: viz. 1. a city; 2. a palace, or magnificent portico; 3. a wild forest, cave, or meadow. When a comedy was played the first of these three frontispieces was turned towards the spectators; when a tragedy, the second; when a satirical piece, such as the Cyclops of Euripides, the third was exposed to view. These triangular machines were placed under the arches of the theatre. See Vitruv. l. v. and L'Antiquité éxpliquée par Montfaucon, tom. iii. p. 235.—*Warton. Stawell.*

The tapestry of the purple curtain of the theatre seemed to be supported by the inwoven figures of the newly conquered Britons.

In the year of Rome 727, the Britons had sent ambassadors to Cæsar, to supplicate for peace.—*Voss.*

33 This alludes to the victory obtained over the Egyptians and their allies, commanded by Antony and Cleopatra, in the year of Rome 724.

Servius tells us that Augustus having conquered all Egypt, made of the beaks of ships four columns, which were afterward placed by Domitian in the capitol, and were to be seen in his time.—*Martyn.*

Niphates, the name of a mountain and river of Armenia.

Milton has excellently described the flying fight of the Parthians.

How quick they wheel'd, and, flying, behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy show'r against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight.

37 Catrou relates from Dion Cassius that Augustus made war *twice on the Cantabrians*, and on the Asturians, and twice *in Asia. He went in* person against the Spaniards the first *time they revolted;* and they were subdued the second

There breathing forms in Parian marble trace,
From sire to son, Jove's long-descending race: 40
Assaracus and Tros shall lead the line,
And Cynthius, architect of Troy divine.
Envy shall dread Ixion's snaky coil,
Styx, the vast wheel, and rock's eternal toil.
Meanwhile, be mine to search where Dryads rove,
The pathless lawn, and unfrequented grove; 46
Thy arduous task, Mæcenas! thou inspire,
And fill thy poet's breast with added fire.
Haste, haste! Cithæron lifts her mighty voice:
Away! Taygeta's deep-mouth'd hounds rejoice; 50
The neighing steeds o'er Epidaurus bound,
Rock rings to rock, and woods to woods resound.
Ere long, my voice, attuned to loftier lays,
Shall swell th' adventurous song to Cæsar's praise,
His glowing battles consecrate to fame, 55
And spread from age to age the Julian name.
Who for th' Olympian palm the courser rears,
Or breeds to bear the yoke resistless steers,

time by his lieutenant Carisius. He twice subdued the Parthians, and both times commanded his armies in person.—*Martyn.*

39 Paros, an island in the Ægean sea, famous for its marble quarries.

41 Virgil here compliments Augustus with adorning his temple with the statues of his Trojan ancestors. Homer has traced the descent from Jove to Æneas. Apollo was born in Delos, in which is the mountain Cynthus: he is said to have built Troy in the reign of Laomedon.—*Martyn.*

43 Ixion attempted to violate Juno, for which crime he was cast into hell, and bound with twisted snakes to a wheel continually turning.

Sisyphus infested Attica with robberies, for which he was slain by Theseus, and condemned in hell to roll to the top of a hill a stone which always revolves before it reaches the summit.—*Martyn.*

49 Cithæron, a mountain of Bœotia, famous for cattle.

51 Epidaurus, a town of Peloponnesus, noted by Strabo *for excellent horses.*

With prescient care the destined mother trace,
And form'd like her expect the promised race. 60
If her large front and neck vast strength denote;
If on her knee the pendulous dewlap float;
If curling horns their crescent inward bend,
And bristly hairs beneath the ear defend;
If length'ning flanks to boundless measure spread; 65
If broad her foot, and bold her bull-like head;
If snowy spots her mottled body stain,
And her indignant brow the yoke disdain,
With tail wide sweeping, as she stalks, the dews;
Thus, lofty, large, and long, the mother choose. 70
Choose with like care the courser's generous breed,
And from his birth prepare the parent steed.
His color mark, select the glossy bay,
And to the white or dun prefer the grey.
As yet a colt he stalks with lofty pace, 75
And balances his limbs with flexile grace:
First leads the way, the threat'ning torrent braves,
And dares the unknown arch that spans the waves.
Light on his airy crest his slender head,
His belly short, his loins luxuriant spread; 80
Muscle on muscle knots his brawny breast,
No fear alarms him, nor vain shouts molest.
But at the clash of arms, his ear afar
Drinks the deep sound, and vibrates to the war:

66 Virgil's directions here are probably good, where strong cattle for labor only were to be obtained; but the object of the modern breeding farmer is different wholly: he wants cows and oxen which will fatten in a short time, and on little food, and such as will afford beef of good quality. The cow for this purpose should be extremely delicate and feminine in character, and should be rather small than large.—*T. A Knight.*

83 See the spirited description of a war-horse in Oppian's Cynegetics.

'He swallow*eth the* ground with fierceness and rage, nei*ther believeth he that it is* the sound of the trumpet. He

Flames from each nostril roll in gather'd stream, 85
His quivering limbs with restless motion gleam;
O'er his right shoulder, floating full and fair,
Sweeps his thick mane, and spreads its pomp of hair:
Swift works his double spine, and earth around
Rings to his solid hoof that wears the ground. 90
Such ardent Cyllarus, by Pollux tamed,
Such whirl'd Pelides, when the battle flamed,
Such, Mars, thy steeds; and such the god disguised,
When Saturn fled, by jealous rage surprised:
Loose in the gale his mane redundant play'd, 95
And Pelion echo'd as the courser neigh'd.
But when with age, or long disease opprest,
Hide him at home in not inglorious rest.
Then, chief, their years, and dauntless spirit trace,
What breed ennobles, and what honors grace, 100
If victory's glorious prize their speed inflame,
Or how, when conquer'd, sinks their crest with shame.
  See at the signal, when the chariots bound,
And bursting through the barriers seize the ground,
Now with high hope erect the drivers dart, 105
Now fear exhausts their palpitating heart.
Prone o'er loose reins they lash th' extended steed,
And the wing'd axle flames beneath their speed;
Now, low they vanish, and now wing the skies,
No pause, no rest; dark whirlwinds round them rise:
Each presses each: in clouds from all behind, 111
Horse, horsemen, chariots thundering in the wind,
Breath, flakes of foam, and sweat from every pore
Smoke in the gale, and stream the victor o'er.

saith among the trumpets, ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shoutings.' See the sublime description in Job.

89 The words of Varro. The spine sinks, and disappears in a furrow.—*Stawell.*

91 Castor and Pollux were alike renowned for horsemanship: *Cyllarus*, the name of their horse.

Thus glorious thirst of praise their spirit fires, 115
And shouting victory boundless strength inspires.
Bold Erichthonius first four coursers yoked,
And urged the chariot as the axle smoked.
The skilful Lapithæ first taught to guide
The mounted steeds, and rein their temper'd pride; 120
Taught under arms to prance, and round and round
In cadence proudly wheel, and paw the ground.
Alike their labors, each alike requires
Spirit and youth, and speed that never tires,
Though oft he chased the foe, or vaunt his breed 125
From Argos, or the sea-god's earth-born steed.
Where the green ilex clothes Alburnus' head,
And where the groves o'er Silarus' current spread,
The gad-fly sounds; beneath her restless wing
The breeze shrill whizzes, and the forests ring: 130

117 Erichthonius, the son of Dardanus, and father of Tros: Pliny mentions him with the Phrygians, to whom he ascribes the invention of putting two horses to a chariot, as Erichthonius invented the putting of four.—*Martyn.*

119 The Lapithæ inhabiting Thessaly, famous for horsemanship.

127 Alburnus, a mountain near the Silarus, a river of Laconia, a country near Naples.

129 Vallisnieri, in his History of Insects, describes this ox-fly, or gad-fly. Its shape somewhat resembles a wasp, without a sting or proboscis in its mouth. It has two membranaceous wings, with which it makes a most horrible whizzing. The belly is terminated by three long rings, one less than another, from the last of which proceeds a most formidable sting, composed of a tube, through which its eggs are emitted, and of two augers, which make way for the tube to penetrate into the skin of the cattle: these augers are armed with two little darts, which have a point to pierce, and an edge to cut. At the end of the sting issues forth a venomous liquor, which irritates and inflames the fibres, and causes a swelling in the skin of the wounded animal: they often deposit an egg within this swelling, where a worm is formed, being nourished by the juice which flows from the wounded fibres: the worm remains nine or ten months there, and then comes out of its own *accord, and creeps* into some hole, and there enters into

From all their woods th' infuriate cattle bound,
Air roars, and dry Tanagria's banks resound.
Erst with this plague the jealous wife of Jove
In direful rage th' Inachian heifer drove.
Scare from your pregnant herd this pest away, 135
When swells her venom in the heat of day;
But feed when first the sun-beam gilds the plain,
Or Hesper leads along his starry train.
The birth now o'er, the calves thy care demand:
On each its mark, and varying lineage brand. 140
These, in their strength, shall renovate the breed,
These, votive victims, on the altar bleed:
These tame the rugged field, and cleave the clod:
The rest, at pleasure, graze the verdant sod.
If labor claim, the calves, yet docile, train 145
To bear the burden, and the yoke sustain.
First with loose wreath of pliant osier deck,
And hang the easy circle round their neck:
But when the steers, accustom'd to thy sway,
Yield their free strength, and willingly obey, 150
The well match'd couple in their collars place,
And balance, step by step, their equal pace:
Oft let them draw, unforced, the empty wain,
That lightly marks the level of the plain;

the state of a chrysalis; in which condition it lives for some time, and at last comes forth in the form of the parent fly. Vallisnieri remarks, that it never is found in any part of the animal that can be reached by the tongue or the tail. Varro calls this insect tabanus, whence the French word, says De Lille, taon.—*Martyn. Stawell.*

132 The Tanager, now il Negro, springs from the mountain Alburnus, in Lucania.

133 Io, the daughter of Inachus, was beloved by Jupiter, who, to conceal her from Juno, turned her into a cow. But Juno, discovering the deceit, sent an œstrus to torment Io. She fled into Egypt, and there, being restored to her former shape, married King Osiris, and was afterwards worshipped *under the* name of Isis.—Martyn.

yoked to brazen poles, their vigor goad, 155
: beechen axles groan beneath the load.
ith fresh grass, meanwhile, or marshy weed,
llowy leaves the race unbroken feed;
rith their growth their rising strength sustain,
trew with lavish hand th' abundant grain; 160
ıou, as our sires, with milk the pails o'erfill,
e fond suckling drain the breast at will.
if, intent on war, you wish to breed
ıttle and fierce troops th' impetuous steed,
ere Alpheus laves the field of Jove, 165
flying car should foremost sweep the grove;
on his infant eye the blazing shield,
ɔn his ear the thunder of the field,
the shrill trumpet, roll the iron car,
ıttle o'er his stall the reins of war; 170
him to love thy praise, and proudly stand,
:ch his crest beneath thy flattering hand.
d from his dam, yet weak in youthful year,
rain'd to martial sounds the courser rear;
ɔy mild bits his mouth, nor harshly wound 175
mmer rolls her fourth-revolving round.
rheel in graceful orbs his paced career,
p by step in cadence strike the ear,
xile limbs in curves alternate prance,
em to labor as they slow advance: 180
ive, uncheck'd, to fly with loosen'd rein,
ıge the winds, and wing th' unprinted plain.
rhen the north wind with resistless sway
the dry clouds and Scythian storms away,

trabo informs us that the Olympian temple is in the region, not quite three hundred stadia from the city and that it has a grove of wild olives before it, in ras the stadium, the place for the races.—Martyn.

The undulating fields and billowy grain 190
Float in the breeze that bristles all the plain;
The woods' high brows resound, long surges sweep;
His fleet wings brush at once the earth and deep.
Round Elis' course, thus rear'd, the victor steed
Shall foam with blood, and triumph in his speed, 195
Or, fearless rushing 'mid the ranks of war,
O'er routed armies wheel the Belgic car.
Now, train'd to will, and pliant to command,
Let generous grain his growing strength expand:
High pamper'd steeds, ere tamed, the lash disdain, 195
And proudly foam, impatient of the rein.
But time irreparable flies away,
While on each part we dwell with fond delay.
Cease we of herds—another care remains:
The flocks and shaggy goats demand the strains: 200
No trifling toil; and hence, bold herdsmen! raise
Your high-fix'd hopes, and gain the meed of praise.
Nor know I not how arduous to sustain
The lowly theme, and grace with lofty strain;
But, fired by rapturous joy, o'er desert heights, 205
Where no smooth trace to Castaly invites,
I pierce the wild by mortal foot untrod,
And lonely commune with th' Aonian god.
Now, venerable Pales! raise the song:
Goddess! to thee the pastoral lays belong. 210
First I ordain the fodder'd sheep to feed
In shelt'ring cotes till summer shades the mead;

192 The Belgæ, like the other Gauls, and the ancient Britons, made use of cars in battle.—*Voss.*

206 The Castalian spring, sacred to the Muses, flowed from Parnassus, a mountain of Phocis, sacred to Apollo: near was the city Delphi, famous for the temple and oracle of the Pythian Apollo.—*Martyn.*

Oft o'er the rugged earth fresh stubble spread,
And litter frequent fern to smooth their bed,
Lest piercing ice the tender cattle wound, 215
Cramp their chill limbs, and spread contagion round.
Next to the goats: the leafy arbute bring,
And draw fresh water from the living spring,
And storm-fenced stalls to wintry sun-beams rear,
When cold Aquarius floods the parting year. 220
Swains! tend the lowly goat: though scorn'd of fame,
Their useful breed no slight protection claim.
Let rich Miletus vaunt her fleecy pride,
And weigh with gold her robes in purple dy'd,
Thou tell thy goats, what countless numbers teem! 225
Look, how their milk bursts forth in ceaseless stream!
The more th' insatiate pails new loads demand,
New floods exhaustless froth beneath thy hand.
Wrapp'd in their shaven beards and hoary hair,
Fence of the ocean spray, and nightly air, 230
The much-enduring seaman breasts the main,
And camps uninjured press the marshy plain.
By day, unwatch'd, they crop their distant food,
Thorns of the rock, and brakes that shag the wood,
At night lead back their kids, and turn'd to rest, 235
Scarce cross the threshold with o'erloaded breast.
The less their wants, the more each want supply,
Fence off the icy blast, and snow-fraught sky;
Scatter their leafy food, nor day by day
Refuse, all winter long, their dole of hay. 240
When Spring invites, and Zephyr fans the mead,
Alike both flocks to glades and pastures lead,
While Hesper dawns and sweet the dewy blade,
And the fresh hoar-frost whitens all the glade.

223 Miletus, a city on the borders of Ionia and Caria, *famous for wool.*

But when the sun's bright beams fierce thirst inspire,
And shrill cicadæ all the woodlands tire, 246
Then, to deep wells and spreading waters guide,
Or oaken troughs by living rills supplied.
When noon-tide flames, down cool sequester'd glades
Lead, where some giant oak the dell o'ershades, 250
Or where the ilex' gloomy forest throws
The sacred darkness that invites repose.
When sinks the sun beneath the purple main,
Rills and refreshing meads delight again;
Then Vesper stilly breathes the temperate gale, 255
Cool dewy moon-beams gleam along the vale,
Responsive shores the halcyon's note prolong,
And woodland echoes swell the linnet's song.
Why should my verse pursue the Libyan swains,
And huts thin strewn along the wide champaigns? 260
Oft day and night, through all the lunar change,
Their pasturing flocks o'er houseless deserts range.

246 The chanting of the cicada is occasioned by a peculiar internal mechanism. Under the belly is discovered a small cavity, in which there is a stiff elastic membrane in the form of a drum: two very strong muscles strike alternately on this drum, and produce the tones that are heard. The males only have this organ. The females are supplied with an auger in the place of it, for the same purposes as the gad-fly. This insect has been confounded with the grasshopper, the Latin name for which is locusta; from which it is palpably distinct in character: it makes a noise with its wings only. The dark cicada has a rounder and shorter body; is of a dark green color; sits on trees, and makes a noise louder than a grasshopper: their lay begins as soon as the sun becomes hot, and continues till it sets: their wings are streaked with silver, and marked with brown spots; the outer wings are twice as long as the inner, and more variegated. They have not been found, Martyn says, on this side of the Alps and Cevennes. The Athenians wore golden cicadæ in their hair, to denote that, like these creatures, they were the first-born of the earth. The plebeia was observed by Dr. Smith in the neighborhood of Genoa, which, he says, is the cicada of *Virgil.—Stawell.*

ibyan shepherds bear, as on they roam,
arms, their dog, their bow, their god, their
home.
n the arms his fathers wont to wield, 265
oman soldier seeks the hostile field,
th th' unequal burden wins his way,
ıts the foe, and camps in war array.
not where Ister rolls his yellow tides,
here Mæotis Scythia's waste divides, 270
.hodope, o'er many a realm outspread,
bleak pole, bends back her frozen head;
stalls inclose the herds that never stray,
ıss the field, no leaves the wood array,
rth lies hid by ridgy drifts opprest, 275
ıow, sev'n ells in height, deforms her breast:
blasts that freeze, there winter ever dwells:
never sun the pallid shade dispels,
er his fiery steeds high heav'n ascend,
ıtering to the wave his chariot bend. 280
floods suspended in mid course congeal,
ıcean rattles to the iron wheel,
tossing vessels cross'd the billowy main,
e smooth ice swift glides the loaded wain;
ıaps in sunder, and th' infolding vest 285
ıs like mail, and stiffens on the breast.
to their depths ice binds the solid lakes,
ıtchets cleave the wine in frozen flakes;
cle stiff hard'ning in the air,
s the uncomb'd beard, and matted hair. 290

he lake Mæotis, or sea of Azof.
.hodope, a mountain of Thrace, which is extended
d, and is there joined with Hæmus; then, parting
returns to the northward.—*Ruæus. Martyn.*
I. de Maupertuis, qui avoit été envoyé en 1736 pour
un degré du méridien sous le cercle arctique, dit que
étoit si grand, que la langue et les lèvres se geloient.

Meanwhile o'er all the air snows swell on snows,
And the large limbs of stateliest bulls inclose;
Numb'd with new weight, and prest in droves, the deer
Scarce o'er the mass their topmost antlers rear;
Nor toils their flight impede, nor hounds o'ertake, 295
Nor plumes of purple dye their fears awake;
But while in vain, beneath the load opprest,
They heave the mount that gathers on their breast,
Them, front to front, at will the murderers slay,
Shout to their groan, and bear the spoil away. 300
Beneath the earth in deep-sunk caves confined,
The hordes in careless indolence reclined,
With oaks on oaks their high-piled fires upraise,
And roll whole elms to feed th' undying blaze,
To sports and games the livelong night resign, 305
And with harsh service mock the generous vine.
Thus live the untamed hordes, where o'er them roll
The stars that wheel around the northern pole,
And shivering in the bleak Riphæan blast,
The tawny hide around their bodies cast. 310
Is wool thy care? from thorns the flock restrain,
The burr, and caltrop, and luxuriant plain;
Soft from your flock let silver tresses flow,
And fair the sire as flakes of falling snow:

sur le champ contre la tasse, lorsqu'on vouloit boire de l'eau-de-vie, qui étoit la seule liqueur qu'on put tenir assez liquide pour la boire, et ne s'en arrachoient que sanglantes. Il ajoute, quelques lignes plus bas, que l'esprit de vin se geloit dans les thermomètres.—*De Lille.*

296 It was the custom to hang colored feathers on lines, to scare the deer into the toils.—*Martyn.*

306 Beer, cyder, perry, and fermented liquors made of services.

309 The Riphæan hills are probably that great ridge of mountains which divides Lapland from the northern part of *Moscovy: they* are called by the Moscovites 'the great *stony girdle.'—Stawell.*

But if dark hues his tongue and palate stain, 315
Drive him far distant from thy spotless train,
Lest the dim blemish that the sire defiled
Infect the fleece, and taint the motley child.
Thus Pan, Arcadia's god—if yet believed—
Thee, Luna, once with snowy fleece deceived: 320
Nor didst thou scorn, incautiously betray'd,
To meet the wooer in the sylvan glade.
Is milk thy care? the frequent lotus fling,
And fragrant cytisus, that breathes of spring;
Salt the full crib; large draughts shall swell the breast,
And the salt yield the milk a hidden zest. 326
Some from their dams the suckling kids restrain,
And round their lips the iron muzzle chain.
Milk, that the dawn and daily hours afford,
Crowns, press'd at night, the shepherd's frugal board:
From nightly milk fresh cheeses made at morn, 331
Are to the neighb'ring towns in baskets borne;
Or placed apart, and slightly salted o'er,
For wintry feasts provide a plenteous store.

315 Aristotle affirms that the lambs will be white, or black, or red, according to the color of the veins under the tongue of the ram.

Palladius also affirms that if the tongue of the ram is spotted, the same defect will appear in his offspring.—*Martyn.*

319 Martyn says that the fable to which Virgil alludes was what Philargyrius and some others have related, that Pan changed himself into a ram as white as snow, by which the Moon was deceived, as Europa was by Jupiter in the form of a white bull.

331 The Italian peasants carry the curdled milk to market in baskets closely woven of green rushes: hence a country treat is called 'juncata;' and hence the English 'junket.' Note, in the Remarks on the writings of the poet Ramsay, the following beautiful lines from Tasso's Amynta,

Egli rivolse
I cupidi occhi in quelle membri belle,
Che, come suole tremolare il latte
Ne' giunche, si parean morbide e bianche.

Nor slight thy dogs; on whey the mastiffs feed, 335
Molossian race, and hounds of Spartan breed:
Beneath their care, nor wolves, nor thieves by night,
Nor wild Iberian shall thy fear excite.
Go, the fleet hare, wild ass, and hind pursue,
Roused from deep fens the bristly boar subdue, 340
Urge the tall stag along th' aërial height,
And, shouting, press within thy toils his flight.
With galbanum and cedar scent the walls,
And drive the serpents from th' infected stalls.
Beneath the crib, unseen of every eye, 345
There, death to touch, insidious vipers lie;
There lurks, familiar to the household sheds,
The snake on herds and flocks that poison spreads.
Now, while he threats, and swells his hissing crest,
Crush with huge stones and clubs th' envenom'd pest.
Lo! where the monster, in wild terror fled, 351
While earth has closed on his inglorious head,
Slacks his mid folds, and, length'ning all his spires,
With gradual trail the last loose coil retires.

336 Molossia, a city of Epirus.

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each.

Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream.

343 The cedar of the Greek and Roman writers is not the cedar of Lebanon, but a sort of juniper. Palladius says that serpents are driven away by burning cedar, or galbanum, &c.—*Martyn.*

Galbanum is the concreted juice of a plant called ferula. Dioscorides says that it grows in Syria; that it has a strong smell, and drives away serpents by its fume.—*Martyn.*

348 The serpent here meant is that which Pliny calls boa. This author affirms that they grow sometimes to a prodigious *size, and that* a child was found in the belly of one, in the *reign of Claudius.*—*Martyn.*

ath the covert of Calabria's shade 355
ul serpent haunts the woodland glade,
ılls his scaly back, and many a stain
is long paunch that trails along the plain:
'ounts o'erflow, and vernal floods descend,
ıls with frogs and fish his maw distend: 360
en the dusty fen's wide clefts expand,
ith fierce thirst he leaps upon the land,
the earth beneath his iron fold,
res with flaming eye in frenzy roll'd.
ıuch'd on grass, beneath the day, asleep 365
ıay I lie upon the woodland steep,
cast his slough, regardless of his young,
in prime of life he rolls along,
ring to the sun, erect in ire,
s his triple tongue, that streams with fire. 370
learn the cause and sign of each disease.
thsome itch thy tainted flock shall seize,
ierces to the quick the icy shower,
·ost or festering thorns the flesh devour,
.t, unwash'd, adhesive crusts all o'er 375
r-shorn skin, and cakes th' obstructed pore.
wains oft bathe their flock, and down the tide
e bold ram to float his fleecy pride.
with litharge and with oily lees
he shorn sheep, and tame the new disease, 380

ici l'explication des mots qui composent cette re-
ıtre les maladies des troupeaux. Amurca est la lie
ı: les anciens en faisoient un grand usage en méde-
ı peut lire dans Dioscorides l'énumeration de toutes
s qu'on lui attribuoit. 'Spumis argenti' n'est point
gent, comme quelques traducteurs l'ont prétendu:
ume de l'argent qu'on épure! Scilla, ou l'oignon de
une plante bulbeuse, qui ressemble à un oignon,
est beaucoup plus grosse: l'ellébore est blanc ou
se sert de l'ellébore blanc pour les maladies de la
bitume est une substance grasse, sulfureuse, tenace,

Mix'd with dark pitch from Ida's piny wood,
Asphaltus floating on the slimy flood,
Strong hellebore, live sulphur, sea-born squills,
And molten wax that drop by drop distils.
Yet better far who dares with knife profound 385
Search the deep sore, and bare the hidden wound;
Conceal'd, it gathers strength, while pity spares,
And wearies heaven with unavailing prayers.
When torture strikes the bones, and feverish fires
Scorch, as the bleating animal expires, 390
Lance, where beneath the foot wild pulses beat,
The throbbing vein, and cool th' internal heat;
Hereditary art, from sire to son,
By fierce Bisaltæ and Geloni known,
When the wild hordes, o'er Thracia's waste pursued,
Drink, mix'd with curdled milk, their horses' blood. 396
Soon as thou view'st a sheep that haunts the shade,
Or crops with lazy tongue the topmost blade,
Or stretch'd at length with listless leisure feeds,
And late and lonely quits at night the meads, 400
Slay with swift knife, th' invading plague restrain
Ere wing'd contagion wastes th' unwary train.
Less frequent tempests swell th' infuriate deep
Than pest on pest invades the ravaged sheep:
Fate strikes not here and there some lonely head; 405
Herds, and their hopes alike, the race are dead.

et inflammable, qui sort de la terre, ou qui flotte sur l'eau.—*De Lille.*

394 Bisaltæ, a people of Macedon.

Getæ, or Dacians, near the Danube.

The custom of drinking horses' blood is ascribed to the Massagetæ, a people of Scythia, by Dionysius. Pliny says the Sarmatæ mixed millet with the milk of mares, or the blood drawn out of their legs. Several northern nations at *this day practise* it. The Tartars, in their pastoral state, are *known to use it.—Stawell.*

Cast o'er Timavus' meads thy mournful sight,
O'er Alps, and forts that crown the Noric height,
How wide the waste! where flocks and shepherds spread,
The cot unpeopled, and the lawn unfed. 410
Here once the tainted air contagion cast,
And fired with gather'd strength th' autumnal blast,
Smote all that grazed the field, or ranged the wood,
Scorch'd every plain, and poison'd every flood.
Dire was the death; for when th' internal flame 415
Had shrunk the veins, and parch'd the shrivell'd frame,
Infected moisture flow'd, and day by day
Sapp'd the soft bones, that piece-meal ooz'd away.
Oft, while the snowy fillet wreathed his head,
The bullock dropt, 'mid lingering flamens, dead: 420
Or if the priest preventive struck the wound,
No altars blazed with hallow'd entrails crown'd.
In vain pale supplicants the gods revere,
In vain th' inquirer seeks the speechless seer.
The steel with blood was scarcely purpled o'er, 425
Scarce streak'd the topmost sand with pallid gore.
The calves amid luxuriant herbage fall,
Loathe the full crib, and perish in the stall;
Dire coughing racks the swine's obstructed breath,
And the fond dog, infuriate, foams in death. 430
Forgetful of his fame, the victor steed
Loathes the translucent rill and flow'ry mead:
Low drop his ears, his hoof oft beats the ground,
His wasted limbs in fitful sweats are drown'd;
Sweats that, as dying pangs the victim seize, 435
With clammy chillness life's slow current freeze.
On his dry skin the hairs in bristles stand,
Rise to the touch, and roughen on the hand.

407 Timavus, a river of Carniola.
Noricum, a region of Germany, bordering on the Alps.

Such the first symptoms: but the fell disease
Marks by more horrid signs its dire increase; 440
The eye-ball glares, deep breath with hollow tone
Heaves the long flanks, and bursts with frequent groan.
The tongue furr'd o'er th' obstructed palate fills,
And from the nostrils sable blood distils.
Wine, pour'd thro' horns, that seem'd to sooth the pest,
But lull'd awhile to transitory rest. 445
This, their sole hope; yet, fruitless to assuage,
But gave each torturing pang recruited rage,
While with bare teeth the steed infuriate tore
His limbs in death, and bathed his jaws in gore. 450
Ne'er may Rome's pious race such horrors know!
But, oh ye gods! with such confound our foe!
At once the bullock falls beneath the yoke,
Blood and mixt foam beneath his nostrils smoke:
He groans his last;—the melancholy swain 455
Leaves the fix'd plough amid th' unfurrow'd plain,
And frees the lonely steer, whose mournful eye
Beholds with fond regret a brother die.
Him, nor repose can soothe in forest shades,
Nor dewy pasture 'mid luxuriant glades, 460
Nor streams that, roll'd o'er rocks, thro' grassy plains
More pure than amber wind their crystal trains.
His glazed eye droops, each flaccid flank extends,
And prone to earth his ponderous neck descends.
Ah! what avails his service, what his toil, 465
And patient strength, that tamed th' unwilling soil?
Yet not the Massic wine had fired his blood,
Yet no stored feast prepared his noxious food;
The leaf, the herb, the grass his nurture gave,
His drink the lucid fount and fluent wave; 470
No care corroded, nor disturbing woes
Broke the deep stillness of his calm repose.

her time, 'tis said, the votive kine
ıught in vain for Juno's hallow'd shrine,
aloes ill-pair'd with awkward tread 475
er lofty fane the chariot led.
wearied hind slow raked th' unfurrow'd plain,
ied with his nails the golden grain:
ced with man, along the rocky road
the shrill wain, and strain'd beneath the load.
ımish'd wolf, by fiercer pangs subdued, 481
ds the fold, nor prowls for nightly food;
orous does 'mid hounds securely rest,
stag haunts the roof, a willing guest.
the strand infected shoals on shoals 485
pwreck'd corses ocean slowly rolls:
calves flying from their native main
gn streams unwonted refuge gain.
ing dens in vain the vipers lie,
ı'd hydras rear their scales, and die: 490
ds that press their flight before the wind
nid air, and leave their lives behind.
ıge of place or pasture respite gave,
eful every art once known to save.
sires of med'cine, Chiron long renown'd, 495
e Melampus, fly the fatal ground.
ıe, from Stygian darkness driven,
ı mid air, and blasts the works of heaven;
ıer drives Disease and wild Affright,
ıy by day her head, and tow'rs to boundless
eight. 500

ıe poet here contradicts Aristotle, who says that a
e does not seem ever to invade fishes.—*Stawell.*
ıe poet does not mean that the plague happened in
of Chiron and Melampus, but that the best physi-
knowleged the inutility of their skill. Particulars
d for generals.—*Warton.*

From bleating flocks a mournful murmur fills
The streams, and withering banks, and tainted hills.
Now herds on herds in death confusedly fall,
And swell the putrid mass in every stall,
Ere use had taught to hide beneath the ground 505
The buried corse, or plunge in pits profound.
Through fire, through flood, contagion inly cleaves,
No shepherd sheers the fleece, no virgin weaves:
Who rashly handled, scarr'd with boils all o'er,
And bathed in sweat that poison'd every pore; 510
Wasted away till the accursed flame
Ere long consumed the pestilential frame.

GEORGIC IV.

ARGUMENT.

VIRGIL opens his Fourth Georgic on the Management of Bees, by a brief notice of its subject—He then claims the attention of Mæcenas to a theme, in itself seemingly trivial, by announcing his design of enlarging on the wonderful actions, instincts, offices, and battles of the bees—He begins by pointing out a proper station for the hive, and enumerates what may be hurtful and what advantageous in different situations—He then treats of the structure of the hive: of the swarming of the bees; of their preparation for war; of their encounter; of the external marks which distinguish the different species; of the means of preventing them from deserting their station, and of alluring them to their accustomed haunts—As for this latter purpose he had recommended the culture of their favorite

plants and flowers, he naturally digresses to the subject of the cultivation of gardens in general, and to the skill and industry of the old Corycian planter—He now expatiates on the economy and polity of the bees, and enumerates their various distinctive offices conducive to the public weal—Thence he mentions the renewal of their race, and their obedience to their kings—He then remarks that from various instances of the sagacity of these insects, some have supposed them to be endowed with a portion of the Divine mind; and this induces a brief and beautiful account of the Platonic system—He next mentions the proper seasons for taking the honey; then the manner of treating the hives in which the honey had been left for the support of the bees in winter; then their diseases and remedies, and how their total loss may be repaired by new swarms generated from the putrid carcasses of bullocks—This introduces the fable of Aristæus, to whom that secret had been divinely imparted; and in this fable he skilfully interweaves, in inimitable poetry, the mythological tale of Orpheus and Eurydice; and thus he completes the Georgics, with the mention of his own name, as author of the poem, and with information of the time and place of its composition.

Now while th' aërial honey's nectar dews,
Gift of a god, once more invite the muse,
Mæcenas! deign attend: at large I trace,
Worthy of wonder, all the insect race,
Their chiefs how glorious, what their order'd fight, 5
What studies claim their care, what arts delight;
The lowly theme shall claim no vulgar praise,
If fav'ring gods and Phœbus aid the lays.
First, seek a station where no ruthless gale
Can the still hive and shelter'd bees assail: 10

1 Virgil calls honey aërial and celestial, because it was the opinion of the ancient philosophers that it was derived from the *dew of heaven.*—*Martyn.*

Lest, as they homeward speed, o'erdone with toil,
Inclement blasts their loaded wings despoil;
There let no sheep, no kids in wanton play,
Crush the fresh flow'rs that bloom around their way,
No heifers, as they rove, the meadow bruise, 15
Crush the new herbs, and dash away the dews;
Nor birds, nor bright-scaled lizards dare molest,
Merops, nor Procne's blood-empurpled breast.
These widely waste, and, seized upon the wing,
To their fierce nests the food luxurious bring. 20
But there let pools invite with moss array'd,
Clear fount and rill that purls along the glade,
Palms o'er their porch a grateful gloom extend,
Or the wild olive's shelt'ring boughs defend.
There when new kings the swarms at spring-tide lead,
And bursting myriads gladden all the mead, 25
Dim banks at noon may lure to cool repose,
And trees with hospitable arms inclose.
Whether the pools repose, or currents flow,
Huge stones and willows 'mid the water throw; 30
That if rude gales across their passage sweep,
And headlong dash the loiterer in the deep,
On many a bridge the bee may safely stand,
And his wet plumes to summer suns expand.

17 Merops. The bee-eater is about the size of a blackbird, and shaped like a kingfisher. The bill is like that of the halcyon tribe, except that it is somewhat more incurvated; the feet exactly like the kingfisher's: the top of the head reddish; the neck and shoulders green, with a mixture of red. It is found in Italy, but observed to be most frequent in Candy, ancient Crete.—*Stawell.*

Procne, the swallow. The feathers of its breast, stained with red, probably suggested the fable of Tereus and Procne in Ovid's Metamorphoses.

It is an error that the swallow ever feeds on bees. The small flies are attracted to the bee-hive by the smell of the honey; and the swallow comes there in pursuit of them, but *it never attacks* the bees.

There, all around let verdant casia bloom, 35
There, far and wide, the wild thyme breathe perfume,
Thick knots of savory pow'rful odors fling,
And beds of violets drink the copious spring.
  Alike, if hollow cork their fabric form,
Or flexile twigs inclose the settled swarm, 40
With narrow entrance guard, lest frosts congeal,
Or summer suns the melting cells unseal.
Hence not in vain the bees their domes prepare,
And smear the chinks that open to the air,
With flow'rs and fucus close each pervious pore, 45
With wax cement, and thicken o'er and o'er.
Stored for this use they hive the clammy dew,
And load their garners with tenacious glue,
As birdlime thick, or pitch that slow distils
In unctuous drops on Ida's pine-crown'd hills. 50

43 The propolis, or bee-bread, is a glutinous substance, which is found about the entrance to the hive. The erithace is that with which they glue the honeycomb together, to prevent the entrance of the air. It seems therefore to be the erithace which Virgil means under the several appellations, of flowers, and fucus, and wax.—*Martyn.*

M. Maraldi vit un jour un gros limaçon, qui eut l'imprudence d'entrer dans une ruche. Aussitôt l'imbécille animal fut expédié par les abeilles. Mais ce n'étoit point là le plus difficile. Il s'agissoit de transporter au dehors le cadavre, dont l'odeur auroit pu les infecter par la suite. C'étoit une masse énorme: toutes les forces de nos petites abeilles réunies ne pouvoient la soulever: le cas étoit embarrassant. Dans une circonstance aussi critique, elles eurent recours à leur propolis, dont elles mastiquèrent le corps de leur ennemi mort et l'embaumèrent comme une momie.—*De Lille.*

46 It is questionable whether bees derive their wax from the vegetable world, or whether it be an animal exudation. It is not the substance which is carried on their thighs; that is the pollen of plants, with which they feed their young. The wax apparently exudes, as John Hunter has shown, between the scales of their bellies; but I have ventured to suggest a doubt on this point. Much weight however belongs to J. Hunter's *opinion* on this, as on other subjects.—T. A. *Knight.*

And oft ('tis said) they delve beneath the earth,
Hide in worn stones, and hollow trees their birth:
Aid thou their toil! with mud their walls o'erlay,
And lightly shade the roof with leafy spray.
There let no yew its baleful shadow cast, 55
Nor crabs on glowing embers taint the blast;
Far from their roof deep fens that poison breathe,
Thick fogs that float from beds of mud beneath,
Caves from whose depth redoubled echoes rise,
And rock to rock in circling shout replies. 60

Now when the sun beneath the realms of night
Dark winter drives, and spreads the summer light,
The bees from flow'r to flow'r, o'er lawn and wood
Sweep, and light sip the summit of the flood.
Hence with unusual joy in fondling mood 65
Cling to their nests and rear their cherish'd brood,
With wondrous art their waxen toil renew,
And thicken in the hive the honied dew.

Lo! from their cells when swarms through ether stream,
And float at noon along the liquid beam, 70
And on the breeze that rings beneath their flight
Draw out in darkling clouds their airy height,
Mark, where they seek dark grove, or crystal spring,
There the bruised balm and wild cerinthe fling;
And tinklings raise, till echo rings around, 75
And the great mother's clashing cymbals sound:
Soon shall they haunt the medicated seat,
And to their chamber's inmost cells retreat.

55 The yew has always been accounted poisonous; and, in the ninth eclogue, the poet mentions the yews of Corsica as particularly injurious to bees.—*Martyn.*

The Romans were wont to burn crabs to ashes, and used them as a remedy for scalds and burns.—*Warton.*

75 The priests of Cybele, the mother of the gods, used to *beat brazen* drums or cymbals in the sacrifices to that goddess.—*Martyn.*

But if contending factions arm the hive,
When rival kings in doubtful battle strive, 80
Tumultuous crowds the dread event prepare,
And palpitating hearts that beat to war;
Deep brazen peals the lingering crowds excite,
And harsh the voice like trumpets hoarse in fight.
Onward they troop, and, brandishing their wings, 85
Fit their fierce claws, and point their poison'd stings;
Throng to th' imperial tent, their king surround,
Provoke the foe, and loud defiance sound.
At length when spring expands th' unclouded day,
Through opening portals bursts their wing'd array; 90
Fierce clash the clust'ring orbs, air rings around,
Prone from the conflict myriads strow the ground,
Thick as tempestuous hail from summer show'rs,
Or streaming acorns dash'd from oaken bow'rs.
On radiant wings, 'mid either warring band, 95
While boundless souls their little breasts expand:
The kings themselves, unknowing how to yield,
Fight till the victor masters all the field.
Yet at thy will these dreadful conflicts cease,
Throw but a little dust, and all is peace. 100
But when the leaders at thy voice recede,
Slay the weak rival! let the vanquish'd bleed!

86 I believe bees never use their stings in combat with each other. Both bees and wasps seem naturally very peaceably inclined, and are not disposed to attack those who approach their homes, unless commissioned by higher powers. I have stated in my Paper on Bees, that if all intercourse between the wasps which are out of the nest, and those within, be cut off, before any other provocation be given, no injuries will induce the former to attack the invader; they appear to wait for orders.—*T. A. Knight.*

102 I do not believe that any such difference as here described ever exists between the two rival queens of a swarm. Virgil's observations on the management of bees are generally good. The breeding of the bee has much divided the opinion

Slay, ere he waste the hive. Defend the throne,
And let the rightful monarch reign alone.
Doubt you the sov'reign? lo! his golden mail, 105
His stately port, and brightly burnish'd scale:
The vile usurper 'mid a kindred throng
Inglorious trails a length of paunch along.
Such as their kings, the twofold nation view,
These base, of aspect rough, and squalid hue, 110
Like the tired traveller in the summer's day,
Who spits with fiery lip the dust away:
These gaily bright their radiant scales unfold,
Spangled with equal spots, and dropt with gold.
These, the selected race with grateful toil 115
Shall duly yield the sweetness of their spoil.
That pure as sweet delightfully refines
The grape austere, and tames the temper'd wines.
If wavering swarms in ether wildly roam,
Scorn their cold cells, and quit th' unfinish'd comb, 120
Check their vain sport, to peace the state restore,
Pluck off their monarch's wings, the flight is o'er;
No rebel dares beyond the limits stray,
Or pluck the standard from the camp away.
Let gardens, breathing sweets, the bee invite 125
To fix on saffron beds his roving flight;
Priapus there with willow sickle drive
The birds and plunderers from th' intrusted hive;

of naturalists; but it is now, I believe, generally agreed that the queen bee of the swarm lays all the eggs, which, in a contracted cell, make a laborer, in a larger a queen, and in a still larger a drone or male. The facility with which nature changes one kind of bud to another, in plants, in part induces me to adopt this opinion.*—*T. A. Knight.*

127 God of the gardens.

* *See* an interesting article, on Huber on Bees, in the '*Edin*burgh Review,' vol. xi. p. 319.

Bring thou thyself the pine from cliffs sublime,
Plant thou thyself with toil-worn hand the thyme, 130
Set odoriferous shrubs, and fragrant flow'rs,
And freshen, as they bloom, with friendly show'rs.
  Delightful scenes! but now with gather'd sail
I seek the shore, nor trust th' inviting gale;
Else had I sung what toils the garden rear, 135
How twice the Pæstan rose adorns the year,
How endive drinks the rill, how freshly fed
The celery makes the bank a verdant bed,
Gourds into growth swell winding thro' their leaves,
The late-blown flow'r, that round Narcissus weaves;
Nor had I pass'd the lithe acanthus o'er, 141
Pale ivy, or the myrtle-mantled shore.
  Yes, I remember, where Galæsus feeds
Beneath Œbalia's tow'rs the golden meads,
Once I beheld an old Corycian swain; 145
Lord of a spot, in a forsaken plain,
Where never shepherd gave his flock to feed,
Nor Bacchus graced, nor oxen browsed the mead.
There with scant herbs he set the bushy ground,
And planted lilies, vervain, poppies, round; 150
Nor envied kings, when late, at evening's close,
Beneath his peaceful shed he sought repose,
And cull'd from earth, with changeful plenty stored,
With feasts unpurchased his o'erloaded board.

130 The thyme of the ancients is not our common thyme, but known among us under the name of the true thyme of the ancients. To this thyme the Attic honey was indebted for its celebrity, and also the honey of Hybla in Sicily.—*Martyn. Stawell.*

143 A river of Calabria, which flows near Tarentum.

145 Virgil's old gardener may reasonably be supposed to have been one of the inhabitants of Corycus (a mountain and city of Cilicia), whom, after their conquest, Pompey had settled in Calabria, about Tarentum.—Martyn.

At spring-tide first he pluck'd the full-blown rose, 155
From autumn first the ripen'd apple chose;
And still when winter split the rocks with cold,
And chain'd the rapid torrent as it roll'd,
E'en then he cropt th' acanthus' bloomy spray,
Chid the slow sun and zephyr's long delay. 160
Hence first his bees new swarms unnumber'd gave,
And press'd from richest combs the golden wave:
Limes round his haunts diffused a grateful shade,
And verdant pines with many a cone array'd;
And every bud, that gemm'd the vernal spray, 165
Swell'd into fruit beneath th' autumnal ray.
He lofty elms transposed in order placed,
Luxuriant pears at will his alleys graced,
And grafted thorns that blushing plums display'd,
And planes that stretch'd o'er summer feasts their shade. 170

Delightful scenes! in narrow bounds confined,
I leave your charms, to future bards resign'd.

Learn now what natural instincts, gift of heav'n,
To grace the bee great Jove himself has given;
What time the swarms, by clanging cymbals led, 175
In Cretan caves the nurseling Thunderer fed.
They, sole, their town, their race in common rear,
Know their fix'd households, and just laws revere:
Prescient of winter, hoard the rifled spring,
And summer's tribute to the treasury bring. 180
Some, by fix'd league, forsake awhile their home,
And far and wide, to feed the nation, roam;

175 Saturn intended to have devoured the infant Jupiter; to avoid which, he was concealed in Crete, among the Curetes, the clangor of whose brazen arms and cymbals drowned his cries. The bees assisted in feeding the infant god.—*Martyn.*

Form'd of thick gum and pale Narcissus' tear,
Some, in the hive, their new foundations rear;
These, train'd to work, the clinging wax suspend, 185
These to the young, the nation's hope, attend,
These stow pure honey, and unwearied swell
With liquid nectar each o'erflowing cell.
These, at the gate, their station'd vigils keep,
Mark where the clouds collect, the tempests sweep,
Unload the laborer, or, embattled, drive 191
The drone, dull sluggard, from the busy hive:
A nation toils, the work unwearied glows,
And, redolent of thyme, the honey flows.
As when the Cyclops, for the Almighty Sire, 195
Force from the stubborn mass the bolt of fire,
These, gather'd winds thro' laboring bellows urge,
Those, in deep troughs the hissing bars immerge;
Heaved with vast strength their arms in order rise,
And blow to blow in measured chime replies; 200
While with firm tongs they turn the sparkling ore,
And Ætna's caves with ponderous anvils roar.
Not less (if, unreproved, I rightly dare,
Things of low note with mightiest works compare)
The love of gain th' Hymettian swarm inspires, 205
Wakes every wish, and all their ardor fires.

183 The flowers of narcissus, or daffodil, form a cup in the middle. These cups are supposed to contain the tears of the youth Narcissus.

> Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
> And daffodillies fill their cups with tears
> To strew the laureat herse where Lycid lies.
> *Milton's Lycidas.—Martyn.*

185 From the farina of flowers, which undergoes a certain process in the stomachs of the bees, the wax is manufactured. There is remarked a waxy substance on the flowers, to preserve, it would seem, the dust of the anthers from moisture, which would burst them prematurely.—*Stawell.*

191 The drones are the males. They are unprovided with *stings: after fecundation* they are expelled from the hive.

To each his part; age claims th' intrusted care
To rear the palace, and the dome repair;
The young, returning homeward late at night,
Droop with the thyme that loads their wearied flight.
Where'er a willow waves, or arbute grows, 211
Or casia scents the gale, or crocus glows,
Or hyacinth unfolds its purple hue,
Flow'r, shrub, and grove, for them their sweets renew.
At once they labor, and at once repose; 215
Forth from their gates each morn the nation flows,
And when pale twilight, from the rifled mead,
Bids the tired race, o'ercharged with spoil, recede,
They seek their roof, their drooping frame revive,
They come, they crowd, they hum around the hive:
Deep calm succeeds, each laid within his cell, 221
Where sleep and peace without a murmur dwell.
If tempests low'r, or rushing Eurus sound,
Secure they creep their city walls around,
Sip the pure rill that near their portal springs, 225
And bound their wary flight in narrower rings;
And oft with pebbles, like a balanced boat,
Poised, through the air on even pinions float.
Nor shall the bees the less thy wonder move,
That none indulge the joys of mutual love: 230
None waste their strength by amorous toils subdued,
No pangs of labor renovate the brood:
But from sweet herbs they gather all their race,
Kings, and their courts, and waxen realms replace.

226 There is a species of bee, called the mason-bee, that builds its nest against walls, with mortar composed of gravel and sand: this perhaps led Aristotle and others into the error here introduced by the poet.—*Stawell.*

229 Equivocal generation was an error of the ancient naturalists.—*Stawell.*

Oft 'mid hard rocks their wand'ring wings they bruise, 235
And oft their lives beneath the burden lose;
Such their fond zeal that every flower explores,
And glorious strife to swell their golden stores.
Hence, though harsh fate, when sev'n fleet summers end,
At once their labors and their lives suspend, 240
The race and realm from age to age remain,
And time but lengthens with new links the chain.
Not Lydia's sons, nor Parthia's peopled shore,
Mede or Egyptian thus their king adore.
He lives, and pours through all th' accordant soul;
He dies, and by his death dissolves the whole: 246
They, they themselves their wondrous fabric tear,
Scatter their combs, and waste in wild despair.
He guards their works, his look deep rev'rence draws;
Crowds swarm on crowds, and hum their loud applause, 250
Bear 'mid the press of battle on their wing,
And, proud to perish, die around their king.
Hence, to the bee some sages have assign'd
A portion of the God, and heavenly mind;
For God goes forth, and spreads throughout the whole,
Heaven, earth, and sea, the universal soul; 256
Each at its birth, from him all beings share,
Both man and brute, the breath of vital air;
To him return, and, loosed from earthly chain,
Fly whence they sprung, and rest in God again, 260

243 Lydia, a region of Asia Minor. Parthia, a region of Asia, whose people are reported to have been so submissive to their king, as to kiss his foot, and to touch the ground with their mouths on approaching him.—*Martyn.*

259 According to Plutarch it was the opinion of Pythagoras and Plato that the soul did not die, but that when it left the body *it returned to* the kindred soul of the universe.

Spurn at the grave, and, fearless of decay,
Dwell in high heaven, and star th' ethereal way.
  But if thy search their sacred realm explore,
And from their treasures draw the honey'd store,
With spirted water damp their ready wing,
And veil'd in clouds of smoke elude the sting.
The swarm twice labors, twice the harvest swells,
First when fair Pleias the scorn'd sea repels,
And beams o'er earth, or down th' aërial steep,
When her pale ray sinks mournful in the deep.
The injured swarms with rage insatiate glow,
Barb every shaft and poison every blow,
Deem life itself to vengeance well resign'd,
Die on the wound, and leave their stings behind.
  But if bleak winter's dearth thy fears create,
Or rouse thy pity for their ruin'd state,
With thymy odors scent their smoking halls,
And pare th' unpeopled cells that load their walls.
There oft, unseen, insidious lizards prey,
The beetle there that flies the light of day,
There feasts th' unbidden drone, there ring th' alarms
Of hornets battling with unequal arms,
Dire gnaws the moth, and o'er their portals spread
The spider watches her aërial thread.
The more exhausted, still the more they strive,
To renovate the race, and store the hive;
Contending myriads urge exhaustless powers,
Fill every cell, and crowd the comb with flowers.

The stoics thought the souls of the ignorant perished wit their bodies; and that those of the wise endured till the co flagration. Democritus and Epicurus were of opinion th the soul and body died together: Pythagoras and Plato hel that the irrational part perished, but not the rational; th soul being (though not God himself) yet the work of th *eternal God.—Martyn.*

But (since dread ills both bees and man molest)
If e'er disease the languid hive infest, 290
A horrid leanness the dread sign displays,
Their vigor wastes away, their hue decays:
The dead are carried forth, and sad and slow
The long procession swells the pomp of woe;
Or round the doors they cling with pensile feet, 295
Or all lie loitering in their dark retreat,
Their drooping pinions, weak with famine, close,
Or, shrunk with cold, their torpid limbs repose.
Then long-drawn hums wind on from cell to cell,
Like gales that murmur down the woodland dell, 300
Or ebbing waves that roll along the shore,
Or flames that in the furnace inly roar.
Then round the hive in many a smoky wreath,
Let burning galbanum rich incense breathe,
Through reedy channels pour the honey'd flood, 305
Lure their coy taste, and court with tempting food.
There the dried rose and pounded galls combine,
There by slow fires matured the thicken'd wine,
There the strong centaury's reviving pow'r,
The Psythian grape, and thyme's odorous flow'r. 310
In fields there grows a flow'r of pastoral fame,
Amellus, so the shepherds call its name;
Sprung from one root its stalk profusely spread,
A golden circle glitters on its head,
But many a leaf with purple violet crown'd 315
Throws a soft shade the yellow disk around.
Tho' rough to taste, it wreaths with flow'rs the fane,
And tempts by Mella's stream the shepherd swain.

309 This herb was so called from the centaur Chiron, who was said to have been cured by that herb of a wound accidentally inflicted by an arrow of Hercules.—*Martyn.*

312 The plant here described is the aster Atticus, or purple Italian *starwort.—Martyn.*

Seethe in rich wine its roots, and, oft renew'd,
High pile before their gates th' alluring food.
  But should the nation fail, none left alive
To rear the brood and renovate the hive;
Now shall my song, 'tis now the time, explain
The great discovery of th' Arcadian swain;
How art creates, and can at will restore
Swarms from the slaughter'd bull's corrupted gore.
My song at large the legend shall embrace,
And to its fountain-head the whole retrace.
By bless'd Canopus, where th' exulting land
Sees the vast Nile her stagnate bed expand,
And painted gallies float the fields around;
And where nigh quiver'd Persia's neighboring bound
The flood's dark slime from tawny India glides,
Green Egypt feeds and parts its seven-mouth'd tides.
All on this art rely. Provide a place,
Where four close walls a low pitch'd roof embrace,
And from each wind that, fourfold, heaven divides,
Through adverse lights where day obliquely glides,
There drag a bullock, on whose threat'ning brow
His horns, a two years' crescent, aim the blow.

329 Canopus is the west angle of the triangular Delta of Egypt: Pelusium is the east angle, where it presses on Persia (including under that name the countries conquered by Cyrus and Cambyses). Canopus, so called from the pilot of Menelaus who died there: called Pellæan, from its vicinity to Alexandria, founded by Alexander, born at Pella in Macedonia.—*Stawell.*

339 Varro says that the bees are called bull-born (βουγενεῖς), because they proceed from putrid oxen. In the fourteenth chapter of Judges we read that Samson, after having rent a lion, 'turned aside to see the carcase of the lion, and behold there was a swarm of bees, and honey in the carcase of the lion.' The mother bee chooses putrid bodies to lay her eggs in, that the fermenting juices may help to hatch them.—*Martyn. Stawell.*

In vain his struggling limbs their power oppose,
While the strong hinds his mouth and nostrils close,
And bruising, blow by blow, the mass within,
Crush the burst entrails through th' unbroken skin.
And there immured, beneath his carcase spread 345
Thyme, and the recent casia's leafy bed.
Be these prepared, when zephyrs first impel
The vernal water's undulating swell,
Ere flowrets blush on earth's enamell'd breast,
Or swallows twitter in their rafter'd nest. 350
Meanwhile the moisture with fermenting strife
Boils in the tender bones, and teems with life;
First on the sight, all wondrous to behold,
Forms without feet a shapeless growth unfold,
Now buzz upon the wing, and burst amain, 355
Countless as drops from summer's streaming rain,
Or arrows whizzing from the Parthian bow
That, preluding the fight, o'ercloud the foe.
Say, Muse, what god this art to mortals brought,
Or man first practised, by experience taught? 360
From Tempe's vale when Aristæus fled,
His swarms by long disease and famine dead,
At Peneus' fount he stood, and, bow'd with woe,
Breathed his deep murmurs to the nymph below:
'Cyrene! thou, whom these fair springs revere, 365
The sorrows of thy son, O mother! hear:

363 The river Peneus rises in Pindus, a mountain of Thessaly, and flows through the vale of Tempe.

365 Virgil makes Cyrene the daughter of Peneus; but Pindar, in the ninth Pythian ode, makes her the daughter of Hypseus, king of the Lapithæ, son of the Naiad Creusa, by Peneus. Her delight was to hunt wild beasts. Apollo was enamored of her, and carried her into Africa, where she was delivered of Aristæus, and gave her name to the celebrated city Cyrene.—*Martyn.*

Why, (such thy boast) if Heaven my lineage claim,
And Phœbus grace me with a father's name,
Why didst thou bring this baleful birth to light,
Why lost thy love, why urge to heaven my flight!
E'en the frail honors of this earthly state,
Scarce wrung by labor from reluctant fate,
Vain boast of cultured fruit and tended kine,
These, parent goddess, I, thy son, resign.
Haste, thou thyself, my prosperous woods uproot,
Burn my full stalls, destroy my ripening fruit,
Fell my rich vineyards, wrap my fields in flame,
If thus thou loathe the praise that graced my name.'
Deep in the chambers of the stream profound
Cyrene heard the melancholy sound,
While by her side, the nymphs, a sister train,
Wound the Milesian fleece of azure grain.
Phyllodoce, Thalia, Spio, there
O'er their white bosoms spread their gòlden hair;
There chaste Cydippe, there Lycorias came,
A virgin this, this own'd a mother's name;
There Clio, Beroe, both of ocean born,
Gold wreathes their limbs, and painted skins adorn;
There Deiopeia, and, her bow unstrung,
Fleet Arethuse reposed the choir among.
Gay Clymene there sung, how vainly strove
The god of fire against the frauds of love;
How Mars and Venus mix'd the stol'n embrace,
And all the wiles of Saturn's amorous race.
While the rapt nymphs, enchanted with the sound,
The silver fleeces from their distaffs wound,
Cyrene heard again her offspring groan,
Each nereid started on her glassy throne,

391 This story of the amour of Mars and Venus is sung b
Demodocus in the eighth book of the Odyssey.

And Arethusa, foremost of the train,
Raised her fair face above the billowy main. 400
'Ah! not in vain,' she cries, 'that groan appals;
Cyrene! thee, thy Aristæus calls,
O'er kindred Peneus bends his drooping frame,
And loads with cruelty a mother's name.'
Wild with unusual fear, Cyrene cried: 405
'Hither, O hither, nymph! the mourner guide;
He, unreproved, may touch this hallow'd seat.'
She spoke, and bade the billows far retreat:
O'er him the curving wave, a mountain, stood,
Its mighty bosom oped, and arch'd the flood. 410
Onward he went along her vast domain,
Through opening wonders of the watery reign,
And awe-struck at the rolling of the waves,
Hoarse-thundering groves, and lakes engulf'd in caves.
'Mid the foundations of the world below, 415
Each in its source, beheld the rivers flow,
Phasis, and Lycus, and the secret head,
Whence bold Enipeus' bursting waters spread,

411 This descent of Aristæus seems founded on an ancient superstition of the Egyptians. On certain days, as Servius observes, sacred to the Nile, some boys, born of holy parents, were delivered to the nymphs by the priests. When they were grown up, and returned back, they related that there were groves under the earth, and an immense water containing all things, and from which every thing is procreated. Whence, according to Thales, the ocean is the source of all things. Plato supposed all rivers to arise from a great cavern, the Barathrum and Tartarus of the poets.—*Stawell.*

417 Phasis and Lycus, rivers in Armenia, which fall into the Euxine. Enipeus, a river of Thessaly. Anio, a river of Italy. Hypanis, a river of Scythia. The Caïcus rises in Mysia. The Eridanus (Po) soon after its source, flows through the vale of Piedmont, and afterwards traverses all the rich vale of Lombardy.—*Stawell.*

Whence Tiber fills his urn, whence Anio glides,
Whence rocky Hypanis' resounding tides, 420
Caïcus swift, and, awful to behold,
Grim-visaged like a bull, with horns of gold,
Eridanus, that feeds the richest plain,
And swells with fiercest flood th' empurpled main.
Now when Cyrene heard his fruitless woe, 425
Where fretted pumice arch'd the cave below,
The sister nymphs the smooth shorn napkins bring,
And cleansing water from their native spring;
These pile the banquet, crown the cups with wine,
And with Panchean flames illume the shrine. 430
'My son, these bowls, Mæonian vintage, take,
To Ocean first the due libation make;
Hail, sire, primeval; hail, ye sister train!
Who o'er a thousand woods and rivers reign!'
The hearth thrice flow'd with wine, the roof thrice blazed: 435
Cheer'd at the sign, her voice Cyrene raised.
'Son, in Carpathia's gulf a seer resides,
Proteus, who cleaves with finny steeds the tides;

431 Strabo mentions a country called Catacecaumene, which is otherwise called Mysia and Mæonia, and was remarkable for affording no other tree than that sort of vine from which the celebrated Catacecaumenian wine is obtained. —*Martyn.*

437 Carpathia, now called Scarpanto, is an island of the Mediterranean, over against Egypt, from which the neighboring sea was called Carpathian.—*Martyn.*

Ancient history is doubtful on the subject of Proteus. Homer makes him an Egyptian; Herodotus, a king of that country. Sir Isaac Newton, finding him a contemporary with Amenophis or Memnon, supposes him to have governed some part of Lower Egypt in the absence of the sovereign. The poets have made him a sea-god, and servant to Neptune. This whole fable of Proteus is an imitation of the fourth

He now revisiting Æmathia's port,
Pallene seeks, his native loved resort: 440
We and hoar Nereus' self, his prescience own,
By him all past, all present, future, known;
So Neptune wills: whose herd, a monstrous train,
Safe in his guidance feeds beneath the main.
Bind him in chains, then bid the god disclose 445
Whence first began, and what shall soothe thy woes.
Presents nor prayers can move his stubborn soul,
Constraint must tame and violence control;
Alone he yields beneath the galling chain,
And, captive, tries each varied art in vain. 450
I, I myself, when noontide burns the blade,
And cattle pant beneath th' o'erhanging shade,
Will guide thy step, where wearied from the wave,
The prophet slumbers in his inmost cave;
There safely seize, there closely chain'd pursue 455
Shape after shape that changeful mocks thy view.
Now bristles like a boar his horrent crest,
Now a fierce tiger springs upon thy breast,
Or wreathes in dragon folds his scaly train,
Or like a lion shakes his brindled mane: 460
The crackling fire shall now thy grasp betray,
Or a wave glide in liquid lapse away.
The more each monstrous form the seer belies,
More closely fetter in each new disguise,
Till the tired god, through every change pursued, 465
Resume the shape he wore when first by sleep subdued.'
She spoke, and all the air with odor fill'd,
And o'er her son ambrosial dew distill'd;

book of the Odyssey, where Homer represents Menelaus consulting this deity, by the advice and with the assistance of his own daughter Eidothea.—*Martyn.*

440 Pallene, a peninsula of Macedon.

Wide from his wavy tresses fragrance flow'd,
And in each limb diffusive vigor glow'd. 470
Deep in the mountain spreads a spacious cave
By driving tempests worn with frequent wave,
Where oft embosom'd in the winding bay,
Safe from the storm the shelter'd vessel lay:
There, where a rock's vast bulk the godhead hides, 475
The nymph her son in ambush'd darkness guides,
Herself in clouds far off: 'twas now the time
When Sirius burnt swart India's thirsty clime;
'Twas when the blade was parch'd, and noon of day
Drain'd the slow streams, that work'd through ooze their way: 480
When Proteus, sea-worn, sought his wonted cave,
And round him roll'd the monsters of the wave,
In awkward gambols dash'd the briny spray,
Then stretch'd along the strand in slumber lay.
He, as a mountain swain, when Hesper leads 485
His flock returning from the twilight meads,
And the rous'd wolf the distant bleat pursues,
Sits on the cliff, and all his charge reviews.
The time invites: while Proteus bends to rest,
The youth impatient springs upon his breast, 490
Binds with loud clamor, as he writhes in vain,
And closely fetters with triumphant chain.
Yet, not forgetful of his art, the sire,
In wondrous change of monster, flood, and fire,
Strove to elude th' indissoluble yoke, 495
Then rose in human form, and sternly spoke:
'Rash youth! what frenzy urged thy impious feet
To rush unbidden on my lone retreat?'
'Proteus, full well thou know'st,' the youth replies
'Vain were the hope to blind thy searching eyes: 500
As vain thy strife; by Heaven's directing will,
I claim relief from thy prophetic skill.'

He said, and, fill'd with fate, the struggling sire
Roll'd his blue eyes that flash'd indignant fire;
From his pale lip reluctant accents broke, 505
Loud gnash'd his teeth, and thus the prophet spoke:
'Great is thy guilt; on thy devoted head
Indignant gods no common vengeance shed;
Thee, hapless Orpheus, if no fate oppose,
Dooms, for his ravish'd bride to unjust woes. 510
When urg'd by thee the nymph in wild affright,
By the deep river sped her headlong flight;
She saw not, doom'd to die, where, cross her way,
Couch'd in the grass, th' enormous hydra lay.
But they, the dryad choirs, their sister dead, 515
O'er Rhodope's high mounts their clamor spread,
Pangæa, Getæ, Orithyia wept,
And woe down Thrace and plaintive Hebrus swept.
He, lonely, on his harp, 'mid wilds unknown,
Sooth'd his sad love with music's melting tone: 520
Thee sung, sweet bride! with unreposing lay,
Thee first at dawn deplored, thee last at close of day.
For thee he pass'd the lofty gates of hell,
Trod in dark groves, where gloomiest horrors dwell,
Sought death's dread king, and shades that sweep below, 525
And hearts insensible to human woe.
Drawn by his song from Erebus profound,
Pale spectres and dark phantoms flock around,
Countless as birds that fill the leafy bow'r
Beneath late eve, or winter's driving show'r. 530

509 The son of Œagrus, a king, or, according to Servius, a river of Thrace.

517 Rhodope and Pangæus, mountains of Thrace. Getæ, inhabitants of the banks of the Danube. Hebrus, a river of Thrace. Orithyia, daughter of Erechtheus, king of Athens, was carried away by Boreas.

Matrons and sires, and unaffianced maids,
Forms of bold warriors and heroic shades,
Youths and pale infants laid upon the pyre,
While their fond parents saw th' ascending fire:
All whom the squalid reeds and sable mud 535
Of slow Cocytus' unrejoicing flood,
All whom the Stygian lake's dark confine bounds,
And with nine circles maze in maze surrounds.
On him, astonish'd Death and Tartarus gazed,
Their viper hair the wond'ring Furies raised: 540
Grim Cerberus stood, his triple jaws half closed,
And fix'd in air Ixion's wheel reposed.
'And now his foot had ev'ry peril fled,
And now his bride, recover'd from the dead,
Had pass'd to upper air, his path behind, 545
Such the fix'd law by Proserpine enjoin'd,
When, seized with frenzy—such might love atone,
And hell had pardon'd, had hell pardon known,
He stopp'd, and, ah! forgetful, weak of mind,
Cast, as she reach'd the light, one look behind. 550
Hell's ruthless league is broke, all hope is o'er,
Thrice groans of horror shook th' Avernian shore.
''Alas! what fates our hapless love divide!
What frenzy, Orpheus, tears thee from thy bride!
Again I sink; a voice resistless calls, 555
Lo! on my swimming eye cold slumber falls.
Now, now farewell! deep darkness clouds me o'er,
Now while I stretch towards thee arms, ah! thine no more.'—
She spoke, and from his gaze for ever fled,
Swift as dissolving smoke through ether spread, 560
Nor more beheld him, while he fondly strove
To catch her shade, and breathe repeated love.

542 Ixion, for attempting to violate Juno, was condemned *to perpetual* rotation on a wheel in hell.

Deaf to his pray'r, no more stern Charon gave
To cross the Stygian lake's forbidden wave.
What should he do? where, dead to hope, reside? 565
Bereft of joy, and doubly lost his bride;
How? By what tears, what prayers, the gods allay?
Now shivering in the bark her spirit swam away.—
'For sev'n long months beneath th' aërial cave
He mourn'd, 'tis said, by Strymon's lonely wave; 570
With melting melodies the beasts subdued,
And drew around his harp the list'ning wood.
Thus Philomel, beneath the poplar spray,
Mourns her lost brood untimely snatch'd away,
Whom some rough hind, that watch'd her fost'ring nest, 575
Tore yet unfledged from the maternal breast:
She, on the bough, all night her plaint pursues,
Fills the far woods with woe, and each sad note renews.
No earthly charms had pow'r his soul to move,
No second hymeneal lured to love. 580
'Mid climes where Tanais freezes as it flows,
'Mid deserts hoary with Rhipæan snows,
Lone roam'd the bard, his ravish'd bride deplored,
And the vain gift of hell's relenting lord.
Scorn'd Thracia's dames, 'mid orgies of their god, 585
O'er their wide plains his mangled body strow'd.
Then from his marble neck, untimely torn,
While roll'd his head down whirling Hebrus borne,
His last, last voice, his tongue, now cold in death,
Still named Eurydice with parting breath; 590
'Ah! lost Eurydice!' his spirit sigh'd,
And all the rocks Eurydice replied.'—

570 A river of Macedon.
581 *The Tanais, or* Don, flows into the lake Mæotis, and *divides Europe from* Asia.

Thus Proteus spoke, and with impetuous bound
Plunged 'mid the waves that foam'd in eddies round.
Not thus Cyrene: 'Son! thy cares are o'er, 595
Cease thy vain fears, and heave the sigh no more!
Clear is the cause; the nymphs that loved the maid,
Their sportful partner in the woodland shade,
Laid waste thy hive; thou, bend with suppliant strain,
Woo with rich gifts, and soothe to peace again; 600
Soon will th' indulgent dryads cease their rage,
And solemn rites their yielding souls assuage.
Four beauteous bulls that on Lycæus feed,
Four heifers choose that range untamed the mead;
Before the nymphs' high shrines four altars rear, 605
And slaughter there each consecrated steer;
Then leave the victims welt'ring in their blood
To waste unseen beneath th' umbrageous wood.
On the ninth dawn to Orpheus poppies strow,
And soothe with sable sheep his shade below; 610
A votive heifer to his bride be slain,
Then seek, with hope revived, the grove again.'—
The youth obey'd her voice; the nymphs revered,
Before their shrines th' appointed altars rear'd;
Four beauteous bulls from green Lycæus drew, 615
Four untamed heifers on the altars slew,
With solemn offerings soothed th' Orphean shade,
And, the ninth dawn, explored th' umbrageous glade.
Oh, wondrous sight! from every bruised pore
Dissolving entrails and fermenting gore, 620
Buzz the wing'd bees, and trail in clouds their flight,
On topmost trees in confluent crowds unite,
And from the bending boughs on high suspend
Swarms that like clust'ring grapes to earth descend.
While thus I sing of trees, and flocks, and fields, 625
Great Cæsar, thundering, war o'er Euphrat wields,

Victor o'er willing realms his law extends,
And from the world to opening heav'n ascends.
I, VIRGIL, then, 'mid Naples' syren bow'rs,
In ease inglorious nursed my studious hours, 630
I, whose bold youth the pastoral strain essay'd,
And sung thee, Tityrus, in the beechen shade.

626 These lines prove that Virgil, as long as he lived, ceased not to polish the Georgics. In the year before Virgil's death, Augustus Cæsar compelled Phraates, on the banks of the Euphrates, to restore the eagles which the Parthians had conquered from Crassus, and received the voluntary submission of the neighboring nations.

631 According to Servius, Virgil was twenty-eight years old when he wrote his Eclogues.

THE ÆNEID.

TRANSLATED BY

JOHN DRYDEN, ESQ.

DEDICATION.

TO THE MOST HONORABLE JOHN, LORD MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, EARL OF MULGRAVE, &C. AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

A HEROIC poem, truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work, which the soul of man is capable to perform. The design of it is to form the mind to heroic virtue by example. It is conveyed in verse, that it may delight, while it instructs: the action of it is always one, intire, and great. The least and most trivial episodes or under-actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either necessary or convenient to carry on the main design; either so necessary, that without them the poem must be imperfect, or so convenient, that no others can be imagined more suitable to the place in which they are. There is nothing to be left void in a firm building; even the cavities ought not to be filled with rubbish (which is of a perishable kind, destructive to the strength), but with brick or stone, though of less pieces, yet of the same nature, and fitted to the crannies. Even the least portions of them must be of the epic kind: all things must be grave, majestical, and sublime; nothing of a foreign nature, like the trifling novels, which Ariosto and others have inserted in their poems; by which the reader is misled into another sort of pleasure, opposite to that which is designed in an epic poem. One raises the soul, and hardens it to virtue; the other softens it again, and unbends it into vice. One conduces to the poet's aim, the completing of his work, which he is driving on, laboring and hastening in every line; the other slackens his pace, diverts him from his way, and locks him up like a knight-errant in an enchanted castle, when he should be pursuing his first adventure. Statius, as Bossu has well observed, was ambitious of trying his strength with his master Virgil, as Virgil had before tried his with Homer. The

Grecian gave the two Romans an example, in the games which were celebrated at the funerals of Patroclus. Virgil imitated the invention of Homer, but changed the sports. But both the Greek and Latin poet took their occasions from the subject; though, to confess the truth, they were both ornamental, or at best, convenient parts of it, rather than of necessity arising from it. Statius—who, through his whole poem, is noted for want of conduct and judgment—instead of staying, as he might have done, for the death of Capaneus, Hippomedon, Tydeus, or some other of his seven champions (who are heroes all alike), or more properly for the tragical end of the two brothers, whose exequies the next successor had leisure to perform when the siege was raised, and in the interval betwixt the poet's first action and his second—went out of his way, as it were on prepense malice, to commit a fault: for he took his opportunity to kill a royal infant by the means of a serpent (that author of all evil), to make way for those funeral honors which he intended for him. Now, if this innocent had been of any relation to his Thebaïs—if he had either farthered or hindered the taking of the town—the poet might have found some sorry excuse at least, for detaining the reader from the promised siege. On these terms, this Capaneus of a poet engaged his two immortal predecessors; and his success was answerable to his enterprise.

If this economy must be observed in the minutest parts of an epic poem, which, to a common reader, seem to be detached from the body, and almost independent of it, what soul, though sent into the world with great advantages of nature, cultivated with the liberal arts and sciences, conversant with histories of the dead, and enriched with observations on the living, can be sufficient to inform the whole body of so great a work? I touch here but transiently, without any strict method, on some few of those many rules of imitating nature, which Aristotle drew from Homer's Iliads and Odysseys, and which he fitted to the drama; furnishing himself also with observations from the practice of the theatre, when it florished under Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles: for the original of the stage was from the epic poem. *Narration*, doubtless, preceded acting, and gave laws to it: *what at first* was told artfully, was, in process of time, re-

presented gracefully to the sight and hearing. Those episodes of Homer, which were proper for the stage, the poets amplified each into an action: out of his limbs they formed their bodies: what he had contracted, they enlarged: out of one Hercules were made infinity of pigmies; yet all endued with human souls: for from him, their great creator, they have each of them the 'divinæ particulam auræ.' They flowed from him at first, and are at last resolved into him. Nor were they only animated by him, but their measure and symmetry were owing to him. His one, intire, and great action was copied by them according to the proportions of the drama. If he finished his orb within the year, it sufficed to teach them, that, their action being less, and being also less diversified with incidents, their orb, of consequence, must be circumscribed in a less compass, which they reduced within the limits either of a natural or an artificial day; so that, as he taught them to amplify what he had shortened—by the same rule applied the contrary way, he taught them to shorten what he had amplified. Tragedy is the miniature of human life; an epic poem is the draught at length. Here, my lord, I must contract also; for, before I was aware, I was almost running into a long digression, to prove that there is no such absolute necessity that the time of a stage-action should so strictly be confined to twenty-four hours, as never to exceed them, for which Aristotle contends and the Grecian stage has practised. Some longer space, on some occasions, I think, may be allowed, especially for the English theatre, which requires more variety of incidents than the French. Corneille himself, after long practice, was inclined to think that the time allotted by the ancients was too short to raise and finish a great action: and better a mechanic rule were stretched or broken, than a great beauty were omitted. To raise, and afterwards to calm, the passions—to purge the soul from pride by the examples of human miseries which befall the greatest—in few words, to expel arrogance, and introduce compassion, are the great effects of tragedy; great, I must confess, if they were altogether as true as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours' warning? are radical diseases so suddenly removed? A mountebank may promise such a cure; but a *skilful physician* will not undertake it. An epic poem is

not so much in haste: it works leisurely; the changes which it makes are slow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be lasting. If it be answered, that for this reason tragedies are often to be seen, and the dose to be repeated; this is tacitly to confess that there is more virtue in one heroic poem than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chymical medicines are observed to relieve oftener than to cure: for it is the nature of spirits to make swift impressions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare an epic poem, have more of body in them; they work by their substance and their weight. It is one reason of Aristotle's to prove that tragedy is the more noble, because it turns in a shorter compass; the whole action being circumscribed within the space of four-and-twenty hours. He might prove as well that a mushroom is to be preferred before a peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a night. A chariot may be driven round the pillar in less space than a large machine, because the bulk is not so great. Is the Moon a more noble planet than Saturn, because she makes her revolution in less than thirty days, and he in little less than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their several magnitudes; and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or less perfection. And besides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epic poem, where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice punished; and those more amply treated, than the narrowness of the drama can admit? The shining quality of an epic hero, his magnanimity, his constancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteristical virtue his poet gives him, raises first our admiration. We are naturally prone to imitate what we admire; and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious, as for example, the choler and obstinate desire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is instructive: and, besides, we are informed in the very proposition of the Iliads that this anger was pernicious; that it brought a thousand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is proposed to imitation, not his pride and disobedience to his general, nor his *brutal cruelty* to his dead enemy, nor the selling his body to

ı father. We abhor these actions while we read them; and ıat we abhor we never imitate. The poet only shows ɜm, like rocks or quicksands, to be shunned.

By this example the critics have concluded that it is not cessary the manners of the hero should be virtuous. They ɜ poetically good, if they are of a piece: though, where a aracter of perfect virtue is set before us, it is more lovely; : there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the Æneas our author: this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem ıich painters and statuaries have only in their minds, and ıich no hands are able to express. These are the beauties 'a god in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is awn in tragedy, he is taken with those warts, and moles, ıd hard features, by those who represent him on the stage, he is no more Achilles; for his creator Homer has so deribed him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, ough an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him ter Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the stage with l those imperfections. Therefore they are either not faults ı a heroic poem, or faults common to the drama. After all, ı the whole merits of the cause, it must be acknowleged ıat the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for ıe passions. The passions, as I have said, are violent: and ɜute distempers require medicines of a strong and speedy peration. Ill habits of the mind are, like chronical diseases, ı be corrected by degrees, and cured by alterratives: wherein, ıough purges are sometimes necessary, yet diet, good air, ıd moderate exercise, have the greatest part. The matter ɜing thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of poetry are f use for their proper ends. The stage is more active: the pic poem works at greater leisure, yet is active too, when ɜed requires: for dialogue is imitated by the drama, from ıe more active parts of it. One puts off a fit, like the quinquina,' and relieves us only for a time; the other roots ıt the distemper, and gives a healthful habit. The sun enghtens and cheers us, dispels fogs, and warms the ground ith his daily beams; but the corn is sowed, increases, is pened, and is reaped for use in process of time, and in its roper season. I proceed, from the greatness of the action, ı the dignity of the actors: I mean to the persons employed ı both poems. *There likewise* tragedy will be seen to bor-

row from the epopee; and that which borrows is always of less dignity, because it has not of its own. A subject, it is true, may lend to his sovereign: but the act of borrowing makes the king inferior, because he wants, and the subject supplies. And suppose the persons of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention, because it was first, and Homer the common father of the stage. I know not of any one advantage which tragedy can boast above heroic poetry, but that it is represented to the view, as well as read, and instructs in the closet as well as in the theatre. This is an uncontended excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative; yet I may be allowed to say, without partiality, that herein the actors share the poet's praise. Your lordship knows some modern tragedies which are beautiful on the stage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. 'Tryphon the stationer' complains they are seldom asked for in his shop. The poet who florished in the scene, is damned in the 'ruelle;' nay more, he is not esteemed a good poet by those who see and hear his extravagances with delight. They are a sort of stately fustian, and lofty childishness. Nothing but nature can give a sincere pleasure: where that is not imitated, it is grotesque painting: 'the fine woman ends in a fish's tail.'

I might also add, that many things which not only please, but are real beauties in the reading, would appear absurd on the stage; and those not only the 'speciosa miracula,' as Horace calls them, of transformations, of Scylla, Antiphates, and the Læstrygons, which cannot be represented even in operas; but the prowess of Achilles or Æneas would appear ridiculous in our dwarf-heroes of the theatre. We can believe they routed armies, in Homer or in Virgil; but 'ne Hercules contra duos' in the drama. I forbear to instance in many things, which the stage cannot or ought not to represent; for I have said already more than I intended on this subject, and should fear it might be turned against me, that I plead for the pre-eminence of epic poetry because I have taken some pains in translating Virgil, if this were the first time that I had delivered my opinion in this dispute. But I have more than once already maintained the rights of my two *masters* against their rivals of the scene, even while I wrote

tragedies myself, and had no thoughts of this present undertaking. I submit my opinion to your judgment, who are better qualified than any man I know to decide this controversy. You come, my lord, instructed in the cause, and needed not that I should open it. Your Essay of Poetry, which was published without a name, and of which I was not honored with the confidence, I read over and over with much delight, and as much instruction; and—without flattering you, or making myself more moral than I am—not without some envy. I was loath to be informed how an epic poem should be written, or how a tragedy should be contrived and managed, in better verse, and with more judgment, than I could teach others. A native of Parnassus, and bred up in the studies of its fundamental laws, may receive new lights from his contemporaries; but it is a grudging kind of praise which he gives his benefactors. He is more obliged than he is willing to acknowlege: there is a tincture of malice in his commendations; for where I own I am taught, I confess my want of knowlege. A judge on the bench may, out of good-nature, or at least interest, encourage the pleadings of a puny counsellor; but he does not willingly commend his brother serjeant at the bar, especially when he controls his law, and exposes that ignorance which is made sacred by his place. I gave the unknown author his due commendation, I must confess: but who can answer for me, and for the rest of the poets who heard me read the poem, whether we should not have been better pleased to have seen our own names at the bottom of the title-page? Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might seem to be above the censure. We are naturally displeased with an unknown critic, as the ladies are with a lampooner, because we are bitten in the dark, and know not where to fasten our revenge. But great excellences will work their way through all sorts of opposition. I applauded rather out of decency than affection; and was ambitious, as some yet can witness, to be acquainted with a man, with whom I had the honor to converse, and that almost daily, for so many years together. Heaven knows if I have heartily forgiven you this deceit. You extorted a praise, which I should willingly have given, had I known you. Nothing had been more easy than to commend a patron of a long *standing*. The world would join with me, if the enco-

miums were just; and, if unjust, would excuse a grateful flatterer. But to come anonymous on me, and force me to commend you against my interest, was not altogether so fair, give me leave to say, as it was politic: for, by concealing your quality, you might clearly understand how your work succeeded, and that the general approbation was given to your merit, not your titles. Thus, like Apelles, you stood unseen behind your own Venus, and received the praises of the passing multitude: the work was commended, not the author: and I doubt not this was one of the most pleasing adventures of your life.

I have detained your lordship longer than I intended in this dispute of preference betwixt the epic poem and the drama, and yet have not formally answered any of the arguments which are brought by Aristotle on the other side, and set in the fairest light by Dacier. But I suppose, without looking on the book, I may have touched on some of the objections: for, in this address to your lordship, I design not a treatise of heroic poetry, but write in a loose epistolary way, somewhat tending to that subject, after the example of Horace, in his first epistle of the second book to Augustus Cæsar, and in that to the Pisos, which we call his Art of Poetry; in both of which he observes no method that I can trace, whatever Scaliger the father, or Heinsius, may have seen, or rather think they had seen. I have taken up, laid down, and resumed as often as I pleased, the same subject: and this loose proceeding I shall use through all this prefatory dedication. Yet all this while I have been sailing with some side-wind or other toward the point I proposed in the beginning; the greatness and excellency of a heroic poem, with some of the difficulties which attend that work. The comparison, therefore, which I made betwixt the epopee and the tragedy was not altogether a digression; for it is concluded on all hands that they are both the master-pieces of human wit.

In the mean time, I may be bold to draw this corollary from what has been already said, that the file of heroic poets is very short: all are not such who have assumed that lofty title in ancient or modern ages, or have been so esteemed by their partial and ignorant admirers.

There have been but one great Ilias, and one Æneïs, in so

many ages. The next, but the next with a long interval betwixt, was the Jerusalem: I mean not so much in distance of time as in excellency. After these three are entered some lord chamberlain should be appointed, some critic of authority should be set before the door, to keep out a crowd of little poets who press for admission, and are not of quality. Mævius would be deafening your lordship's ears with his

Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum——

mere fustian, as Horace would tell you from behind, without pressing forward, and more smoke than fire. Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto, would cry out, 'Make room for the Italian poets, the descendants of Virgil in a right line:' Father Le Moine, with his Saint Louis: and Scudery, with his Alaric, for a godly king and a Gothic conqueror; and Chapelain would take it ill that his 'Maid' should be refused a place with Helen and Lavinia. Spenser has a better plea for his Fairy Queen, had his action been finished, or had been one; and Milton, if the devil had not been his hero, instead of Adam; if the giant had not foiled the knight, and driven him out of his stronghold, to wander through the world with his lady-errant; and if there had not been more machining persons than human in his poem. After these, the rest of our English poets shall not be mentioned. I have that honor for them which I ought to have; but, if they are worthies, they are not to be ranked amongst the three whom I have named, and who are established in their reputation.

Before I quitted the comparison betwixt epic poetry and tragedy, I should have acquainted my judge with one advantage of the former over the latter, which I now casually remember out of the preface of Segrais, before his translation of the Æneis, or out of Bossu, no matter which: 'the style of the heroic poem is, and ought to be, more lofty than that of the drama.' The critic is certainly in the right, for the reason already urged: the work of tragedy is on the passions, and in a dialogue: both of them abhor strong metaphors, in which the epopee delights. A poet cannot speak too plainly on the stage: for 'volat irrevocabile verbum;' the sense is lost, if it be not taken flying. But what we read alone we have leisure to digest: there an author may beautify his *sense by the boldness* of his expression, which, if we under-

stand not fully at the first, we may dwell on it till we find the secret force and excellence. That which cures the manners by alterative physic, as I said before, must proceed by insensible degrees; but that which purges the passions must do its business all at once, or wholly fail of its effect, at least in the present operation, and without repeated doses. We must beat the iron while it is hot; but we may polish it at leisure. Thus, my lord, you pay the fine of my forgetfulness; and yet the merits of both causes are where they were, and undecided, till you declare whether it be more for the benefit of mankind to have their manners in general corrected, or their pride and hard-heartedness removed.

I must now come closer to my present business, and not think of making more invasive wars abroad, when, like Hannibal, I am called back to the defence of my own country. Virgil is attacked by many enemies: he has a whole confederacy against him; and I must endeavor to defend him as well as I am able. But their principal objections being against his moral, the duration or length of time taken up in the action of the poem, and what they have to urge against the manners of his hero; I shall omit the rest as mere cavils of grammarians; at the worst, but casual slips of a great man's pen, or inconsiderable faults of an admirable poem, which the author had not leisure to review before his death. Macrobius has answered what the ancients could urge against him; and some things I have lately read in Tanneguy le Fevre, Valois, and another whom I name not, which are scarce worth answering. They begin with the moral of his poem, which I have elsewhere confessed, and still must own, not to be so noble as that of Homer. But let both be fairly stated; and, without contradicting my first opinion, I can show that Virgil's was as useful to the Romans of his age, as Homer's was to the Grecians of his, in what time soever he may be supposed to have lived and florished. Homer's moral was to urge the necessity of union, and of a good understanding betwixt confederate states and princes engaged in a war with a mighty monarch; as also of discipline in an army, and obedience in the several chiefs to the supreme commander of the joint forces. To inculcate this, he sets forth the ruinous effects of discord in the camp of those allies, occasioned by the quarrel betwixt the general and one of the next in office

under him. Agamemnon gives the provocation, and Achilles resents the injury. Both parties are faulty in the quarrel; and accordingly they are both punished: the aggressor is forced to sue for peace to his inferior on dishonorable conditions: the deserter refuses the satisfaction offered; and his obstinacy costs him his best friend. This works the natural effect of choler, and turns his rage against him by whom he was last affronted, and most sensibly. The greater anger expels the less; but his character is still preserved. In the mean time the Grecian army receives loss on loss, and is half destroyed by a pestilence into the bargain.

Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.

As the poet, in the first part of the example, had shown the bad effects of discord, so, after the reconcilement, he gives the good effects of unity: for Hector is slain, and then Troy must fall. By this, it is probable that Homer lived when the Median monarchy was grown formidable to the Grecians, and that the joint endeavors of his countrymen were little enough to preserve their common freedom from an encroaching enemy. Such was his moral, which all critics have allowed to be more noble than that of Virgil, though not adapted to the times in which the Roman poet lived. Had Virgil florished in the age of Ennius, and addressed to Scipio, he had probably taken the same moral, or some other not unlike it: for then the Romans were in as much danger from the Carthaginian commonwealth as the Grecians were from the Assyrian or Median monarchy. But we are to consider him as writing his poem in a time when the old form of government was subverted, and a new one just established by Octavius Cæsar; in effect by force of arms, but seemingly by the consent of the Roman people. The commonwealth had received a deadly wound in the former civil wars betwixt Marius and Sylla. The commons, while the first prevailed, had almost shaken off the yoke of the nobility; and Marius and Cinna, like the captains of the mob, under the specious pretence of the public good, and of doing justice on the oppressors of their liberty, revenged themselves, without form of law, on their private enemies. Sylla, in his turn, proscribed the heads of the adverse party: he too had *nothing but liberty* and reformation in his mouth; (for the

cause of religion is but a modern motive to rebellion, invented by the Christian priesthood, refining on the heathen!) Sylla, to be sure, meant no more good to the Roman people than Marius before, whatever he declared; but sacrificed the lives and took the estates of all his enemies, to gratify those who brought him into power. Such was the reformation of the government by both parties. The senate and the commons were the two bases on which it stood; and the two champions of either faction, each destroyed the foundations of the other side: so the fabric, of consequence, must fall betwixt them; and tyranny must be built on their ruins. This comes of altering fundamental laws and constitutions—like him, who, being in good health, lodged himself in a physician's house, and was over-persuaded by his landlord to take physic (of which he died), for the benefit of his doctor. 'Stavo ben' (was written on his monument) 'ma, per star meglio, sto quì.'

After the death of those two usurpers the commonwealth seemed to recover, and held up its head for a little time. But it was all the while in a deep consumption, which is a flattering disease. Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar, had found the sweets of arbitrary power; and, each being a check to the other's growth, struck up a false friendship amongst themselves, and divided the government betwixt them, which none of them was able to assume alone. These were the public-spirited men of their age; that is, patriots for their own interest. The commonwealth looked with a florid countenance in their management, spread in bulk, and all the while was wasting in the vitals. Not to trouble your lordship with the repetition of what you know—after the death of Crassus, Pompey found himself outwitted by Cæsar, broke with him, overpowered him in the senate, and caused many unjust decrees to pass against him. Cæsar, thus injured, and unable to resist the faction of the nobles which was now uppermost, (for he was a Marian,) had recourse to arms; and his cause was just against Pompey, but not against his country, whose constitution ought to have been sacred to him, and never to have been violated on the account of any private wrong. But he prevailed; and, heaven declaring for *him, he* became a providential monarch, under the title of *perpetual* dictator. He being murdered by his own we

whom I neither dare commend, nor can justly blame (though Dante, in his Inferno, has put him and Cassius, and Judas Iscariot betwixt them, into the great devil's mouth), the commonwealth popped up its head for the third time, under Brutus and Cassius, and then sunk for ever.

Thus the Roman people were grossly gulled twice or thrice over, and as often enslaved in one century, and under the same pretence of reformation. At last the two battles of Philippi gave the decisive stroke against liberty; and, not long after, the commonwealth was turned into a monarchy, by the conduct and good fortune of Augustus. It is true that the despotic power could not have fallen into better hands than those of the first and second Cæsar. Your lordship well knows what obligations Virgil had to the latter of them: he saw, beside, that the commonwealth was lost without resource; the heads of it destroyed; the senate new moulded, grown degenerate, and either bought off, or thrusting their own necks into the yoke, out of fear of being forced. Yet I may safely affirm for our great author (as men of good sense are generally honest) that he was still of republican principles in his heart.

Secretosque pios, his dantem jura Catonem.

I think I need use no other argument to justify my opinion than that of this one line, taken from the eighth book of the Æneid. If he had not well studied his patron's temper, it might have ruined him with another prince. But Augustus was not discontented, at least that we can find, that Cato was placed, by his own poet, in Elysium, and there giving laws to the holy souls who deserved to be separated from the vulgar sort of good spirits: for his conscience could not but whisper to the arbitrary monarch, that the kings of Rome were at first elective, and governed not without a senate;—that Romulus was no hereditary prince; and though, after his death, he received divine honors for the good he did on earth, yet he was but a god of their own making;—that the last Tarquin was expelled justly for overt acts of tyranny, and mal-administration; for such are the conditions of an elective kingdom: and I meddle not with others, being, for my own opinion, of Montaigne's principles, that an honest man ought to be contented with that form of government,

and with those fundamental constitutions of it, which he received from his ancestors, and under which himself was born; though at the same time he confessed freely, that if he could have chosen his place of birth, it should have been at Venice—which, for many reasons, I dislike, and am better pleased to have been born an Englishman.

But to return from my long rambling—I say that Virgil having maturely weighed the condition of the times in which he lived—that an intire liberty was not to be retrieved; that the present settlement had the prospect of a long continuance in the same family, or those adopted into it; that he held his paternal estate from the bounty of the conqueror, by whom he was likewise enriched, esteemed, and cherished; that this conqueror, though of a bad kind, was the very best of it; that the arts of peace florished under him; that all men might be happy, if they would be quiet; that, now he was in possession of the whole, yet he shared a great part of his authority with the senate; that he would be chosen into the ancient offices of the commonwealth, and ruled by the power which he derived from them, and prorogued his government from time to time, still, as it were, threatening to dismiss himself from public cares, which he exercised more for the common good than for any delight he took in greatness;—these things, I say, being considered by the poet, he concluded it to be the interest of his country to be so governed; to infuse an awful respect into the people towards such a prince; by that respect to confirm their obedience to him, and by that obedience to make them happy. This was the moral of his divine poem—honest in the poet; honorable to the emperor, whom he derives from a divine extraction; and reflecting part of that honor on the Roman people, whom he derives also from the Trojans; and not only profitable, but necessary, to the present age, and likely to be such to their posterity. That it was the received opinion that the Romans were descended from the Trojans, and Julius Cæsar from Iulus the son of Æneas, was enough for Virgil; though perhaps he thought not so himself, or that Æneas ever was in Italy; which Bochartus manifestly proves. And Homer, where he says that Jupiter hated the house of Priam, and *was resolved* to transfer the kingdom to the family of Æneas, *yet mentions* nothing of his leading a colony into a foreign

country, and settling there. But that the Romans valued themselves on their Trojan ancestry is so undoubted a truth, that I need not prove it. Even the seals which we have remaining of Julius Cæsar, which we know to be antique, have the star of Venus over them (though they were all graven after his death), as a note that he was deified. I doubt not but one reason, why Augustus should be so passionately concerned for the preservation of the Æneid, which its author had condemned to be burnt, as an imperfect poem, by his last will and testament, was, because it did him a real service, as well as an honor; that a work should not be lost, where his divine original was celebrated in verse which had the character of immortality stamped on it.

Neither were the great Roman families which florished in his time less obliged by him than the emperor. Your lordship knows with what address he makes mention of them, as captains of ships, or leaders in the war; and even some of Italian extraction are not forgotten. These are the single stars which are sprinkled through the Æneid: but there are whole constellations of them in the fifth book. And I could not but take notice, when I translated it, of some favorite families to which he gives the victory, and awards the prizes, in the person of his hero, at the funeral games which were celebrated in honor of Anchises. I insist not on their names; but am pleased to find the Memmii amongst them, derived from Mnestheus, because Lucretius dedicates to one of that family, a branch of which destroyed Corinth. I likewise either found or formed an image to myself of the contrary kind; that those who lost the prizes were such as disobliged the poet, or were in disgrace with Augustus, or enemies to Mæcenas; and this was the poetical revenge he took: for 'genus irritabile vatum,' as Horace says. When a poet is thoroughly provoked he will do himself justice, however dear it cost him; 'animamque in vulnere ponit.' I think these are not bare imaginations of my own, though I find no trace of them in the commentators: but one poet may judge of another by himself. The vengeance we defer is not forgotten. I hinted before, that the whole Roman people were obliged by Virgil, in deriving them from Troy; an ancestry which they affected. We and the French are of the same humor: they would be thought to descend from a son, I

think, of Hector; and we would have our Britain both named and planted by a descendant of Æneas. Spenser favors this opinion what he can. His prince Arthur, or whoever he intends by him, is a Trojan. Thus the hero of Homer was a Grecian; of Virgil, a Roman; of Tasso, an Italian.

I have transgressed my bounds, and gone farther than the moral led me: but if your lordship is not tired, I am safe enough.

Thus far, I think, my author is defended. But, as Augustus is still shadowed in the person of Æneas (of which I shall say more when I come to the manners which the poet gives his hero), I must prepare that subject, by showing how dexterously he managed both the prince and people, so as to displease neither, and to do good to both; which is the part of a wise and an honest man, and proves that it is possible for a courtier not to be a knave. I shall continue still to speak my thoughts like a free-born subject, as I am: though such things, perhaps, as no Dutch commentator could, and I am sure no Frenchman durst. I have already told your lordship my opinion of Virgil; that he was no arbitrary man. Obliged he was to his master for his bounty; and he repays him with good counsel, how to behave himself in his new monarchy, so as to gain the affections of his subjects, and deserve to be called the father of his country. From this consideration it is, that he chose for the ground-work of his poem one empire destroyed, and another raised from the ruins of it. This was just the parallel. Æneas could not pretend to be Priam's heir in a lineal succession: for Anchises, the hero's father, was only of the second branch of the royal family; and Helenus, a son of Priam, was yet surviving, and might lawfully claim before him. It may be Virgil mentions him on that account. Neither has he forgotten Priamus, in the fifth of his Æneid, the son of Polites, youngest son of Priam, who was slain by Pyrrhus, in the second book. Æneas had only married Creüsa, Priam's daughter, and by her could have no title, while any of the male issue were remaining. In this case the poet gave him the next title, which is that of an elective king. The remaining Trojans chose him to lead them forth, and settle them in some foreign country. Ilioneus, in his speech to Dido, calls him expressly by the name of king. Our poet, *who all this* while had Augustus in his eye, had no desire he

should seem to succeed by any right of inheritance derived from Julius Cæsar (such a title being but one degree removed from conquest); for what was introduced by force, by force may be removed. It was better for the people that they should give, than he should take; since that gift was indeed no more at bottom than a trust. Virgil gives us an example of this in the person of Mezentius: he governed arbitrarily: he was expelled, and came to the deserved end of all tyrants. Our author shows us another sort of kingship in the person of Latinus: he was descended from Saturn, and, as I remember, in the third degree. He is described a just and gracious prince, solicitous for the welfare of his people, always consulting with his senate to promote the common good. We find him at the head of them, when he enters into the council-hall, speaking first, but still demanding their advice, and steering by it, as far as the iniquity of the times would suffer him. And this is the proper character of a king by inheritance, who is born a father of his country. Æneas, though he married the heiress of the crown, yet claimed no title to it during the life of his father-in-law. 'Pater arma Latinus habeto,' &c. are Virgil's words. As for himself, he was contented to take care of his country gods, who were not those of Latium: wherein our divine author seems to relate to the after-practice of the Romans, which was to adopt the gods of those they conquered, or received as members of their commonwealth. Yet, withal, he plainly touches at the office of the high-priesthood, with which Augustus was invested, and which made his person more sacred and inviolable than even the tribunitial power. It was not therefore for nothing that the most judicious of all poets made that office vacant by the death of Panthus in the second book of the Æneid, for his hero to succeed in it, and consequently for Augustus to enjoy. I know not that any of the commentators have taken notice of that passage. If they have not, I am sure they ought: and if they have, I am not indebted to them for the observation. The words of Virgil are very plain—

Sacra, suosque tibi commendat Troja Penates.

As for Augustus or his uncle Julius claiming by descent from Æneas, that title is already out of doors. Æneas suc-

ceeded not, but was elected. Troy was foredoomed to fall for ever.

> Postquam res Asiæ, Priamique evertere gentem
> Immeritam visum superis.—Æn. lib. III. 1.

Augustus, it is true, had once resolved to rebuild that city, and there to make the seat of empire: but Horace writes an ode on purpose to deter him from that thought; declaring the place to be accursed, and that the gods would as often destroy it as it should be raised. Hereon the emperor laid aside a project so ungrateful to the Roman people. But by this, my lord, we may conclude that he had still his pedigree in his head, and had an itch of being thought a divine king, if his poets had not given him better counsel.

I will pass by many less material objections, for want of room to answer them: what follows next is of great importance, if the critics can make out their charge: for it is levelled at the manners which our poet gives his hero, and which are the same which were eminently seen in his Augustus. Those manners were, piety to the gods, and a dutiful affection to his father; love to his relations; care of his people; courage and conduct in the wars; gratitude to those who had obliged him; and justice in general to mankind.

Piety, as your lordship sees, takes place of all, as the chief part of his character: and the word in Latin is more full than it can possibly be expressed in any modern language; for there it comprehends not only devotion to the gods, but filial love, and tender affection to relations of all sorts. As instances of this, the deities of Troy, and his own Penates, are made the companions of his flight: they appear to him in his voyage, and advise him; and at last he replaces them in Italy, their native country. For his father, he takes him on his back: he leads his little son: his wife follows him; but losing his footsteps through fear or ignorance, he goes back into the midst of his enemies to find her, and leaves not his pursuit until her ghost appears to forbid his farther search. I will say nothing of his duty to his father while he lived, his sorrow for his death, of the games instituted in honor of his memory, or seeking him, by his command, even after his death, in the Elysian fields. I will not mention his tender

ness for his son, which every where is visible—of his raising a tomb for Polydorus, the obsequies for Misenus, his pious remembrance of Deïphobus, the funeral of his nurse, his grief for Pallas, and his revenge taken on his murderer, whom otherwise, by his natural compassion, he had forgiven; and then the poem had been left imperfect; for we could have had no certain prospect of his happiness while the last obstacle to it was unremoved. Of the other parts which compose his character as a king, or as a general, I need say nothing; the whole Æneid is one continued instance of some one or other of them; and where I find any thing of them taxed, it shall suffice me, as briefly as I can, to vindicate my divine master to your lordship, and by you to the reader. But herein Segrais, in his admirable preface to his translation of the Æneid, as the author of the Dauphin's Virgil justly calls it, has prevented me. Him I follow, and what I borrow from him, am ready to acknowlege to him. For, impartially speaking, the French are as much better critics than the English, as they are worse poets. Thus we generally allow that they better understand the management of a war than our islanders; but we know we are superior to them in the day of battle. They value themselves on their generals, we on our soldiers. But this is not the proper place to decide that question, if they make it one. I shall perhaps say as much of other nations, and their poets, excepting only Tasso; and hope to make my assertion good, which is but doing justice to my country; part of which honor will reflect on your lordship, whose thoughts are always just; your numbers harmonious, your words chosen, your expressions strong and manly, your verse flowing, and your turns as happy as they are easy. If you would set us more copies, your example would make all precepts needless. In the mean time, that little you have written is owned, and that particularly by the poets (who are a nation not over-lavish of praise to their contemporaries), as a principal ornament of our language: but the sweetest essences are always confined in the smallest glasses.

When I speak of your lordship, it is never a digression, and therefore I need beg no pardon for it; but take up Segrais where I left him, and shall use him less often than I have occasion for him: for his preface is a perfect piece of criticism,

full and clear, and digested into an exact method: mine is loose, and, as I intended it, epistolary. Yet I dwell on many things, which he durst not touch: for it is dangerous to offend an arbitrary master; and every patron who has the power of Augustus has not his clemency. In short, my lord, I would not translate him, because I would bring you somewhat of my own. His notes and observations on every book are of the same excellency; and, for the same reason, I omit the greater part.

He takes notice that Virgil is arraigned for placing piety before valor, and making that piety the chief character of his hero. I have already said from Bossu, that a poet is not obliged to make his hero a virtuous man; therefore neither Homer nor Tasso are to be blamed for giving what predominant quality they pleased to their first character. But Virgil, who designed to form a perfect prince, and would insinuate that Augustus, whom he calls Æneas in his poem, was truly such, found himself obliged to make him without blemish, thoroughly virtuous; and a thorough virtue both begins and ends in piety. Tasso, without question, observed this before me, and therefore split his hero in two: he gave Godfrey piety, and Rinaldo fortitude, for their chief qualities or manners. Homer, who had chosen another moral, makes both Agamemnon and Achilles vicious; for his design was to instruct in virtue, by showing the deformity of vice. I avoid repetition of what I have said above. What follows is translated literally from Segrais.

'Virgil had considered that the greatest virtues of Augustus consisted in the perfect art of governing his people; which caused him to reign above forty years in great felicity. He considered that his emperor was valiant, civil, popular, eloquent, politic, and religious; he has given all these qualities to Æneas. But, knowing that piety alone comprehends the whole duty of man towards the gods, towards his country, and towards his relations, he judged that this ought to be his first character, whom he would set for a pattern of perfection. In reality, they who believe that the praises which arise from valor are superior to those which proceed from any other virtues, have not considered (as they ought) that valor, destitute of other virtues, cannot render a man worthy of any *true esteem*. That quality, which signifies no more than

an intrepid courage, may be separated from many others which are good, and accompanied with many which are ill. A man may be very valiant, and yet impious and vicious. But the same cannot be said of piety, which excludes all ill qualities, and comprehends even valor itself, with all other qualities which are good. Can we, for example, give the praise of valor to a man who should see his gods profaned, and should want the courage to defend them? to a man who should abandon his father, or desert his king in his last necessity?'

Thus far Segrais, in giving the preference to piety before valor. I will now follow him, where he considers this valor, or intrepid courage, singly in itself; and this also Virgil gives to his Æneas, and that in a heroical degree.

Having first concluded that our poet did for the best, in taking the first character of his hero from that essential virtue on which the rest depend, he proceeds to tell us that, in the ten years' war of Troy, he was considered as the second champion of his country (allowing Hector the first place), and this, even by the confession of Homer, who took all occasions of setting up his own countrymen the Grecians, and of undervaluing the Trojan chiefs. But Virgil (whom Segrais forgot to cite) makes Diomede give him a higher character for strength and courage. His testimony is this, in the eleventh book.

———Stetimus tela aspera contra,
Contulimusque manus: experto credite, quantus
In clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.
Si duo præterea tales Idæa tulisset
Terra viros, ultro Inachias venisset ad urbes
Dardanus, et versis lugeret Græcia fatis.
Quidquid apud duræ cessatum est mœnia Trojæ,
Hectoris, Æneæque manu victoria Graium
Hæsit, et in decumum vestigia retulit annum.
Ambo animis, ambo insignes præstantibus armis:
Hic pietate prior.

I give not here my translation of these verses (though I think I have not ill succeeded in them), because your lordship is so great a master of the original, that I have no reason to desire you should see Virgil and me so near together: but

you may please, my lord, to take notice, that the Lat
refines on the Greek, and insinuates that Homer had
hero wrong, in giving the advantage of the duel to
countryman; though Diomede was manifestly th
champion of the Grecians; and Ulysses preferred h
Ajax, when he chose him for the companion of hi
expedition; for he had a headpiece of his own, an
only the fortitude of another to bring him off wit
and that he might compass his design with honor.

The French translator thus proceeds: 'They wl
Æneas for want of courage, either understand not
have read him slightly; otherwise they would no
objection so easily to be answered.' Hereon he
many instances of the hero's valor, that to repeat tl
him would tire your lordship, and put me to the un
trouble of transcribing the greatest part of the three l
of the Æneid. In short, more could not be expe
an Amadis, a Sir Lancelot, or the whole Round Ta
he performs. 'Proxima quæque metit gladio,' is th
account of a knight-errant. 'If it be replied (cont
grais) that it was not difficult for him to unde
achieve such hardy enterprises, because he wore e
arms; that accusation, in the first place, must fall
ere it can reach Virgil.' Achilles was as well prov
them as Æneas, though he was invulnerable witho
And Ariosto, the two Tassos (Bernardo and Torqua
our own Spenser—in a word, all modern poets—ha
Homer as well as Virgil: he is neither the first nor
in the midst of them; and therefore is safe, if th
'Who knows (says Segrais) but that his fated armor
an allegorical defence, and signified no more than th
under the peculiar protection of the gods? born, as
logers will tell us out of Virgil (who was well vers
Chaldean mysteries), under the favorable influence
ter, Venus, and the Sun.' But I insist not on this, l
know you believe not there is such an art; though
Horace and Persius, but Augustus himself thoug
wise. But, in defence of Virgil, I dare positively sa
has been more cautious in this particular than e
predecessor, or his descendants: for Æneas was
wounded in [illegible] of the Æneid; thou

the same god-smith to forge his arms as had Achilles. It seems he was no warluck, as the Scots commonly call such men, who, they say, are iron-free, or lead-free. Yet, after this experiment, that his arms were not impenetrable—when he was cured indeed by his mother's help, because he was that day to conclude the war by the death of Turnus—the poet durst not carry the miracle too far, and restore him wholly to his former vigor: he was still too weak to overtake his enemy; yet we see with what courage he attacked Turnus, when he faces and renews the combat. I need say no more; for Virgil defends himself without needing my assistance, and proves his hero truly to deserve that name. He was not then a second-rate champion, as they would have him, who think fortitude the first virtue in a hero. But being beaten from this hold, they will not yet allow him to be valiant, because he wept more often, as they think, than well becomes a man of courage.

In the first place, if tears are arguments of cowardice, what shall I say of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles pass for timorous because he wept, and wept on less occasions than Æneas? Herein Virgil must be granted to have excelled his master. For once both heroes are described lamenting their lost loves: Briseis was taken away by force from the Grecian; Creusa was lost for ever to her husband. But Achilles went roaring along the salt-sea-shore, and, like a booby, was complaining to his mother, when he should have revenged his injury by arms. Æneas took a nobler course; for, having secured his father and son, he repeated all his former dangers, to have found his wife, if she had been above ground. And here your lordship may observe the address of Virgil: it was not for nothing that this passage was related with all these tender circumstances. Æneas told it: Dido heard it. That he had been so affectionate a husband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager, that he might prove as kind to her. Virgil has a thousand secret beauties, though I have not leisure to remark them.

Segrais, on this subject of a hero shedding tears, observes that historians commend Alexander for weeping when he read the mighty actions of Achilles: and Julius Cæsar is likewise praised, when, out of the same noble envy, he wept at the *victories of* Alexander. But, if we observe more

closely, we shall find that the tears of Æneas were always on a laudable occasion. Thus he weeps out of compassion and tenderness of nature, when, in the temple of Carthage, he beholds the pictures of his friends, who sacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deplores the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus, the untimely death of young Pallas his confederate, and the rest, which I omit. Yet, even for these tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Æneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin hero, always raining. One of these censors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice, when, in the beginning of the first book, he not only weeps, but trembles, at an approaching storm:

> Extemplo Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra:
> Ingemit; et duplices tendens ad sidera palmas, &c.

But to this I have answered formerly, that his fear was not for himself, but for his people. And what can give a sovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempest, and he wept: he was promised Italy, and therefore he prayed for the accomplishment of that promise:—all this in the beginning of a storm; therefore he showed the more early piety, and the quicker sense of compassion. Thus much I have urged elsewhere in the defence of Virgil; and since I have been informed, by Mr. Moyl, a young gentleman whom I can never sufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an accursed death: so that, if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself and to his subjects. I think our adversaries can carry this argument no farther, unless they tell us that he ought to have had more confidence in the promise of the gods: but how was he assured that he had understood their oracles aright? Helenus might be mistaken; Phœbus might speak doubtfully: even his mother might flatter him, that he might prosecute his voyage, which, if it succeeded happily, he should be the founder of an empire: for that she herself was doubtful of his fortune, is apparent by the address she made to Jupiter on his behalf; to which the god makes answer in these words:

> *Parce metu, Cytherea:* manent immota tuorum
> *Fata tibi,* &c.

Notwithstanding which, the goddess, though comforted, was not assured: for, even after this, through the course of the whole Æneid, she still apprehends the interest which Juno might make with Jupiter against her son. For it was a moot point in heaven whether he could alter fate or not. And indeed some passages in Virgil would make us suspect that he was of opinion Jupiter might defer fate, though he could not alter it: for, in the latter end of the tenth book, he introduces Juno begging for the life of Turnus, and flattering her husband with the power of changing destiny—Tua, qui potes, orsa reflectas. To which he graciously answers:

Si mora præsentis leti, tempusque caduco
Oratur juveni, meque hoc ita ponere sentis,
Tolle fuga Turnum, atque instantibus eripe fatis.
Hactenus indulsisse vacat. Sin altior istis
Sub precibus venia ulla latet, totumque moveri
Mutarive putas bellum, spes pascis inanes.

But, that he could not alter those decrees, the king of gods himself confesses, in the book above cited; when he comforts Hercules for the death of Pallas, who had invoked his aid, before he threw his lance at Turnus:

——— Trojæ sub mœnibus altis,
Tot nati cecidere deum; quin occidit una
Sarpedon, mea progenies. Etiam sua Turnum
Fata manent, metasque dati pervenit ad ævi—

where he plainly acknowleges that he could not save his own son, or prevent the death which he foresaw. Of his power to defer the blow, I once occasionally discoursed with that excellent person Sir Robert Howard, who is better conversant than any man I know in the doctrine of the Stoics; and he set me right, from the concurrent testimony of philosophers and poets, that Jupiter could not retard the effects of fate, even for a moment. For when I cited Virgil, as favoring the contrary opinion in that verse,

Tolle fuga Turnum, atque instantibus eripe fatis—

he replied, and, I think, with exact judgment, that when Jupiter gave Juno leave to withdraw Turnus from the present danger, it was because he certainly foreknew that his fatal hour was not come; that it was in destiny for Juno at that

time to save him; and that himself obeyed destiny, in giving her that leave.

I need say no more in justification of our hero's courage, and am much deceived if he ever be attacked on this side of his character again. But he is arraigned with more show of reason by the ladies, who will make a numerous party against him, for being false to love, in forsaking Dido. And I cannot much blame them; for, to say the truth, it is an ill precedent for their gallants to follow. Yet, if I can bring him off with flying colors, they may learn experience at her cost, and, for her sake, avoid a cave as the worst shelter they can choose from a shower of rain, especially when they have a lover in their company.

In the first place, Segrais observes with much acuteness that they who blame Æneas for his insensibility of love when he left Carthage, contradict their former accusation of him, for being always crying, compassionate, and effeminately sensible of those misfortunes which befell others. They give him two contrary characters; but Virgil makes him of a piece, always grateful, always tender-hearted. But they are impudent enough to discharge themselves of this blunder, by laying the contradiction at Virgil's door. He, say they, has shown his hero with these inconsistent characters, acknowleging and ungrateful, compassionate and hard-hearted, but, at the bottom, fickle and self-interested: for Dido had not only received his weather-beaten troops before she saw him, and given them her protection, but had also offered them an equal share in her dominion:

> Vultis et his mecum pariter considere regnis?
> Urbem quam statuo, vestra est.

This was an obligement never to be forgotten: and the more to be considered, because antecedent to her love. That passion, it is true, produced the usual effects of generosity, gallantry, and care to please; and thither we refer them. But, when she had made all these advances, it was still in his power to have refused them: after the intrigue of the cave (call it marriage, or enjoyment only), he was no longer free to take or leave; he had accepted the favor, and was obliged to be constant if he would be grateful.

My lord, I have set this argument in the best light I can,

that the ladies may not think I write booty: and perhaps it may happen to me, as it did to Doctor Cudworth, who has raised such strong objections against the being of a god, and providence, that many think he has not answered them. You may please at least to hear the adverse party. Segrais pleads for Virgil, that no less than an absolute command from Jupiter could excuse this insensibility of the hero, and this abrupt departure, which looks so like extreme ingratitude. But, at the same time, he does wisely to remember you that Virgil had made piety the first character of Æneas: and this being allowed (as I am afraid it must), he was obliged, antecedent to all other considerations, to search an asylum for his gods in Italy—for those very gods, I say, who had promised to his race the universal empire. Could a pious man dispense with the commands of Jupiter, to satisfy his passion, or (take it in the strongest sense) to comply with the obligations of his gratitude? Religion, it is true, must have moral honesty for its groundwork, or we shall be apt to suspect its truth: but an immediate revelation dispenses with all duties of morality. All casuists agree that theft is a breach of the moral law: yet, if I might presume to mingle things sacred with profane, the Israelites only spoiled the Egyptians, not robbed them, because the propriety was transferred by a revelation to their lawgiver. I confess, Dido was a very infidel in this point; for she would not believe, as Virgil makes her say, that ever Jupiter would send Mercury on such an immoral errand. But this needs no answer, at least no more than Virgil gives it:

Fata obstant; placidasque viri deus obstruit aures.

This notwithstanding, as Segrais confesses, he might have shown a little more sensibility when he left her; for that had been according to his character.

But let Virgil answer for himself. He still loved her, and struggled with his inclinations to obey the gods:

——— Curam sub corde premebat,
Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore.

On the whole matter, and humanly speaking, I doubt there was a fault somewhere; and Jupiter is better able to bear the blame than either Virgil or Æneas. The poet, it seems, had found it out, and therefore brings the deserting hero and the

forsaken lady to meet together in the lower regions, w
he excuses himself when it is too late; and accordingly
will take no satisfaction, nor so much as hear him. Now
grais is forced to abandon his defence, and excuses
author, by saying that the Æneid is an imperfect work,
that death prevented the divine poet from reviewing it;
for that reason he had condemned it to the fire; thoug
the same time, his two translators must acknowlege tha
sixth book is the most correct of the whole Æneid. O
convenient is a machine sometimes in a heroic poem! Th
Mercury is plainly one; and Virgil was constrained to u
here, or the honesty of his hero would be ill defended.
the fair sex, however, if they had the deserter in
power, would certainly have shown him no more mercy
the Bacchanals did Orpheus: for if too much constancy
be a fault sometimes, then want of constancy, and ingrati
after the last favor, is a crime that never will be forg
But of machines, more in their proper place; where I
show, with how much judgment they have been used by Vi
and, in the mean time, pass to another article of his defe
on the present subject; where, if I cannot clear the he
hope at least to bring off the poet; for here I must di
their causes. Let Æneas trust to his machine, which
only help to break his fall: but the address is incompar
Plato, who borrowed so much from Homer, and yet concl
for the banishment of all poets, would at least have rewa
Virgil before he sent him into exile. But I go farther,
say that he ought to be acquitted; and deserved, beside
bounty of Augustus, and the gratitude of the Roman pe
If, after this, the ladies will stand out, let them reme
that the jury is not all agreed; for Octavia was of his p
and was of the first quality in Rome: she was also prese
the reading of the sixth book of the Æneid; and we l
not that she condemned Æneas; but we are sure she
sented the poet with a large sum, for his admirable eleg
her son Marcellus.

But let us consider the secret reasons which Virgil ha
thus framing this noble episode, wherein the whole pa
of love is more exactly described than in any other p
Love was the theme of his fourth book; and though it i
shortest of the whole Æneid, yet there he has given

ginning, its progress, its traverses, and its conclusion; and has exhausted so intirely this subject, that he could resume it but very slightly in the eight ensuing books.

She was warmed with the graceful appearance of the hero; she smothered those sparkles out of decency; but conversation blew them up into a flame. Then she was forced to make a confidant of her whom she best might trust, her own sister, who approves the passion, and thereby augments it; then succeeds her public owning it; and, after that, the consummation. Of Venus and Juno, Jupiter and Mercury, I say nothing, for they were all machining work; but, possession having cooled his love, as it increased hers, she soon perceived the change, or at least grew suspicious of a change: this suspicion soon turned to jealousy, and jealousy to rage; then she disdains and threatens, and again is humble, and intreats; and nothing availing, despairs, curses, and at last becomes her own executioner. See here the whole process of that passion, to which nothing can be added. I dare go no farther, lest I should lose the connexion of my discourse.

To love our native country, and to study its benefit and its glory, to be interested in its concerns, is natural to all men, and is indeed our common duty. A poet makes a farther step; for, endeavoring to do honor to it, it is allowable in him even to be partial in its cause; for he is not tied to truth, or fettered by the laws of history. Homer and Tasso are justly praised for choosing their heroes out of Greece and Italy: Virgil indeed made his a Trojan: but it was to derive the Romans and his own Augustus from him. But all the three poets are manifestly partial to their heroes, in favor of their country: for Dares Phrygius reports of Hector, that he was slain cowardly: Æneas, according to the best account, slew not Mezentius, but was slain by him: and the chronicles of Italy tell us little of that Rinaldo d'Este who conquers Jerusalem in Tasso. He might be a champion of the church; but we know not that he was so much as present at the siege. To apply this to Virgil, he thought himself engaged in honor to espouse the cause and quarrel of his country against Carthage. He knew he could not please the Romans better, or oblige them more to patronise his poem, than by disgracing the foundress of that city. He shows her ungrateful to the memory of her first husband; doting on a stranger;

enjoyed, and afterwards forsaken by him. This was the original, says he, of the immortal hatred betwixt the two rival nations. It is true he colors the falsehood of Æneas by an express command from Jupiter to forsake the queen, who had obliged him: but he knew the Romans were to be his readers; and them he bribed, perhaps at the expense of his hero's honesty; but he gained his cause, however, as pleading before corrupt judges. They were content to see their founder false to love; for still he had the advantage of the amour: it was their enemy whom he forsook; and she might have forsaken him, if he had not got the start of her: she had already forgotten her vows to her Sichæus; and 'varium et mutabile semper fœmina,' is the sharpest satire, in the fewest words, that ever was made on womankind; for both the adjectives are neuter, and 'animal' must be understood, to make them grammar. Virgil does well to put those words into the mouth of Mercury. If a god had not spoken them, neither durst he have written them, nor I translated them. Yet the deity was forced to come twice on the same errand: and the second time, as much a hero as Æneas was, he frighted him. It seems he feared not Jupiter so much as Dido: for your lordship may observe that, as much intent as he was on his voyage, yet he still delayed it, till the messenger was obliged to tell him plainly, that, if he weighed not anchor in the night, the queen would be with him in the morning—'notumque, furens quid fœmina possit:'—she was injured; she was revengeful; she was powerful. The poet had likewise before hinted that the people were naturally perfidious; for he gives their character in the queen, and makes a proverb of 'Punica fides,' many ages before it was invented.

Thus I hope, my lord, that I have made good my promise, and justified the poet, whatever becomes of the false knight. And sure a poet is as much privileged to lie as an ambassador, for the honor and interest of his country; at least as Sir Henry Wotton has defined.

This naturally leads me to the defence of the famous anachronism, in making Æneas and Dido contemporaries; for it is certain that the hero lived almost two hundred years before the building of Carthage. One who imitates Boccalini, says that Virgil was accused before Apollo for this error.

The god soon found that he was not able to defend his favorite by reason; for the case was clear: he therefore gave this middle sentence, that any thing might be allowed to his son Virgil, on the account of his other merits; that, being a monarch, he had a dispensing power, and pardoned him. But that this special act of grace might never be drawn into example, or pleaded by his puny successors in justification of their ignorance, he decreed for the future, no poet should presume to make a lady die for love two hundred years before her birth. To moralise this story, Virgil is the Apollo who has this dispensing power. His great judgment made the laws of poetry; but he never made himself a slave to them: chronology, at best, is but a cobweb-law; and he broke through it with his weight. They who will imitate him wisely must choose, as he did, an obscure and a remote era, where they may invent at pleasure, and not be easily contradicted. Neither he nor the Romans had ever read the Bible, by which only his false computation of times can be made out against him. This Segrais says in his defence, and proves it from his learned friend Bochartus, whose letter on this subject he has printed at the end of the fourth Æneid, to which I refer your lordship and the reader. Yet the credit of Virgil was so great, that he made this fable of his own invention pass for an authentic history, or at least as credible as any thing in Homer. Ovid takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created Dido; dictates a letter for her just before her death to the ungrateful fugitive; and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him, on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own: he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession; and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him; and, being forced to his old shift, he has recourse to witticism. This passes indeed with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their esteem. But let them like for themselves, and not prescribe to others; for our author needs not their admiration.

The motives that induced Virgil to coin this fable I have *shown already*; and have also begun to show that he might

make this anachronism, by superseding the mechanic rules of poetry, for the same reason that a monarch may dispense with or suspend his own laws, when he finds it necessary so to do, especially if those laws are not altogether fundamental. Nothing is to be called a fault in poetry, says Aristotle, but what is against the art; therefore a man may be an admirable poet without being an exact chronologer. Shall we dare, continues Segrais, to condemn Virgil for having made a fiction against the order of time, when we commend Ovid and other poets who made many of their fictions against the order of nature? For what are the splendid miracles of the Metamorphoses? Yet these are beautiful as they are related, and have also deep learning and instructive mythologies couched under them: but to give, as Virgil does in this episode, the original cause of the long wars betwixt Rome and Carthage, to draw truth out of fiction after so probable a manner, with so much beauty, and so much for the honor of his country, was proper only to the divine wit of Maro; and Tasso, in one of his discourses, admires him for this particularly. It is not lawful, indeed, to contradict a point of history which is known to all the world; as, for example, to make Hannibal and Scipio contemporaries with Alexander: but, in the dark recesses of antiquity, a great poet may and ought to feign such things as he finds not there, if they can be brought to embellish that subject which he treats. On the other side, the pains and diligence of ill poets is but thrown away, when they want the genius to invent and feign agreeably. But if the fictions be delightful (which they always are, if they be natural); if they be of a piece; if the beginning, the middle, and the end, be in their due places, and artfully united to each other, such works can never fail of their deserved success. And such is Virgil's episode of Dido and Æneas; where the sourest critic must acknowlege that if he had deprived his Æneid of so great an ornament because he found no traces of it in antiquity, he had avoided their unjust censure, but had wanted one of the greatest beauties of his poem. I shall say more of this in the next article of their charge against him, which is, want of invention. In the mean time, I may affirm, in honor of this episode, that it is not only now esteemed the most pleasing entertainment of the Æneid, but was so accounted in his own

age, and before it was mellowed into that reputation which time has given it; for which I need produce no other testimony than that of Ovid, his contemporary:

> Nec legitur pars ulla magis de corpore toto,
> Quam non legitimo fœdere junctus amor.

where, by the way, you may observe, my lord, that Ovid, in those words, 'non legitimo fœdere junctus amor,' will by no means allow it to be a lawful marriage betwixt Dido and Æneas. He was in banishment when he wrote those verses, which I cite from his letter to Augustus: 'You, sir,' saith he, 'have sent me into exile for writing my Art of Love, and my wanton Elegies; yet your own poet was happy in your good graces, though he brought Dido and Æneas into a cave, and left them there not over-honestly together. May I be so bold to ask your majesty, is it a greater fault to teach the art of unlawful love than to show it in the action?' But was Ovid, the court-poet, so bad a courtier, as to find no other plea to excuse himself, than by a plain accusation of his master? Virgil confessed it was a lawful marriage betwixt the lovers, that Juno the goddess of matrimony had ratified it by her presence (for it was her business to bring matters to that issue). That the ceremonies were short, we may believe; for Dido was not only amorous, but a widow. Mercury himself, though employed on a quite contrary errand, yet owns it a marriage by an inuendo—'pulchramque uxorius urbem exstruis'—he calls Æneas not only a fond husband, but upbraids him for being a fond husband, as the word 'uxorius' implies. Now mark a little, if your lordship pleases, why Virgil is so much concerned to make this marriage (for he seems to be the father of the bride himself, and to give her to the bridegroom). It was to make way for the divorce which he intended afterwards; for he was a finer flatterer than Ovid; and I more than conjecture that he had in his eye the divorce which not long before had passed betwixt the emperor and Scribonia. He drew this dimple in the cheek of Æneas, to prove Augustus of the same family, by so remarkable a feature in the same place. Thus, as we say in our home-spun English proverb, 'he killed two birds with one stone;' pleased the emperor, by giving him the resemblance of his ancestor, and gave him such a resemblance as was not

scandalous in that age. For, to leave one wife, and take another, was but a matter of gallantry at that time of day among the Romans. 'Neque hæc in fœdera veni' is the very excuse which Æneas makes when he leaves his lady: 'I made no such bargain with you at our marriage, to live always drudging on at Carthage: my business was Italy; and I never made a secret of it. If I took my pleasure, had not you your share of it? I leave you free at my departure to comfort yourself with the next stranger who happens to be shipwrecked on your coast. Be as kind a hostess as you have been to me, and you can never fail of another husband. In the mean time I call the gods to witness that I leave you ashore unwillingly; for, though Juno made the marriage, yet Jupiter commands me to forsake you.' This is the effect of what he saith, when it is dishonored out of Latin verse into English prose. If the poet argued not aright, we must pardon him for a poor blind heathen, who knew no better morals.

I have detained your lordship longer than I intended on this objection, which would indeed weigh something in a spiritual court; but I am not to defend our poet there. The next, I think, is but a cavil, though the cry is great against him, and hath continued from the time of Macrobius to this present age. I hinted it before. They lay no less than want of invention to his charge—a capital crime, I must acknowlege; for a poet is a maker, as the word signifies; and he who cannot make, that is, invent, hath his name for nothing. That which makes this accusation look so strange at the first sight is, that he has borrowed so many things from Homer, Apollonius Rhodius, and others who preceded him. But, in the first place, if invention is to be taken in so strict a sense, that the matter of a poem must be wholly new, and that in all its parts; then Scaliger hath made out, saith Segrais, that the history of Troy was no more the invention of Homer than of Virgil. There was not an old woman, or almost a child, but had it in their mouths before the Greek poet or his friends digested it into this admirable order in which we read it. At this rate, as Solomon hath told us, there is nothing new beneath the sun. Who then can pass for an inventor, if Homer, as well as Virgil, must be deprived of that glory? Is Versailles the less a new building because the architect of that palace hath

imitated others which were built before it? Walls, doors, and windows, apartments, offices, rooms of convenience and magnificence, are in all great houses. So descriptions, figures, fables, and the rest, must be in all heroic poems: they are the common materials of poetry, furnished from the magazine of nature; every poet hath as much right to them as every man hath to air or water.

Quid prohibetis aquas? Usus communis aquarum est.

But the argument of the work, that is to say, its principal action, the economy and disposition of it—these are the things which distinguish copies from originals. The poet who borrows nothing from others is yet to be born; he and the Jews' Messias will come together. There are parts of the Æneid which resemble some parts both of the Iliad and of the Odyssey: as, for example, Æneas descended into hell, and Ulysses had been there before him: Æneas loved Dido, and Ulysses loved Calypso: in few words, Virgil hath imitated Homer's Odyssey in his first six books, and, in his six last, the Iliad. But from hence can we infer that the two poets write the same history? Is there no invention in some other parts of Virgil's Æneid? The disposition of so many various matters, is not that his own? From what book of Homer had Virgil his episode of Nisus and Euryalus, of Mezentius and Lausus? From whence did he borrow his design of bringing Æneas into Italy? of establishing the Roman empire on the foundations of a Trojan colony? to say nothing of the honor he did his patron, not only in his descent from Venus, but in making him so like her in his best features, that the goddess might have mistaken Augustus for her son. He had indeed the story from common fame, as Homer had his from the Egyptian priestess. 'Æneadum genitrix' was no more unknown to Lucretius than to him. But Lucretius taught him not to form his hero, to give him piety or valor for his manners, and both in so eminent a degree, that, having done what was possible for man to save his king and country, his mother was forced to appear to him, and restrain his fury, which hurried him to death in their revenge. But the poet made his piety more successful; he brought off his father and his son; and his gods witnessed to his devotion, by putting *themselves* under his protection, to be replaced

by him in their promised Italy. Neither the invention nor the conduct of this great action were owing to Homer, or any other poet. It is one thing to copy, and another thing to imitate from nature. The copier is that servile imitator, to whom Horace gives no better name than that of animal; he will not so much as allow him to be a man. Raphael imitated nature: they who copy one of Raphael's pieces imitate but him; for his work is their original. They translate him, as I do Virgil; and fall as short of him, as I of Virgil. There is a kind of invention in the imitation of Raphael; for though the thing was in nature, yet the idea of it was his own. Ulysses travelled; so did Æneas: but neither of them were the first travellers; for Cain went into the land of Nod before they were born; and neither of the poets ever heard of such a man. If Ulysses had been killed at Troy, yet Æneas must have gone to sea, or he could never have arrived in Italy. But the designs of the two poets were as different as the courses of their heroes; one went home, and the other sought a home. To return to my first similitude—Suppose Apelles and Raphael had each of them painted a burning Troy; might not the modern painter have succeeded as well as the ancient, though neither of them had seen the town on fire? for the draughts of both were taken from the ideas which they had of nature. Cities had been burnt before either of them were in being. But, to close the simile as I began it, they would not have designed it after the same manner. Apelles would have distinguished Pyrrhus from the rest of all the Grecians, and showed him forcing his entrance into Priam's palace; there he had set him in the fairest light, and given him the chief place of all his figures; because he was a Grecian, and he would do honor to his country. Raphael, who was an Italian, and descended from the Trojans, would have made Æneas the hero of his piece; and perhaps not with his father on his back, his son in one hand, his bundle of gods in the other, and his wife following (for an act of piety is not half so graceful in a picture as an act of courage). He would have rather drawn him killing Androgeos, or some other, hand to hand; and the blaze of the fires should have darted full on his face to make *him conspicuous* amongst his Trojans. This, I think, is a *just comparison* betwixt the two poets, in the conduct of

their several designs. Virgil cannot be said to copy Homer: the Grecian had only the advantage of writing first. If it be urged that I have granted a resemblance in some parts; yet therein Virgil has excelled him. For, what are the tears of Calypso for being left, to the fury and death of Dido? Where is there the whole process of her passion, and all its violent effects to be found, in the languishing episode of the Odyssey? If this be a copy, let the critics show us the same disposition, features or coloring, in their original. The like may be said of the descent to hell, which was not of Homer's invention neither: he had it from the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. But to what end did Ulysses make that journey? Æneas undertook it by the express commandment of his father's ghost: there he was to show him all the succeeding heroes of his race, and next to Romulus (mark, if you please, the address of Virgil), his own patron, Augustus Cæsar. Anchises was likewise to instruct him how to manage the Italian war, and how to conclude it with honor; that is, in other words, to lay the foundations of that empire which Augustus was to govern. This is the noble invention of our author; but it hath been copied by so many sign-post daubers, that now it is grown fulsome, rather by their want of skill, than by the commonness.

In the last place I may safely grant, that, by reading Homer, Virgil was taught to imitate his invention; that is, to imitate like him; which is no more than if a painter studied Raphael, that he might learn to design after his manner. And thus I might imitate Virgil, if I were capable of writing a heroic poem, and yet the invention be my own: but I should endeavor to avoid a servile copying. I would not give the same story under other names, with the same characters, in the same order, and with the same sequel, for every common reader to find me out at the first sight for a plagiary, and cry, 'This I read before in Virgil in a better language, and in better verse.' This is like Merry Andrew on the low rope, copying lubberly the same tricks which his master is so dexterously performing on the high.

I will trouble your lordship but with one objection more, which I know not whether found in Le Fevre or Valais; but I am sure I have read it in another French critic, whom I will not name, because I think it is not much for his reputa-

tion. Virgil, in the heat of action—suppose, for example, in describing the fury of his hero in a battle, when he is endeavoring to raise our concernments to the highest pitch, turns short on the sudden into some similitude, which diverts, say they, your attention from the main subject, and mispends it on some trivial image. He pours cold water into the caldron, when his business is to make it boil.

This accusation is general against all who would be thought heroic poets; but I think it touches Virgil less than any. He is too great a master of his art to make a blot which may so easily be hit. Similitudes, as I have said, are not for tragedy, which is all violent, and where the passions are in a perpetual ferment; for there they deaden where they should animate; they are not of the nature of dialogue, unless in comedy: a metaphor is almost all the stage can suffer, which is a kind of similitude comprehended in a word. But this figure has a contrary effect in heroic poetry; there it is employed to raise the admiration, which is its proper business: and admiration is not of so violent a nature as fear or hope, compassion or horror, or any concernment we can have for such or such a person on the stage. Not but I confess, that similitudes and descriptions, when drawn into an unreasonable length, must needs nauseate the reader. Once, I remember, and but once, Virgil makes a similitude of fourteen lines; and his description of Fame is about the same number. He is blamed for both; and I doubt not but he would have contracted them had he lived to have reviewed his work: but faults are no precedents. This I have observed of his similitudes in general, that they are not placed, as our unobserving critics tell us, in the heat of any action, but commonly in its declining. When he has warmed us in his description as much as possibly he can, then, lest that warmth should languish, he renews it by some apt similitude, which illustrates his subject, and yet palls not his audience. I need give your lordship but one example of this kind, and leave the rest to your observation, when next you review the whole Æneid in the original, unblemished by my rude translation. It is in the first book, where the poet describes Neptune composing the ocean, on which Æolus had raised a tempest without his permission. He had already chidden the rebellious winds for obeying the commands of their usurping

master: he had warned them from the seas: he had beaten down the billows with his mace, dispelled the clouds, restored the sunshine, while Triton and Cymothoë were heaving the ships from off the quicksands, before the poet would offer at a similitude for illustration.

Ac, veluti magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
Jamque faces et saxa volant; furor arma ministrat;
Tum, pietate gravem, ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant:
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet:
Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, æquora postquam
Prospiciens genitor, cœloque invectus aperto,
Flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora secundo.

This is the first similitude which Virgil makes in this poem, and one of the longest in the whole; for which reason I the rather cite it. While the storm was in its fury any illusion had been improper; for the poet could have compared it to nothing more impetuous than itself; consequently he could have made no illustration. If he could have illustrated, it had been an 'ambitious ornament' out of season, and would have diverted our concernment: 'nunc non erat his locus;' and therefore he deferred it to its proper place.

These are the criticisms of most moment which have been made against the Æneid by the ancients or moderns. As for the particular exceptions against this or that passage, Macrobius and Pontanus have answered them already. If I desired to appear more learned than I am, it had been as easy for me to have taken their objections and solutions, as it is for a country parson to take the expositions of the fathers out of Junius and Tremellius, and not to have named the authors from whence I had them: for so Ruæus, otherwise a most judicious commentator on Virgil's works, has used Pontanus, his greatest benefactor; of whom he is very silent; and I do not remember that he once cites him.

What follows next is no objection; for that implies a fault: and it had been none in Virgil, if he had extended the time of his action beyond a year. At least Aristotle has set no precise limits to it. Homer's, we know, was within two months: *Tasso*, I am sure, exceeds not a summer; and, if I

examined him, perhaps he might be reduced into a much less compass. Bossu leaves it doubtful whether Virgil's action were within the year, or took up some months beyond it. Indeed, the whole dispute is of no more concernment to the common reader, than it is to a ploughman, whether February this year had twenty-eight or twenty-nine days in it. But, for the satisfaction of the more curious (of which number I am sure your lordship is one), I will translate what I think convenient out of Segrais, whom perhaps you have not read: for he has made it highly probable that the action of the Æneid began in the spring, and was not extended beyond the autumn. And we have known campaigns that have begun sooner, and have ended later.

Ronsard, and the rest whom Segrais names, who are of opinion that the action of this poem takes up almost a year and a half, ground their calculation thus. Anchises died in Sicily at the end of winter, or beginning of the spring. Æneas, immediately after the interment of his father, puts to sea for Italy. He is surprised by the tempest described in the beginning of the first book; and there it is that the scene of the poem opens, and where the action must commence. He is driven by this storm on the coast of Afric: he stays at Carthage all that summer and almost all the winter following, sets sail again for Italy just before the beginning of the spring, meets with contrary winds, and makes Sicily the second time. This part of the action completes the year. Then he celebrates the anniversary of his father's funeral, and shortly after arrives at Cumæ: and from thence his time is taken up in his first treaty with Latinus, the overture of the war, the siege of his camp by Turnus, his going for succors to relieve it, his return, the raising of the siege by the first battle, the twelve days' truce, the second battle, the assault of Laurentum, and the single fight with Turnus; all which they say cannot take up less than four or five months more; by which account we cannot suppose the intire action to be contained in a much less compass than a year and a half.

Segrais reckons another way; and his computation is not condemned by the learned Ruæus, who compiled and published the commentaries on our poet, which we call the *Dauphin's Virgil*.

He allows the time of the year when Anchises died to be in

the latter end of winter, or the beginning of the spring: he acknowleges that, when Æneas is first seen at sea afterwards, and is driven by the tempest on the coast of Afric, is the time when the action is naturally to begin: he confesses, further, that Æneas left Carthage in the latter end of winter; for Dido tells him in express terms, as an argument for his longer stay,

Quinetiam hyberno moliris sidere classem.

But whereas Ronsard's followers suppose that when Æneas had buried his father he set sail immediately for Italy (though the tempest drove him on the coast of Carthage), Segrais will by no means allow that supposition, but thinks it much more probable that he remained in Sicily till the midst of July, or the beginning of August; at which time he places the first appearance of his hero on the sea; and there opens the action of the poem. From which beginning, to the death of Turnus, which concludes the action, there need not be supposed above ten months of intermediate time: for, arriving at Carthage in the latter end of summer, staying there the winter following, departing thence in the very beginning of the spring, making a short abode in Sicily the second time, landing in Italy, and making the war, may be reasonably judged the business but of ten months. To this the Ronsardians reply, that, having been for seven years before in quest of Italy, and having no more to do in Sicily than to inter his father—after that office was performed, what remained for him but, without delay, to pursue his first adventure? To which Segrais answers that the obsequies of his father, according to the rites of the Greeks and Romans, would detain him for many days: that a longer time must be taken up in the refitting of his ships after so tedious a voyage, and in refreshing his weather-beaten soldiers on a friendly coast. These indeed are but suppositions on both sides; yet those of Segrais seem better grounded: for the feast of Dido, when she entertained Æneas first, has the appearance of a summer's night, which seems already almost ended, when he begins his story; therefore the love was made in autumn: the hunting followed properly when the heats of that scorching country were declining: the winter was passed in jollity, as the season and their love required; and he left her in the

latter end of winter, as is already proved. This opinion is fortified by the arrival of Æneas at the mouth of the Tiber; which marks the season of the spring; that season being perfectly described by the singing of the birds saluting the dawn, and by the beauty of the place, which the poet seems to have painted expressly in the seventh book of the Æneid:

Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis,
Cum venti posuere.———
————————Variæ, circumque supraque,
Assuetæ ripis volucres, et fluminis alveo,
Æthera mulcebant cantu.———

The remainder of the action required but three months more: for when Æneas went for succor to the Tuscans, he found their army in a readiness to march, and wanting only a commander; so that, according to this calculation, the Æneid takes not up above a year complete, and may be comprehended in less compass.

This, amongst other circumstances treated more at large by Segrais, agrees with the rising of Orion, which caused the tempest described in the beginning of the first book. By some passages in the Pastorals, but more particularly in the Georgics, our poet is found to be an exact astronomer, according to the knowlege of that age. Now Ilioneus (whom Virgil twice employs in embassies as the best speaker of the Trojans) attributes that tempest to Orion, in his speech to Dido:

Cum, subito assurgens fluctu, nimbosus Orion.

He must mean either the heliacal or acronical rising of that sign. The heliacal rising of a constellation is when it comes from under the rays of the sun, and begins to appear before daylight: the acronical rising, on the contrary, is when it appears at the close of day, and in opposition to the sun's diurnal course.

The heliacal rising of Orion is at present computed to be about the sixth of July; and about that time it is that he either causes or presages tempests on the seas.

Segrais has observed farther, that, when Anna counsels Dido to stay Æneas during the winter, she speaks also of *Orion:*

Dum pelago desævit hyems, et aquosus Orion.

If therefore Ilioneus, according to our supposition, understand the heliacal rising of Orion, Anna must mean the acronical, which the different epithets given to that constellation seem to manifest. Ilioneus calls him 'nimbosus;' Anna, 'aquosus.' He is tempestuous in the summer, when he rises heliacally, and rainy in the winter, when he rises acronically. Your lordship will pardon me for the frequent repetition of these cant words, which I could not avoid in this abbreviation of Segrais, who I think deserves no little commendation in this new criticism.

I have yet a word or two to say of Virgil's machines, from my own observation of them. He has imitated those of Homer, but not copied them. It was established, long before his time, in the Roman religion as well as in the Greek, that there were gods; and both nations for the most part worshipped the same deities; as did also the Trojans, from whom the Romans, I suppose, would rather be thought to derive the rites of their religion than from the Grecians; because they thought themselves descended from them. Each of those gods had his proper office, and the chief of them their particular attendants. Thus Jupiter had in propriety Ganymede and Mercury; and Juno had Iris. It was not for Virgil then to create new ministers; he must take what he found in his religion. It cannot therefore be said that he borrowed them from Homer, any more than Apollo, Diana, and the rest, whom he uses as he finds occasion for them, as the Grecian poet did: but he invents the occasions for which he uses them. Venus, after the destruction of Troy, had gained Neptune intirely to her party; therefore we find him busy in the beginning of the Æneid to calm the tempest raised by Æolus, and afterwards conducting the Trojan fleet to Cumæ in safety, with the loss only of their pilot, for whom he bargains. I name those two examples (amongst a hundred which I omit), to prove that Virgil, generally speaking, employed his machines in performing those things which might possibly have been done without them. What more frequent than a storm at sea, on the rising of Orion? What wonder, if, amongst so many ships, there should one be overset, which was commanded by Orontes, though half the winds had not been there which Æolus employed? Might not Palinurus, without a miracle, fall asleep,

and drop into the sea, having been over-wearied with watching, and secure of a quiet passage, by his observation of the skies? At least Æneas, who knew nothing of the machine of Somnus, takes it plainly in this sense:

> O nimium cœlo et pelago confise sereno,
> Nudus in ignota, Palinure, jacebis arena.

But machines sometimes are specious things to amuse the reader, and give a color of probability to things otherwise incredible. And, besides, it soothed the vanity of the Romans to find the gods so visibly concerned in all the actions of their predecessors. We, who are better taught by our religion, yet own every wonderful accident which befalls us for the best, to be brought to pass by some special providence of Almighty God, and by the care of guardian angels: and from hence I might infer that no heroic poem can be written on the Epicurean principles; which I could easily demonstrate, if there were need to prove it, or I had leisure.

When Venus opens the eyes of her son Æneas to behold the gods who combated against Troy in that fatal night when it was surprised, we share the pleasure of that glorious vision (which Tasso has not ill copied in the sacking of Jerusalem). But the Greeks had done their business, though neither Neptune, Juno, nor Pallas had given them their divine assistance. The most crude machine which Virgil uses is in the episode of Camilla, where Opis, by the command of her mistress, kills Aruns. The next is in the twelfth book of the Æneid, where Venus cures her son Æneas. But in the last of these the poet was driven to a necessity; for Turnus was to be slain that very day; and Æneas, wounded as he was, could not have engaged him in single combat, unless his hurt had been miraculously healed. And the poet had considered that the dittany which she brought from Crete could not have wrought so speedy an effect, without the juice of ambrosia, which she mingled with it. After all, that his machine might not seem too violent, we see the hero limping after Turnus. The wound was skinned; but the strength of his thigh was not restored. But what reason had our author to wound Æneas at so critical a time? and how came the cuisses to be worse tempered than the rest of his armor, which was all wrought by Vulcan and his journey-

men? These difficulties are not easily to be solved, without confessing that Virgil had not life enough to correct his work; though he had reviewed it, and found those errors, which he resolved to mend: but, being prevented by death, and not willing to leave an imperfect work behind him, he ordained by his last testament that his Æneid should be burnt. As for the death of Aruns, who was shot by a goddess, the machine was not altogether so outrageous, as the wounding Mars and Venus by the sword of Diomede. Two divinities, one would have thought, might have pleaded their prerogative of impassibility, or at least not have been wounded by any mortal hand; besides that the ἰχωρ which they shed was so very like our common blood, that it was not to be distinguished from it but only by the name and color. As for what Horace says in his Art of Poetry, that no machines are to be used, unless on some extraordinary occasion,

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus;

that rule is to be applied to the theatre, of which he is then speaking; and means no more than this: that when the knot of the play is to be untied, and no other way is left for making the discovery—then, and not otherwise, let a god descend on a rope, and clear the business to the audience: but this has no relation to the machines which are used in an epic poem.

In the last place, for the Dira, or flying pest, which, flapping on the shield of Turnus, and fluttering about his head, disheartened him in the duel, and presaged to him his approaching death, I might have placed it more properly amongst the objections; for the critics who lay want of courage to the charge of Virgil's hero quote this passage as a main proof of their assertion. They say our author had not only secured him before the duel, but also in the beginning of it had given him the advantage in impenetrable arms, and in his sword (for that of Turnus was not his own, which was forged by Vulcan for his father, but a weapon which he had snatched in haste, and by mistake, belonging to his charioteer Metiscus): that, after all this, Jupiter, who was partial to the Trojan, and distrustful of the event, though he had hung the balance, and given it a jog of his hand to weigh down *Turnus, thought* convenient to give the Fates a collateral

security, by sending the screech-owl to discourage him: for which they quote these words of Virgil:

———Non me tua fervida terrent
Dicta, ferox: dî me terrent, et Jupiter hostis.

In answer to which, I say that this machine is one of those which the poet uses only for ornament, and not out of necessity. Nothing can be more beautiful or more poetical than his description of the three Diræ, or the setting of the balance, which our Milton has borrowed from him, but employed to a different end: for first he makes God Almighty set the scales for St. Gabriel and Satan, when he knew no combat was to follow; then he makes the Good Angel's scale descend, and the Devil's mount, quite contrary to Virgil, if I have translated the three verses according to my author's sense:

Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances
Sustinet; et fata imponit diversa duorum;
Quem damnet labor, et quo vergat pondere letum:

for I have taken these words, 'quem damnet labor,' in the sense which Virgil gives them in another place—'damnabis tu quoque votis'—to signify a prosperous event. Yet I dare not condemn so great a genius as Milton; for I am much mistaken if he alludes not to the text in Daniel, where Belshazzar was put into the balance, and found too light. This is digression; and I return to my subject. I said above that these two machines of the balance and the Dira were only ornamental, and that the success of the duel had been the same without them; for, when Æneas and Turnus stood fronting each other before the altar, Turnus looked dejected, and his color faded in his face, as if he desponded of the victory before the fight; and not only he, but all his party, when the strength of the two champions was judged by the proportion of their limbs, concluded it was 'impar pugna,' and that their chief was overmatched: whereon Juturna (who was of the same opinion) took this opportunity to break the treaty and renew the war. Juno herself had plainly told the nymph beforehand that her brother was to fight

Imparibus fatis; nec dîs, nec viribus æquis;

so that there was no need of an apparition to fright Turnus:

he had the presage within himself of his impending destiny. The Dira only served to confirm him in his first opinion, that it was his destiny to die in the ensuing combat: and in this sense are those words of Virgil to be taken:

> ————Non me tua fervida terrent
> Dicta, ferox: dî me terrent, et Jupiter hostis.

I doubt not but the adverb 'solum' is to be understood: 'It is not your [threats] *only* that give me this concernment; but I find also by this portent that Jupiter is my enemy:' for Turnus fled before, when his first sword was broken, till his sister supplied him with a better; which indeed he could not use, because Æneas kept him at a distance with his spear. I wonder Ruæus saw not this, where he charges his author so unjustly for giving Turnus a second sword to no purpose. How could he fasten a blow, or make a thrust, when he was not suffered to approach? Besides, the chief errand of the Dira was to warn Juturna from the field; for she could have brought the chariot again, when she saw her brother worsted in the duel. I might farther add, that Æneas was so eager of the fight, that he left the city, now almost in his possession, to decide his quarrel with Turnus by the sword: whereas Turnus had manifestly declined the combat, and suffered his sister to convey him as far from the reach of his enemy as she could—I say, not only suffered her, but consented to it; for it is plain he knew her, by these words:

> O soror, et dudum agnovi, cum prima per artem
> Fœdera turbâsti, teque hæc in bella dedisti;
> Et nunc necquidquam fallis dea.———

I have dwelt so long on this subject, that I must contract what I have to say in reference to my translation, unless I would swell my preface into a volume, and make it formidable to your lordship, when you see so many pages yet behind. And indeed what I have already written, either in justification or praise of Virgil, is against myself, for presuming to copy, in my coarse English, the thoughts and beautiful expressions of this inimitable poet, who florished in an age when his language was brought to its last perfection; for which it was particularly owing to him and Horace. I will *give your lordship* my opinion, that those two friends had

consulted each other's judgment, wherein they should endeavor to excel; and they seem to have pitched on propriety of thought, elegance of words, and harmony of numbers. According to this model Horace writ his odes and epodes; for his satires and epistles, being intended wholly for instruction, required another style:

Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri;

and therefore, as he himself professes, are 'sermoni propiora,' nearer prose than verse. But Virgil, who never attempted the lyric verse, is every where elegant, sweet, and flowing in his hexameters. His words are not only chosen, but the places in which he ranks them for the sound. He who removes them from the station wherein their master set them spoils the harmony. What he says of the sibyl's prophecies may be as properly applied to every word of his: they must be read in order as they lie: the least breath discomposes them; and somewhat of their divinity is lost. I cannot boast that I have been thus exact in my verses; but I have endeavored to follow the example of my master, and am the first Englishman, perhaps, who made it his design to copy him in his numbers, his choice of words, and his placing them for the sweetness of the sound. On this last consideration I have shunned the cæsura as much as possibly I could; for, wherever that is used, it gives a roughness to the verse; of which we can have little need in a language which is overstocked with consonants. Such is not the Latin, where the vowels and consonants are mixed in proportion to each other: yet Virgil judged the vowels to have somewhat of an overbalance, and therefore tempers their sweetness with cæsuras. Such difference there is in tongues, that the same figure which roughens one gives majesty to another: and that was it which Virgil studied in his verses. Ovid uses it but rarely; and hence it is that his versification cannot so properly be called sweet as luscious. The Italians are forced on it once or twice in every line, because they have a redundancy of vowels in their language. Their metal is so soft, that it will not coin without alloy to harden it. On the other side, for the reason already named, it is all we can do to give *sufficient* sweetness to our language: we must not only choose *our words* for elegance, but for sound: to perform which a

nastery in the language is required; the poet must have a magazine of words, and have the art to manage his few vowels to the best advantage, that they may go the farther. He must also know the nature of the vowels—which are more sonorous, and which more soft and sweet—and so dispose them as his present occasions require: all which, and a thousand secrets of versification beside, he may learn from Virgil, if he will take him for his guide. If he be above Virgil, and is resolved to follow his own *verve* (as the French call it), the proverb will fall heavily on him: 'Who teaches himself has a fool for his master.'

Virgil employed eleven years on his Æneid; yet he left it, as he thought himself, imperfect: which, when I seriously consider, I wish that, instead of three years which I have spent in the translation of his works, I had four years more allowed me to correct my errors, that I might make my version somewhat more tolerable than it is: for a poet cannot have too great a reverence for his readers, if he expects his labors should survive him. Yet I will neither plead my age nor sickness in excuse of the faults which I have made: that I wanted time is all that I have to say; for some of my subscribers grew so clamorous, that I could no longer defer the publication. I hope, from the candor of your lordship, and your often experienced goodness to me, that, if the faults are not too many, you will make allowances with Horace:

——si plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura————

You may please also to observe, that there is not, to the best of my remembrance, one vowel gaping on another for want of a cæsura in this whole poem: but where a vowel ends a word, the next begins either with a consonant, or what is its equivalent; for our *W* and *H* aspirate, and our diphthongs, are plainly such. The greatest latitude I take is in the letter *Y*, when it concludes a word, and the first syllable of the next begins with a vowel. Neither need I have called this a latitude, which is only an explanation of this general rule—that no vowel can be cut off before another, when we cannot sink the pronunciation of it: as he, she, me, I, &c. Virgil thinks it sometimes a beauty to imitate the license of the

Greeks, and leave two vowels opening on each other, as in that verse of the third pastoral,

Et succus pecori, et lac subducitur agnis.

But, 'nobis non licet esse tam disertis,' at least if we study to refine our numbers. I have long had by me the materials of an 'English Prosodia,' containing all the mechanical rules of versification, wherein I have treated, with some exactness, of the feet, the quantities, and the pauses. The French and Italians know nothing of the two first; at least their best poets have not practised them. As for the pauses, Malherbe first brought them into France within this last century; and we see how they adorn their Alexandrines. But, as Virgil propounds a riddle, which he leaves unsolved—

Dic, quibus in terris, inscripti nomina regum
Nascantur flores, et Phyllida solus habeto—

so I will give your lordship another, and leave the exposition of it to your acute judgment. I am sure there are few who make verses, have observed the sweetness of these two lines in Cooper's Hill;

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full;

and there are yet fewer who can find the reason of that sweetness. I have given it to some of my friends in conversation; and they have allowed the criticism to be just. But, since the evil of false quantities is difficult to be cured in any modern language; since the French and the Italians, as well as we, are yet ignorant what feet are to be used in heroic poetry; since I have not strictly observed those rules myself which I can teach others; since I pretend to no dictatorship among my fellow-poets; since, if I should instruct some of them to make well-running verses, they want genius to give them strength as well as sweetness; and, above all, since your lordship has advised me not to publish that little which I know, I look on your counsel as your command, which I shall observe inviolably, till you shall please to revoke it and leave me at liberty to make my thoughts public. In the mean time, that I may arrogate nothing to myself I must acknowlege that Virgil in Latin, and Spenser

English, have been my masters. Spenser has also given me the boldness to make use sometimes of his Alexandrine line, which we call, though improperly, the Pindaric, because Mr. Cowley has often employed it in his odes. It adds a certain majesty to the verse, when it is used with judgment, and stops the sense from overflowing into another line. Formerly the French, like us, and the Italians, had but five feet, or ten syllables, in their heroic verse: but, since Ronsard's time, as I suppose, they found their tongue too weak to support their epic poetry without the addition of another foot. That indeed has given it somewhat of the run and measure of a trimeter; but it runs with more activity than strength: their language is not strung with sinews, like our English: it has the nimbleness of a greyhound, but not the bulk and body of a mastiff. Our men and our verses overbear them by their weight; and 'pondere, non numero,' is the British motto. The French have set up purity for the standard of their language; and a masculine vigor is that of ours. Like their tongue is the genius of their poets, light and trifling in comparison of the English; more proper for sonnets, madrigals, and elegies, than heroic poetry. The turn on thoughts and words is their chief talent; but the epic poem is too stately to receive those little ornaments. The painters draw their nymphs in thin and airy habits: but the weight of gold and of embroideries is reserved for queens and goddesses. Virgil is never frequent in those turns, like Ovid, but much more sparing of them in his Æneid than in his Pastorals and Georgics.

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.

That turn is beautiful indeed; but he employs it in the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, not in his great poem. I have used that license in his Æneid sometimes; but I own it as my fault. It was given to those who understand no better. It is like Ovid's

Semivirumque bovem, semibovemque virum.

The poet found it before his critics; but it was a darling sin, which he would not be persuaded to reform. The want of genius, of which I have accused the French, is laid to their charge by one of their own great authors, though I have for-

gotten his name, and where I read it. If rewards could make good poets, their great master has not been wanting on his part in his bountiful encouragements: for he is wise enough to imitate Augustus, if he had a Maro. The triumvir and proscriber had descended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the emperor had not taken care to make friends of him and Horace. I confess the banishment of Ovid was a blot in his escutcheon: yet he was only banished; and who knows but his crime was capital, and then his exile was a favor? Ariosto, who, with all his faults, must be acknowleged a great poet, has put these words into the mouth of an evangelist; but whether they will pass for Gospel now, I cannot tell:

> Non fù si santo ne benigno Augusto,
> Come la tuba di Virgilio suona.
> L'haver havuto in poesia buon gusto,
> La proscrittione iniqua gli perdona.

But heroic poetry is not of the growth of France, as it might be of England, if it were cultivated. Spenser wanted only to have read the rules of Bossu; for no man was ever born with a greater genius, or had more knowlege to support it. But the performance of the French is not equal to their skill; and hitherto we have wanted skill to perform better. Segrais, whose preface is so wonderfully good, yet is wholly destitute of elevation, though his version is much better than that of the two brothers, or any of the rest who have attempted Virgil. Hannibal Caro is a great name amongst the Italians; yet his translation of the Æneid is most scandalously mean, though he has taken the advantage of writing in blank verse, and freed himself from the shackles of modern rhyme (if it be modern; for Le Clerc has told us lately, and I believe has made it out, that David's Psalms were written in as arrant rhyme as they are translated). Now, if a Muse cannot run when she is unfettered, it is a sign she has but little speed. I will not make a digression here, though I am strangely tempted to it; but will only say, that he who can write well in rhyme, may write better in blank verse. Rhyme is certainly a constraint even to the best poets, and those who make it with most ease; though perhaps I have as little reason to complain of that hardship as any man, excepting

Quarles and Withers. What it adds to sweetness, it takes away from sense; and he who loses the least by it may be called a gainer. It often makes us swerve from an author's meaning; as, if a mark be set up for an archer at a great distance, let him aim as exactly as he can, the least wind will take his arrow, and divert it from the white. I return to our Italian translator of the Æneid: he is a foot-poet; he lackeys by the side of Virgil at the best, but never mounts behind him. Doctor Morelli, who is no mean critic in our poetry, and therefore may be presumed to be a better in his own language, has confirmed me in this opinion by his judgment, and thinks, withal, that he has often mistaken his master's sense. I would say so, if I durst, but am afraid I have committed the same fault more often, and more grossly; for I have forsaken Ruæus (whom generally I follow) in many places, and made expositions of my own in some, quite contrary to him; of which I will give but two examples, because they are so near each other, in the tenth book of the Æneid:

————Sorti Pater æquus utrique.

Pallas says it to Turnus, just before they fight. Ruæus thinks that the word 'Pater' is to be referred to Evander, the father of Pallas. But how could he imagine that it was the same thing to Evander, if his son were slain, or if he overcame? The poet certainly intended Jupiter, the common father of mankind; who, as Pallas hoped, would stand an impartial spectator of the combat, and not be more favorable to Turnus than to him. The second is not long after it, and both before the duel is begun. They are the words of Jupiter, who comforts Hercules for the death of Pallas, which was immediately to ensue, and which Hercules could not hinder (though the young hero had addressed his prayers to him for his assistance), because the gods cannot control destiny.—The verse follows:

Sic ait; atque oculos Rutulorum rejicit arvis:

which the same Ruæus thus construes: Jupiter, after he had said this, immediately turns his eyes to the Rutulian fields, and beholds the duel. I have given this place another exposition, that he turned his eyes from the field of combat,

that he might not behold a sight so unpleasing to him. The word 'rejicit,' I know, will admit of both senses; but Jupiter, having confessed that he could not alter fate, and being grieved he could not, in consideration of Hercules—it seems to me that he should avert his eyes, rather than take pleasure in the spectacle. But of this I am not so confident as the other, though I think I have followed Virgil's sense.

What I have said, though it has the face of arrogance, yet is intended for the honor of my country; and therefore I will boldly own that this English translation has more of Virgil's spirit in it than either the French or the Italian. Some of our countrymen have translated episodes, and other parts of Virgil, with great success: as particularly your lordship, whose version of Orpheus and Eurydice is eminently good. Amongst the dead authors, the Silenus of my Lord Roscommon cannot be too much commended. I say nothing of Sir John Denham, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley; it is the utmost of my ambition to be thought their equal, or not to be much inferior to them, and some others of the living. But it is one thing to take pains on a fragment, and translate it perfectly, and another thing to have the weight of a whole author on my shoulders. They who believe the burden light, let them attempt the fourth, sixth, or eighth pastoral; the first or fourth Georgic; and amongst the Æneids, the fourth, the fifth, the seventh, the ninth, the tenth, the eleventh, or the twelfth; for in these I think I have succeeded best.

Long before I undertook this work I was no stranger to the original. I had also studied Virgil's design, his disposition of it, his manners, his judicious management of the figures, the sober retrenchments of his sense, which always leave somewhat to gratify our imagination, on which it may enlarge at pleasure; but above all, the elegance of his expression, and the harmony of his numbers: for, as I have said in a former dissertation, the words are, in poetry, what the colors are in painting: if the design be good, and the draught be true, the coloring is the first beauty that strikes the eye. Spenser and Milton are the nearest in English to Virgil and Horace in the Latin; and I have endeavored to form my style by imitating their masters. I will farther own to you, my lord, that my chief ambition is to please those readers who have discernment enough to prefer Virgil before

any other poet in the Latin tongue. Such spirits as he desired to please, such would I choose for my judges, and would stand or fall by them alone. Segrais has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes (he might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased). In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *les petits esprits*—such things as are our upper-gallery audience in a playhouse, who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit; prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense and elegant expression; these are mob readers. If Virgil and Martial stood for parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But, though they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on't is, they are but a sort of French Huguenots, or Dutch boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalised; who have not land of two pounds per annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level, fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden. Yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that, as their readers improve their stock of sense (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment), they soon forsake them: and when the torrent from the mountain falls no more, the swelling writer is reduced into his shallow bed, like the Mançanares at Madrid, with scarce water to moisten his own pebbles. There are a middle sort of readers (as we hold there is a middle state of souls), such as have a farther insight than the former, yet have not the capacity of judging right (for I speak not of those who are bribed by a party, and know better, if they were not corrupted; but I mean a company of warm young men, who are not yet arrived so far as to discern the difference betwixt fustian, or ostentatious sentences, and the true sublime). These are above liking Martial, or Owen's Epigrams, but they would certainly set Virgil below Statius or Lucan. I need not say their poets are of the same taste with their admirers. They affect greatness in all they write: but it is a bladdered greatness, like that of the vain man whom Seneca describes—an ill habit of body, full of humors, and swelled with dropsy. Even these too *desert their authors*, as their judgment ripens. The young

gentlemen themselves are commonly misled by their pedagogue at school, their tutor at the university, or their governor in their travels: and many of these three sorts are the most positive blockheads in the world. How many of these flatulent writers have I known, who have sunk in their reputation, after seven or eight editions of their works! for indeed they are poets only for young men. They had great success at their first appearance; but, not being of God (as a wit said formerly), they could not stand.

I have already named two sorts of judges; but Virgil wrote for neither of them: and, by his example, I am not ambitious of pleasing the lowest or the middle form of readers.

He chose to please the most judicious—souls of the highest rank, and truest understanding. These are few in number; but whoever is so happy as to gain their approbation can never lose it, because they never give it blindly. Then they have a certain magnetism in their judgment which attracts others to their sense. Every day they gain some new proselyte, and in time become the church. For this reason, a well-weighed judicious poem, which at its first appearance gains no more on the world than to be just received, and rather not blamed than much applauded, insinuates itself by insensible degrees into the liking of the reader: the more he studies it, the more it grows on him; every time he takes it up he discovers some new graces in it. And whereas poems, which are produced by the vigor of imagination only, have a gloss on them at the first, which time wears off: the works of judgment are like the diamond; the more they are polished the more lustre they receive. Such is the difference betwixt Virgil's Æneid and Marini's Adone. And, if I may be allowed to change the metaphor, I would say, that Virgil is like the Fame which he describes:

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.

Such a sort of reputation is my aim, though in a far inferior degree, according to my motto in the title-page—'Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis:' and therefore I appeal to the highest court of judicature, like that of the peers, of which your lordship is so great an ornament.

Without this ambition, which I own, of desiring to please the '*judices* natos,' I could never have been able to have

lone any thing at this age, when the fire of poetry nonly extinguished in other men. Yet Virgil has g the example of Entellus for my encouragement; when he was well heated, the younger champion could not stand before him. And we find the elder contended not for the gift, but for the honor—'nec dona moror:' for Dampier has informed us, in his Voyages, that the air of the country which produces gold is never wholesome.

I had long since considered that the way to please the best judges is not to translate a poet literally, and Virgil least of any other; for, his peculiar beauty lying in his choice of words, I am excluded from it by the narrow compass of our heroic verse, unless I would make use of monosyllables only, and those clogged with consonants, which are the dead-weight of our mother-tongue. It is possible, I confess, though it rarely happens, that a verse of monosyllables may sound harmoniously; and some examples of it I have seen. My first line of the Æneid is not harsh:

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forced by Fate, &c.

But a much better instance may be given from the last line of Manilius, made English by our learned and judicious Mr. Creech:

Nor could the world have borne so fierce a flame—

where the many liquid consonants are placed so artfully, that they give a pleasing sound to the words, though they are all of one syllable.

It is true I have been sometimes forced on it in other places of this work: but I never did it out of choice: I was either in haste, or Virgil gave me no occasion for the ornament of words; for it seldom happens but a monosyllable line turns verse to prose; and even that prose is rugged and unharmonious. Philarchus, I remember, taxes Balzac for placing twenty monosyllables in file, without one dissyllable betwixt them. The way I have taken is not so strait as metaphrase, nor so loose as paraphrase: some things too I have omitted, and sometimes have added of my own. Yet the omissions, I hope, are but of circumstances, and such as would have no grace in English; and the additions, I also hope, are easily deduced from Virgil's sense. They will

seem (at least I have the vanity to think so) not stuck into him, but growing out of him. He studies brevity more than any other poet: but he had the advantage of a language wherein much may be comprehended in a little space. We, and all the modern tongues, have more articles and pronouns, besides signs of tenses and cases, and other barbarities on which our speech is built by the faults of our forefathers. The Romans founded theirs on the Greek: and the Greeks, we know, were laboring many hundred years on their language before they brought it to perfection. They rejected all those signs, and cut off as many articles as they could spare; comprehending in one word what we are constrained to express in two: which is one reason why we cannot write so concisely as they have done. The word 'pater,' for example, signifies not only *a* father, but *your* father, *my* father, *his* or *her* father, all included in a word.

This inconvenience is common to all modern tongues; and this alone constrains us to employ more words than the ancients needed. But having before observed that Virgil endeavors to be short, and at the same time elegant, I pursue the excellence, and forsake the brevity: for there he is like ambergris, a rich perfume, but of so close and glutinous a body, that it must be opened with inferior scents of musk or civet, or the sweetness will not be drawn out into another language.

On the whole matter, I thought fit to steer betwixt the two extremes of paraphrase and literal translation; to keep as near my author as I could, without losing all his graces, the most eminent of which are in the beauty of his words; and those words, I must add, are always figurative. Such of these as would retain their elegance in our tongue I have endeavored to graff on it; but most of them are of necessity to be lost, because they will not shine in any but their own. Virgil has sometimes two of them in a line; but the scantiness of our heroic verse is not capable of receiving more than one; and that too must expiate for many others which have none. Such is the difference of the languages, or such my want of skill in choosing words. Yet I may presume to say, and I hope with as much reason as the French translator, that *taking* all the materials of this divine author, I have endeavored to make Virgil speak such English as he would himself

have spoken if he had been born in England, and in this present age. I acknowlege with Segrais, that I have not succeeded in this attempt according to my desire: yet I shall not be wholly without praise if in some sort I may be allowed to have copied the clearness, the purity, the easiness, and the magnificence of his style. But I shall have occasion to speak farther on this subject before I end the preface.

When I mentioned the Pindaric line I should have added that I take another license in my verses: for I frequently make use of triplet rhymes, and for the same reason—because they bound the sense. And therefore I generally join these two licenses together, and make the last verse of the triplet a Pindaric: for, besides the majesty which it gives, it confines the sense within the barriers of three lines, which would languish if it were lengthened into four. Spenser is my example for both these privileges of English verses; and Chapman has followed it in his translation of Homer. Mr. Cowley has given in to them after both; and all succeeding writers after him. I regard them now as the Magna Charta of heroic poetry, and am too much an Englishman to lose what my ancestors have gained for me. Let the French and Italians value themselves on their regularity: strength and elevation are our standard. I said before, and I repeat it, that the affected purity of the French has unsinewed their heroic verse. The language of an epic poem is almost wholly figurative: yet they are so fearful of a metaphor, that no example of Virgil can encourage them to be bold with safety. Sure they might warm themselves by that sprightly blaze, without approaching it so close as to singe their wings: they may come as near it as their master. Not that I would discourage that purity of diction in which he excels all other poets. But he knows how far to extend his franchises, and advances to the verge, without venturing a foot beyond it. On the other side, without being injurious to the memory of our English Pindar, I will presume to say, that his metaphors are sometimes too violent, and his language is not always pure. But, at the same time, I must excuse him: for, through the iniquity of the times, he was forced to travel at an age when, instead of learning foreign languages, he should have studied the beauties of his mother-tongue; which, like all other speeches, is to be cultivated early, or we

shall never write it with any kind of elegance. Thus, by gaining abroad, he lost at home, like the painter in the Arcadia; who, going to see a skirmish, had his arms lopped off, and returned, says Sir Philip Sydney, well instructed how to draw a battle, but without a hand to perform his work.

There is another thing in which I have presumed to deviate from him and Spenser. They both make hemistichs (or half verses), breaking off in the middle of a line. I confess there are not many such in the Fairy Queen; and even those few might be occasioned by his unhappy choice of so long a stanza. Mr. Cowley had found out that no kind of staff is proper for a heroic poem, as being all too lyrical: yet though he wrote in couplets, where rhyme is freer from constraint, he frequently affects half verses; of which we find not one in Homer, and I think not in any of the Greek poets, or the Latin, excepting only Virgil; and there is no question but he thought he had Virgil's authority for that license. But I am confident our poet never meant to leave him or any other such a precedent: and I ground my opinion on these two reasons: first, we find no example of a hemistich in any of his Pastorals or Georgics; for he had given the last finishing strokes to both these poems: but his Æneid he left so incorrect, at least so short of that perfection at which he aimed, that we know how hard a sentence he passed on it: and in the second place, I reasonably presume that he intended to have filled up all those hemistichs, because in one of them we find the sense imperfect:

Quem tibi jam Troja————

which some foolish grammarian has ended for him with a half line of nonsense—

————peperit fumante Creusa:

for Ascanius must have been born some years before the burning of that city; which I need not prove. On the other side, we find also that he himself filled up one line in the sixth book of the Æneid; the enthusiasm seizing him while he was reading to Augustus:

Misenum Æoliden, quo non præstantior alter
Ære ciere viros ————

to which he added, in that transport, 'Martemque accendit

tantu:' and never was any line more nobly finished; for the reasons which I have given in the book of painting. On these considerations I have shunned hemistichs; not being willing to imitate Virgil to a fault, like Alexander's courtiers, who affected to hold their necks awry because he could not help it. I am confident your lordship is by this time of my opinion, and that you will look on those half lines hereafter as the imperfect products of a hasty Muse—like the frogs and serpents in the Nile; part of them kindled into life, and part a lump of unformed unanimated mud.

I am sensible that many of my whole verses are as imperfect as those halves, for want of time to digest them better: but give me leave to make the excuse of Boccace, who, when he was upbraided that some of his novels had not the spirit of the rest, returned this answer, that Charlemagne, who made the paladins, was never able to raise an army of them. The leaders may be heroes; but the multitude must consist of common men.

I am also bound to tell your lordship, in my own defence, that, from the beginning of the first Georgic to the end of the last book of the Æneid, I found the difficulty of translation growing on me in every succeeding book: for Virgil, above all poets, had a stock, which I may call almost inexhaustible, of figurative, elegant, and sounding words. I, who inherit but a small portion of his genius, and write in a language so much inferior to the Latin, have found it very painful to vary phrases, when the same sense returns on me. Even he himself, whether out of necessity or choice, has often expressed the same thing in the same words, and often repeated two or three whole verses which he had used before. Words are not so easily coined as money: and yet we see that the credit, not only of banks, but of exchequers, cracks, when little comes in, and much goes out. Virgil called on me in every line for some new word: and I paid so long, that I was almost bankrupt: so that the latter end must needs be more burdensome than the beginning or the middle; and consequently the twelfth book of the Æneid cost me double the time of the first and second. What had become of me if Virgil had taxed me with another book? I had certainly been reduced to pay the public in hammered money, for want

of milled; that is, in the same old words which I had used before: and the receivers must have been forced to have taken any thing, where there was so little to be had.

Besides this difficulty (with which I have struggled, and made a shift to pass it over), there is one remaining, which is insuperable to all translators. We are bound to our author's sense, though with the latitudes already mentioned (for I think it not so sacred as that one iota must not be added or diminished, on pain of an anathema). But slaves we are, and labor on another man's plantation; we dress the vineyard, but the wine is the owner's: if the soil be sometimes barren, then we are sure of being scourged: if it be fruitful and our care succeeds, we are not thanked; for the proud reader will only say the poor drudge has done his duty. But this is nothing to what follows: for, being obliged to make his sense intelligible, we are forced to untune our own verses, that we may give his meaning to the reader. He who invents, is master of his thoughts and words: he can turn and vary them as he pleases, till he renders them harmonious: but the wretched translator has no such privilege: for being tied to the thoughts, he must make what music he can in the expression: and, for this reason, it cannot always be so sweet as that of the original. There is a beauty of sound, as Segrais has observed, in some Latin words, which is wholly lost in any modern language. He instances in that 'mollis amaracus,' on which Venus lays Ascanius in the first book of the Æneid. If I should translate it 'sweet-marjoram,' as the word signifies, the reader would think I had mistaken Virgil: for those village-words, as I may call them, give us a mean idea of the thing; but the sound of the Latin is so much more pleasing, by the just mixture of the vowels with the consonants, that it raises our fancies to conceive somewhat more noble than a common herb, and to spread roses under him, and strew lilies over him; a bed not unworthy the grandson of the goddess.

If I cannot copy his harmonious numbers, how shall I imitate his noble flights, where his thoughts and words are equally sublime?

Quem
——quisquis studet æmulari,

——ceratis ope Dædalea
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto.

What modern language, or what poet, can express the majestic beauty of this one verse, amongst a thousand others?

Aude, hospes, contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
Finge deo.———

For my part I am lost in the admiration of it: I contemn the world when I think on it, and myself when I translate it.

Lay by Virgil, I beseech your lordship, and all my better sort of judges, when you take up my version; and it will appear a passable beauty when the original Muse is absent. But like Spenser's false Florimel made of snow, it melts and vanishes when the true one comes in sight. I will not excuse but justify myself for one pretended crime, with which I am liable to be charged by false critics, not only in this translation, but in many of my original poems—that I Latinise too much. It is true, that, when I find an English word significant and sounding, I neither borrow from the Latin nor any other language: but when I want at home, I must seek abroad.

If sounding words are not of our growth and manufacture, who shall hinder me to import them from a foreign country? I carry not out the treasure of the nation, which is never to return: but what I bring from Italy I spend in England: here it remains, and here it circulates: for, if the coin be good, it will pass from one hand to another. I trade both with the living and the dead, for the enrichment of our native language. We have enough in England to supply our necessity; but, if we will have things of magnificence and splendor, we must get them by commerce. Poetry requires ornament; and that is not to be had from our old Teuton monosyllables; therefore, if I find any elegant word in a classic author, I propose it to be naturalised, by using it myself; and if the public approves of it, the bill passes. But every man cannot distinguish between pedantry and poetry: every man therefore is not fit to innovate. On the whole matter, a poet must first be certain that the word he *would introduce is* beautiful in the Latin, and is to consider, *in the next place,* whether it will agree with the English

idiom: after this, he ought to take the opinion of judicious friends, such as are learned in both languages: and lastly, since no man is infallible, let him use this license very sparingly; for, if too many foreign words are poured in on us, it looks as if they were designed not to assist the natives, but to conquer them.

I am now drawing towards a conclusion, and suspect your lordship is very glad of it. But permit me first to own what helps I have had in this undertaking. The late Earl of Lauderdale sent me over his new translation of the Æneid, which he had ended before I engaged in the same design. Neither did I then intend it: but some proposals being afterwards made me by my bookseller, I desired his lordship's leave that I might accept them, which he freely granted: and I have his letter yet to show for that permission. He resolved to have printed his work (which he might have done two years before I could publish mine), and had performed it, if death had not prevented him. But, having his manuscript in my hands, I consulted it as often as I doubted of my author's sense: for no man understood Virgil better than that learned nobleman. His friends, I hear, have yet another and more correct copy of that translation by them, which had they pleased to have given the public, the judges must have been convinced that I have not flattered him. Besides this help, which was not inconsiderable, Mr. Congreve has done me the favor to review the Æneid, and compare my version with the original. I shall never be ashamed to own that this excellent young man has shown me many faults, which I have endeavored to correct. It is true he might have easily found more; and then my translation had been more perfect.

Two other worthy friends of mine, who desire to have their names concealed, seeing me straitened in my time, took pity on me, and gave me the Life of Virgil, the two prefaces to the Pastorals and the Georgics, and all the arguments in prose to the whole translation; which perhaps has caused a report that the two first poems are not mine. If it had been true that I had taken their verses for my own, I might have gloried in their aid, and, like Terence, have fathered the opinion that Scipio and Lælius joined with me. But the same style being continued through the whole, and the same laws of versification observed, are proofs sufficient that this is one

man's work: and your lordship is too well acquainted with my manner to doubt that any part of it is another's.

That your lordship may see I was in earnest when I promised to hasten to an end, I will not give the reasons why I writ not always in the proper terms of navigation, land-service, or in the cant of any profession. I will only say, that Virgil has avoided those proprieties, because he writ not to mariners, soldiers, astronomers, gardeners, peasants, &c.; but to all in general, and in particular to men and ladies of the first quality, who have been better bred than to be too nicely knowing in the terms. In such cases, it is enough for a poet to write so plainly that he may be understood by his readers; to avoid impropriety, and not affect to be thought learned in all things.

I have omitted the four preliminary lines of the first book of the Æneid, because I think them inferior to any four others in the whole poem, and consequently believe they are not Virgil's. There is too great a gap betwixt the adjective 'vicina' in the second line, and the substantive 'arva' in the latter end of the third, which keeps his meaning in obscurity too long, and is contrary to the clearness of his style.

Ut quamvis avido

is too ambitious an ornament to be his; and

Gratum opus agricolis

are all words unnecessary, and independent of what he said before.

——Horrentia Martis
Arma——

is worse than any of the rest. 'Horrentia' is such a flat epithet, as Tully would have given us in his verses. It is a mere filler, to stop a vacancy in the hexameter, and connect the preface to the work of Virgil. Our author seems to sound a charge, and begins like the clangor of a trumpet—

Arma, virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris—

scarce a word without an *R*, and the vowels for the greater part sonorous. The prefacer began with 'Ille ego;' which he was constrained to patch up in the fourth line with 'at nunc;'

to make the sense cohere. And, if both those words are not notorious botches, I am much deceived, though the French translator thinks otherwise. For my own part, I am rather of the opinion that they were added by Tucca and Varius, than retrenched.

I know it may be answered, by such as think Virgil the author of the four lines, that he asserts his title to the Æneid in the beginning of this work, as he did to the two former in the last lines of the fourth Georgic. I will not reply otherwise to this, than by desiring them to compare these four lines with the four others which we know are his, because no poet but he alone could write them. If they cannot distinguish creeping from flying, let them lay down Virgil, and take up Ovid, 'de Ponto,' in his stead. My master needed not the assistance of that preliminary poet to prove his claim. His own majestic mien discovers him to be the king amidst a thousand courtiers. It was a superfluous office; and therefore I would not set those verses in the front of Virgil, but have rejected them to my own preface.

I, who before, with shepherds in the groves,
Sung, to my oaten pipe, their rural loves,
And, issuing thence, compell'd the neighb'ring field
A plenteous crop of rising corn to yield,
Manured the glebe, and stock'd the fruitful plain,
(A poem grateful to the greedy swain), &c.

If there be not a tolerable line in all these six, the prefacer gave me no occasion to write better. This is a just apology in this place. But I have done great wrong to Virgil in the whole translation: want of time, the inferiority of our language, the inconvenience of rhyme, and all the other excuses I have made, may alleviate my fault, but cannot justify the boldness of my undertaking. What avails it me to acknowlege freely that I have not been able to do him right in any line? for even my own confession makes against me; and it will always be returned on me, 'Why then did you attempt it?' To which no other answer can be made than that I have done him less injury than any of his former libellers.

What they called his picture, had been drawn at length, so *many times,* by the daubers of almost all nations, and still

so unlike him, that I snatched up the pencil with disdain; being satisfied beforehand that I could make some small resemblance of him, though I must be content with a worse likeness. A sixth pastoral, a Pharmaceutria, a single Orpheus, and some other features, have been exactly taken: but those holiday authors writ for pleasure; and only showed us what they could have done, if they would have taken pains to perform the whole.

Be pleased, my lord, to accept, with your wonted goodness, this unworthy present, which I make you. I have taken off one trouble from you, of defending it, by acknowleging its imperfections: and, though some part of them are covered in the verse (as Erichthonius rode always in a chariot to hide his lameness), such of them as cannot be concealed you will please to connive at, though, in the strictness of your judgment, you cannot pardon. If Homer was allowed to nod sometimes in so long a work, it will be no wonder if I often fall asleep. You took my 'Aureng-zeb' into your protection, with all his faults: and I hope here cannot be so many, because I translate an author who gives me such examples of correctness. What my jury may be, I know not; but it is good for a criminal to plead before a favorable judge —if I had said partial, would your lordship have forgiven me? or will you give me leave to acquaint the world that I have many times been obliged to your bounty since the Revolution? Though I never was reduced to beg a charity, nor ever had the impudence to ask one, either of your lordship, or your noble kinsman the Earl of Dorset, much less of any other; yet when I least expected it, you have both remembered me; so inherent it is in your family not to forget an old servant. It looks rather like ingratitude on my part, that, where I have been so often obliged, I have appeared so seldom to return my thanks, and where I was also so sure of being well received. Somewhat of laziness was in the case, and somewhat too of modesty, but nothing of disrespect or unthankfulness. I will not say that your lordship has encouraged me to this presumption, lest, if my labors meet with no success in public, I may expose your judgment to be censured. As for my own enemies, I shall never think them worth an answer; and, if your lordship has any, they will *not dare to arraign* you for want of knowlege in this art, till

they can produce somewhat better of their own than your 'Essay on Poetry.' It was on this consideration that I have drawn out my preface to so great a length. Had I not addressed to a poet and a critic of the first magnitude, I had myself been taxed for want of judgment, and shamed my patron for want of understanding. But neither will you, my lord, so soon be tired as any other, because the discourse is on your art; neither will the learned reader think it tedious, because it is 'ad Clerum.' At least, when he begins to be weary, the church-doors are open. That I may pursue the allegory with a short prayer after a long sermon—

May you live happily and long, for the service of your country, the encouragement of good letters, and the ornament of poetry; which cannot be wished more earnestly by any man, than by

your Lordship's most humble,

most obliged,

and most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

ÆNEID.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

THE Trojans, after a seven years' voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's request—The tempest sinks one, and scatters the rest—Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the sea—Æneas, with his own ship and six more, arrives safe at an African port—Venus complains to Jupiter of her son's misfortunes—Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians—Æneas, going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of a huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage, where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen—Dido, by a device of Venus, begins to have a passion for him, and, after some discourse with him, desires the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy, which is the subject of the two following books.

ARMS and the man I sing, who, forced by Fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expell'd and exiled, left the Trojan shore.
Long labors, both by sea and land, he bore,
And in the doubtful war, before he won 5
The Latian realm, and built the destined town;
His banish'd gods restored to rites divine,
And *settled sure* succession in his line,

From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome. 10
O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate;
What goddess was provoked, and whence her hate;
For what offence the queen of heav'n began
To persecute so brave, so just a man;
Involved his anxious life in endless cares, 15
Exposed to wants, and hurried into wars!
Can heav'nly minds such high resentment show,
Or exercise their spite in human woe?
Against the Tiber's mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was seated on the sea— 20
A Tyrian colony——the people made
Stout for the war, and studious of their trade:
Carthage the name—beloved by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.
Here stood her chariot; here, if heav'n were kind, 25
The seat of awful empire she design'd.
Yet she had heard an ancient rumor fly
(Long cited by the people of the sky),
That times to come should see the Trojan race
Her Carthage ruin, and her tow'rs deface; 30
Nor thus confined, the yoke of sov'reign sway
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate;
Nor could forget the war she waged of late,
For conqu'ring Greece, against the Trojan state. 35
Besides, long causes working in her mind,
And secret seeds of envy, lay behind:
Deep graven in her heart, the doom remain'd
Of partial Paris, and her form disdain'd;
The grace bestow'd on ravish'd Ganymed, 40
Electra's glories and her injured bed.
Each was a cause alone; and all combined
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.

For this, far distant from the Latian coast,
She drove the remnants of the Trojan host: 45
And sev'n long years th' unhappy wand'ring train
Were toss'd by storms, and scatter'd through the main.
Such time, such toil, required the Roman name,
Such length of labor for so vast a frame.
Now scarce the Trojan fleet, with sails and oars, 50
Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores,
Ent'ring with cheerful shouts the wat'ry reign,
And ploughing frothy furrows in the main;
When, lab'ring still with endless discontent,
The queen of heav'n did thus her fury vent:— 55
'Then am I vanquish'd? must I yield?' said she:
'And must the Trojans reign in Italy?
So fate will have it; and Jove adds his force;
Nor can my pow'r divert their happy course.
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful spleen, 60
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
She, for the fault of one offending foe,
The bolts of Jove himself presumed to throw:
With whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the ship,
And bare exposed the bosom of the deep; 65
Then—as an eagle gripes the trembling game—
The wretch, yet hissing with her father's flame,
She strongly seized, and, with a burning wound
Transfix'd and naked, on a rock she bound.
But I, who walk in awful state above, 70
The majesty of heav'n, the sister wife of Jove,
For length of years my fruitless force employ
Against the thin remains of ruin'd Troy!
What nations now to Juno's pow'r will pray,
Or off'rings on my slighted altars lay?' 75
Thus raged the goddess; and, with fury fraught,
The restless regions of the storms she sought,

Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant Æolus, from his airy throne,
With pow'r imperial curbs the struggling winds, 80
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds.
This way, and that, th' impatient captives tend,
And, pressing for release, the mountains rend.
High in his hall th' undaunted monarch stands,
And shakes his sceptre, and their rage commands; 85
Which did he not, their unresisted sway
Would sweep the world before them in their way;
Earth, air, and seas, through empty space would roll,
And heav'n would fly before the driving soul.
In fear of this, the father of the gods 90
Confined their fury to those dark abodes,
And lock'd them safe within, oppress'd with mountain loads;
Imposed a king with arbitrary sway,
To loose their fetters, or their force allay;
To whom the suppliant queen her pray'rs address'd, 95
And thus the tenor of her suit express'd:
'O Æolus!—for to thee the king of heaven
The pow'r of tempests and of winds has given;
Thy force alone their fury can restrain,
And smooth the waves, or swell the troubled main—
A race of wand'ring slaves, abhorr'd by me, 101
With prosp'rous passage cut the Tuscan sea;
To fruitful Italy their course they steer,
And, for their vanquish'd gods, design new temples there:
Raise all thy winds; with night involve the skies; 105
Sink or disperse my fatal enemies.
Twice seven, the charming daughters of the main,
Around my person wait, and bear my train:
Succeed my wish, and second my design,

The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine, 110
And make thee father of a happy line.'
To this the god—' 'Tis yours, O queen! to will
The work, which duty binds me to fulfil.
These airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
Are all the presents of your bounteous hand: 115
Yours is my sov'reign's grace; and, as your guest,
I sit with gods at their celestial feast:
Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue;
Dispose of empire, which I hold from you.'
He said, and hurl'd against the mountain-side 120
His quiv'ring spear, and all the god applied!
The raging winds rush through the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground;
Then settling on the sea, the surges sweep,
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep. 125
South, east, and west, with mix'd confusion roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the shore.
The cables crack; the sailors' fearful cries
Ascend; and sable night involves the skies;
And heav'n itself is ravish'd from their eyes. 130
Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue;
Then flashing fires the transient light renew;
The face of things a frightful image bears;
And present death in various forms appears.
Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief, 135
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief;
And 'Thrice and four times happy those,' he cried,
'That under Ilian walls, before their parents, died!
Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train!
Why could not I by that strong arm be slain, 140
And lie by noble Hector on the plain,
Or great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields,
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields

Of heroes, whose dismember'd hands yet bear
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear?' 145
Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,
And rent the sheets: the raging billows rise,
And mount the tossing vessel to the skies:
Nor can the shiv'ring oars sustain the blow; 150
The galley gives her side, and turns her prow;
While those astern, descending down the steep,
Through gaping waves behold the boiling deep.
Three ships were hurried by the southern blast,
And on the secret shelves with fury cast. 155
Those hidden rocks th' Ausonian sailors knew:
They call'd them altars, when they rose in view,
And show'd their spacious backs above the flood.
Three more fierce Eurus, in his angry mood,
Dash'd on the shallows of the moving sand, 160
And in mid ocean left them moor'd a-land.
Orontes' bark, that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid sight) ev'n in the hero's view,
From stem to stern by waves was overborne:
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn, 165
Was headlong hurl'd: thrice round the ship was toss'd,
Then bulged at once, and in the deep was lost;
And here and there above the waves were seen
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men.
The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way, 170
And suck'd through loosen'd planks the rushing sea.
Ilioneus was her chief: Aletes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
Endured not less: their ships, with gaping seams,
Admit the deluge of the briny streams. 175
Meantime imperial Neptune heard the sound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground.

Displeased, and fearing for his wat'ry reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the main,
Serene in majesty,—then roll'd his eyes 180
Around the space of earth, and seas, and skies.
He saw the Trojan fleet dispersed, distress'd,
By stormy winds and wint'ry heav'n oppress'd.
Full well the god his sister's envy knew,
And what her aims and what her arts pursue. 185
He summon'd Eurus and the western blast,
And first an angry glance on both he cast,
Then thus rebuked—' Audacious winds! from whence
This bold attempt, this rebel insolence?
Is it for you to ravage seas and land, 190
Unauthorised by my supreme command?
To raise such mountains on the troubled main?
Whom I—but first 'tis fit the billows to restrain:
And then you shall be taught obedience to my reign.
Hence! to your lord my royal mandate bear— 195
The realms of ocean and the fields of air
Are mine, not his. By fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.
His pow'r to hollow caverns is confined:
There let him reign, the jailor of the wind, 200
With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call,
And boast and bluster in his empty hall.'
He spoke—and, while he spoke, he smooth'd the sea,
Dispell'd the darkness, and restored the day.
Cymothoë, Triton, and the sea-green train 205
Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands:
The god himself with ready trident stands,
And opes the deep, and spreads the moving sands;
Then heaves them off the shoals.—Where'er he guides
His finny coursers, and in triumph rides, 211
The *waves unruffle*, and the sea subsides.

As, when in tumults rise th' ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
And stones and brands in rattling vollies fly, 215
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply:
If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear:
He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of blood: 220
So, when the father of the flood appears,
And o'er the seas his sov'reign trident rears,
Their fury falls: he skims the liquid plains,
High on his chariot, and, with loosen'd reins,
Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains. 225
The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd oars
To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.
  Within a long recess there lies a bay:
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride: 230
Broke by the jutting land, on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide,
Betwixt two rows of rocks: a sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green:
A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy seats, 235
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats.
Down through the crannies of the living walls
The crystal streams descend in murm'ring falls.
No halsers need to bind the vessels here,
Nor bearded anchors; for no storms they fear. 240
Sev'n ships within this happy harbor meet,
The thin remainders of the scatter'd fleet.
The Trojans, worn with toils, and spent with woes,
Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wish'd repose.
First, good Achates, with repeated strokes 245
Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes:

Short flame succeeds: a bed of wither'd leaves
The dying sparkles in their fall receives:
Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,
And, fed with stronger food, invade the skies. 250
The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around
The cheerful blaze, or lie along the ground.
Some dry their corn infected with the brine,
Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.
Æneas climbs the mountain's airy brow, 255
And takes a prospect of the seas below,
If Capys thence, or Antheus, he could spy,
Or see the streamers of Caïcus fly.
No vessels were in view: but, on the plain,
Three beamy stags command a lordly train 260
Of branching heads: the more ignoble throng
Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze along.
He stood; and, while secure they fed below,
He took the quiver and the trusty bow
Achates used to bear: the leaders first 265
He laid along, and then the vulgar pierced;
Nor ceased his arrows, till the shady plain
Sev'n mighty bodies with their blood distain.
For the sev'n ships he made an equal share,
And to the port return'd triumphant from the war. 270
The jars of gen'rous wine (Acestes' gift,
When his Trinacrian shores the navy left)
He set abroach, and for the feast prepared,
In equal portions with the ven'son shared.
Thus, while he dealt it round, the pious chief 275
With cheerful words allay'd the common grief:
'Endure, and conquer! Jove will soon dispose,
To future good, our past and present woes.
With me, the rocks of Scylla you have tried;
Th' inhuman Cyclops, and his den defied. 280

What greater ills hereafter can you bear?
Resume your courage, and dismiss your care.
An hour will come, with pleasure to relate
Your sorrows past, as benefits of fate.
Through various hazards and events we move 285
To Latium, and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.
Call'd to the seat (the promise of the skies)
Where Trojan kingdoms once again may rise,
Endure the hardships of your present state;
Live, and reserve yourselves for better fate.' 290
These words he spoke, but spoke not from his heart;
His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart.
The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,
The quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste.
Some strip the skin; some portion out the spoil; 295
The limbs, yet trembling, in the caldrons boil;
Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.
Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,
Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls with wine.
Their hunger thus appeased, their care attends 300
The doubtful fortune of their absent friends:
Alternate hopes and fears their minds possess,
Whether to deem them dead, or in distress.
Above the rest, Æneas mourns the fate
Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain state 305
Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus.—
The day, but not their sorrows, ended thus;
When, from aloft, almighty Jove surveys
Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas:
At length on Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes— 310
Whom, pond'ring thus on human miseries,
When Venus saw, she with a lowly look,
Not free from tears, her heav'nly sire bespoke:

'O king of gods and men! whose awful hand
Disperses thunder on the seas and land; 315
Disposes all with absolute command;
How could my pious son thy pow'r incense?
Or what, alas! is vanish'd Troy's offence?
Our hope of Italy not only lost,
On various seas by various tempests toss'd, 320
But shut from ev'ry shore, and barr'd from ev'ry coast.
You promised once, a progeny divine,
Of Romans, rising from the Trojan line,
In aftertimes should hold the world in awe,
And to the land and ocean give the law. 325
How is your doom reversed, which eased my care
When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war?
Then fates to fates I could oppose: but now,
When fortune still pursues her former blow,
What can I hope? What worse can still succeed? 330
What end of labors has your will decreed?
Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
Could pass secure, and pierce th' Illyrian coasts,
Where, rolling down the steep, Timavus raves,
And through nine channels disembogues his waves.
At length he founded Padua's happy seat, 336
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat;
There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their name,
And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame.
But we, descended from your sacred line, 340
Entitled to your heav'n and rites divine,
Are banish'd earth, and for the wrath of one,
Removed from Latium, and the promised throne.
Are these our sceptres? these our due rewards?
And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?' 345
To whom the father of th' immortal race,
Smiling with that serene indulgent face,

With which he drives the clouds and clears skies,
First gave a holy kiss; then thus replies:—
'Daughter, dismiss thy fears: to thy desire,
The fates of thine are fix'd and stand intire.
Thou shalt behold thy wish'd Lavinian walls;
And, ripe for heav'n, when fate Æneas calls,
Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me:—
No counsels have reversed my firm decree.
And, lest new fears disturb thy happy state,
Know, I have search'd the mystic rolls of fate:
Thy son (nor is th' appointed season far)
In Italy shall wage successful war,
Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,
And sov'reign laws impose, and cities build,
Till, after ev'ry foe subdued, the sun
Thrice through the signs his annual race shall run
This is his time prefix'd. Ascanius then,
Now call'd Iulus, shall begin his reign.
He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear,
Then from Lavinium shall the seat transfer,
And, with hard labor, Alba Longa build.—
The throne with his succession shall be fill'd,
Three hundred circuits more: then shall be seen
Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen,
Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throes,
Shall at a birth two goodly boys disclose.
The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain:
Then Romulus his grandsire's throne shall gain,
Of martial tow'rs the founder shall become,
The people Romans call, the city Rome.
To them no bounds of empire I assign,
Nor term of years to their immortal line.
Ev'n haughty Juno, who, with endless broils,
Earth, seas, and heav'n, and Jove himself turmoil

At length atoned, her friendly pow'r shall join,
To cherish and advance the Trojan line.
The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,
And, prostrate, shall adore the nation of the gown. 385
An age is rip'ning in revolving fate,
When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state,
And sweet revenge her conqu'ring sons shall call,
To crush the people that conspired her fall.
Then Cæsar from the Julian stock shall rise, 390
Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies,
Alone shall bound; whom fraught with eastern spoils
Our heav'n the just reward of human toils,
Securely shall repay with rites divine;
And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine. 395
Then dire debate, and impious war, shall cease,
And the stern age be soften'd into peace:
Then banish'd Faith shall once again return,
And Vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn;
And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain 400
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains: 405
High on a trophy raised, of useless arms,
He sits, and threats the world with vain alarms.'
He said, and sent Cyllenius with command
To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
To Trojan guests; lest, ignorant of fate, 410
The queen might force them from her town and state.
Down from the steep of heav'n Cyllenius flies,
And cleaves with all his wings the yielding skies.
Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,
Performs his message, and displays his rod. 415

The surly murmurs of the people cease;
And as the fates required, they give the peace.
The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,
The Trojans pities, and protects their cause.
  Meantime in shades of night Æneas lies: 420
Care seized his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes.
But when the sun restored the cheerful day,
He rose, the coast and country to survey,
Anxious and eager to discover more.—
It look'd a wild uncultivated shore: 425
But, whether humankind, or beasts alone,
Possess'd the new-found region, was unknown.
Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides:
Tall trees surround the mountain's shady sides:
The bending brow above a safe retreat provides. 430
Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends;
And true Achates on his steps attends.
Lo! in the deep recesses of the wood,
Before his eyes his goddess mother stood—
A huntress in her habit and her mien: 435
Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.
Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind;
Loose was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind;
Her hand sustain'd a bow; her quiver hung behind.
She seem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood: 440
With such array Harpalyce bestrode
Her Thracian courser, and outstripp'd the rapid flood.
'Ho! strangers! have you lately seen,' she said,
'One of my sisters, like myself array'd,
Who cross'd the lawn, or in the forest stray'd? 445
A painted quiver at her back she bore;
Varied with spots, a lynx's hide she wore;
And at full cry pursued the tusky boar.'
  Thus Venus: thus her son replied again:
'*None of* your sisters have we heard or seen, 450

O virgin! or what other name you bear
Above that style—O more than mortal fair!
Your voice and mien celestial birth betray!
If, as you seem, the sister of the day,
Or one at least of chaste Diana's train, 455
Let not an humble suppliant sue in vain:
But tell a stranger, long in tempests toss'd,
What earth we tread, and who commands the coast?
Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,
And offer'd victims at your altars fall.'— 460
'I dare not,' she replied, 'assume the name
Of goddess, or celestial honors claim:
For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,
And purple buskins o'er their ankles wear.
Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are— 465
A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
The rising city, which from far you see,
Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.
Phœnician Dido rules the growing state,
Who fled from Tyre, to shun her brother's hate. 470
Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate;
Which I will sum in short. Sichæus, known
For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
Possess'd fair Dido's bed; and either heart
At once was wounded with an equal dart. 475
Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid;
Pygmalion then the Tyrian sceptre sway'd—
One who contemn'd divine and human laws.
Then strife ensued, and cursed gold the cause.
The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth, 480
With steel invades his brother's life by stealth;
Before the sacred altar made him bleed,
And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed.
Some tale, some new pretence, he daily coin'd,
To soothe his sister, and delude her mind. 485

At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears
Of her unhappy lord: the spectre stares,
And, with erected eyes, his bloody bosom bares.
The cruel altars, and his fate, he tells,
And the dire secret of his house reveals; 490
Then warns the widow, and her household gods,
To seek a refuge in remote abodes.
Last, to support her in so long a way,
He shows her where his hidden treasure lay:
Admonish'd thus, and seized with mortal fright, 495
The queen provides companions of her flight:
They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find;
Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind. 500
The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea
With prosp'rous winds: a woman leads the way.
I know not, if by stress of weather driven,
Or was their fatal course disposed by heav'n;
At last they landed, where from far your eyes 505
May view the turrets of new Carthage rise;
There bought a space of ground, which (Byrsa call'd
From the bull's hide) they first inclosed and wall'd.—
But whence are you? what country claims your birth?
What seek you, strangers, on our Libyan earth?' 510
To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,
And deeply sighing, thus her son replies:
'Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
O nymph! the tedious annals of our fate,
Through such a train of woes if I should run, 515
The day would sooner, than the tale, be done!
From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we came—
If you by chance have heard the Trojan name.
On various seas by various tempests toss'd,
At length we landed on your Libyan coast. 520

The good Æneas am I call'd— a name,
While fortune favor'd, not unknown to fame.
My household gods, companions of my woes,
With pious care I rescued from our foes.
To fruitful Italy my course was bent; 525
And from the king of heav'n is my descent.
With twice ten sail I cross'd the Phrygian sea;
Fate and my mother goddess led my way.
Scarce seven, the thin remainders of my fleet,
From storms preserved, within your harbor meet, 530
Myself distress'd, an exile, and unknown,
Debarr'd from Europe, and from Asia thrown,
In Libyan deserts wander thus alone.'
His tender parent could no longer bear,
But, interposing, sought to soothe his care. 535
'Whoe'er you are—not unbeloved by heav'n,
Since on our friendly shore your ships are driv'n—
Have courage: to the gods permit the rest,
And to the queen expose your just request.
Now take this earnest of success for more: 540
Your scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the shore;
The winds are changed, your friends from dangers free;
Or I renounce my skill in augury.
Twelve swans behold in beauteous order move,
And stoop with closing pinions from above; 545
Whom late the bird of Jove had driv'n along,
And through the clouds pursued the scatt'ring throng:
Now all united in a goodly team,
They skim the ground, and seek the quiet stream.
As they, with joy returning, clap their wings, 550
And ride the circuit of the skies in rings:
Not otherwise your ships, and every friend,
Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend.
No more advice is needful; but pursue
The path *before* you, and the town in view.' 555

Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and dishevel'd hair,
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground,
And widely spread ambrosial scents around.
In length of train descends her sweeping gown; 560
And, by her graceful walk, the queen of love is known.
The prince pursued the parting deity
With words like these: 'Ah! whither do you fly?
Unkind and cruel! to deceive your son
In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun; 565
Never to bless my sight, but thus unknown;
And still to speak in accents not your own.'
Against the goddess these complaints he made,
But took the path, and her commands obey'd.
They march obscure: for Venus kindly shrouds, 570
With mists, their persons, and involves in clouds,
That, thus unseen, their passage none might stay,
Or force to tell the causes of their way.
This part perform'd, the goddess flies sublime,
To visit Paphos, and her native clime, 575
Where garlands, ever green and ever fair,
With vows are offer'd, and with solemn pray'r:
A hundred altars in her temple smoke:
A thousand bleeding hearts her pow'r invoke.
They climb the next ascent, and, looking down, 580
Now at a nearer distance view the town.
The prince with wonder sees the stately tow'rs,
(Which late were huts, and shepherds' homely bow'rs,)
The gates and streets; and hears, from ev'ry part,
The noise and busy concourse of the mart. 585
The toiling Tyrians on each other call,
To ply their labor: some extend the wall;
Some build the citadel; the brawny throng
Or dig, or push unwieldy stones along.

Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground, 590
Which, first design'd, with ditches they surround.
Some laws ordain; and some attend the choice
Of holy senates, and elect by voice.
Here some design a mole, while others there
Lay deep foundations for a theatre: 595
From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
For ornaments of scenes, and future view.
Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
As exercise the bees in flow'ry plains,
When winter past, and summer scarce begun, 600
Invites them forth to labor in the sun:
Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense
Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense:
Some at the gate stand ready to receive
The golden burden, and their friends relieve; 605
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive:
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds;
The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
'Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise!' 610
Æneas said, and view'd, with lifted eyes,
Their lofty tow'rs: then ent'ring at the gate,
Conceal'd in clouds, (prodigious to relate,)
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,
Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along. 615
Full in the centre of the town there stood,
Thick set with trees, a venerable wood:
The Tyrians, landing near this holy ground,
And digging here, a prosp'rous omen found:
From under earth a courser's head they drew, 620
Their growth and future fortune to foreshow:
This fated sign their foundress Juno gave,
Of a soil *fruitful*, and a people brave.

Sidonian Dido here with solemn state
Did Juno's temple build, and consecrate, 625
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden shrine;
But more the goddess made the place divine.
On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
And brazen plates the cedar beams inclose:
The rafters are with brazen cov'rings crown'd; 630
The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound.
What first Æneas in this place beheld,
Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
For—while, expecting there the queen, he raised
His wond'ring eyes, and round the temple gazed, 635
Admired the fortune of the rising town,
The striving artists, and their art's renown—
He saw, in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall—
The wars that fame around the world had blown, 640
All to the life, and ev'ry leader known.
There Agamemnon, Priam here, he spies,
And fierce Achilles, who both kings defies.
He stopp'd, and weeping said, 'O friend! ev'n here
The monuments of Trojan woes appear! 645
Our known disasters fill ev'n foreign lands;
See there, where old unhappy Priam stands!
Ev'n the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim.'
He said—(his tears a ready passage find) 650
Devouring what he saw so well design'd;
And with an empty picture fed his mind:
For there he saw the fainting Grecians yield,
And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
Pursu'd by fierce Achilles through the plain, 655
On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.
The tents of Rhesus next his grief renew,
By their white sails betray'd to nightly view;

And wakeful Diomede, whose cruel sword
The sentries slew, nor spared their slumb'ring lord, 660
Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet the food
Of Troy they taste, or drink the Xanthian flood.
Elsewhere he saw where Troilus defied
Achilles, and unequal combat tried;
Then, where the boy disarm'd, with loosen'd reins, 665
Was by his horses hurried o'er the plains,
Hung by the neck and hair; and, dragg'd around,
The hostile spear yet sticking in his wound,
With tracks of blood inscribed the dusty ground.
Meantime the Trojan dames, oppress'd with woe, 670
To Pallas' fane in long procession go,
In hopes to reconcile their heav'nly foe:
They weep; they beat their breasts; they rend their hair,
And rich embroider'd vests for presents bear:
But the stern goddess stands unmoved with pray'r. 675
Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew
The corpse of Hector, whom in fight he slew.
Here Priam sues; and there, for sums of gold,
The lifeless body of his son is sold.
So sad an object, and so well express'd 680
Drew sighs and groans from the grieved hero's breast,
To see the figure of his lifeless friend,
And his old sire his helpless hands extend.
Himself he saw amidst the Grecian train,
Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain; 685
And swarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,
His pompous ensigns, and his Indian crew.
Penthesilea there with haughty grace
Leads to the wars an Amazonian race:
In their right hands a pointed dart they wield; 690
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield.

Athwart her breast a golden belt she throws,
Amidst the press alone provokes a thousand foes,
And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppose.
Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes, 695
Fix'd on the walls with wonder and surprise,
The beauteous Dido, with a num'rous train,
And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.
Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
Diana seems; and so she charms the sight, 700
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads.
Known by her quiver, and her lofty mien,
She walks majestic, and she looks their queen:
Latona sees her shine above the rest, 705
And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.
Such Dido was; with such becoming state,
Amidst the crowd she walks serenely great.
Their labor to her future sway she speeds,
And passing with a gracious glance proceeds, 710
Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the shrine:
In crowds around, the swarming people join.
She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,
Hears and determines ev'ry private cause;
Their tasks in equal portions she divides, 715
And, where unequal, there by lot decides.
Another way by chance Æneas bends
His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends,
Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cloanthus strong,
And at their backs a mighty Trojan throng, 720
Whom late the tempest on the billows toss'd,
And widely scatter'd on another coast.
The prince, unseen, surprised with wonder stands,
And longs, with joyful haste, to join their hands:
But, doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays, 725
And from the hollow cloud his friends surveys,

Impatient till they told their present state,
And where they left their ships, and what their fate,
And why they came, and what was their request:
For these were sent commission'd by the rest, 730
To sue for leave to land their sickly men,
And gain admission to the gracious queen.
Ent'ring, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;
Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began:
'O queen! indulg'd by favor of the gods 735
To found an empire in these new abodes;
To build a town; with statutes to restrain
The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign—
We wretched Trojans, toss'd on ev'ry shore,
From sea to sea, thy clemency implore. 740
Forbid the fires our shipping to deface,
Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,
And spare the remnant of a pious race!
We come not with design of wasteful prey,
To drive the country, force the swains away: 745
Nor such our strength, nor such is our desire;
The vanquish'd dare not to such thoughts aspire.
A land there is, Hesperia named of old—
The soil is fruitful and the men are bold—
Th' Œnotrians held it once—by common fame, 750
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
To that sweet region was our voyage bent,
When winds, and ev'ry warring element,
Disturb'd our course, and, far from sight of land,
Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand. 755
The sea came on: the south, with mighty roar,
Dispersed and dash'd the rest upon the rocky shore.
Those few you see escaped the storm, and fear,
Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here.

What men, what monsters, what inhuman race, 760
What laws, what barb'rous customs of the place,
Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,
And drive us to the cruel seas again!
If our hard fortune no compassion draws,
Nor hospitable rights, nor human laws, 765
The gods are just, and will revenge our cause.
Æneas was our prince—a juster lord,
Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword—
Observant of the right, religious of his word.
If yet he lives, and draws this vital air, 770
Nor we, his friends, of safety shall despair,
Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,
Where king Acestes Trojan lineage boasts. 775
Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
Refitted from your woods with planks and oars,
That, if our prince be safe, we may renew
Our destined course, and Italy pursue.
But if, O best of men! the Fates ordain 780
That thou art swallow'd in the Libyan main,
And if our young Iulus be no more,
Dismiss our navy from your friendly shore,
That we to good Acestes may return,
And with our friends our common losses mourn.' 785
Thus spoke Ilioneus; the Trojan crew
With cries and clamors his request renew.
The modest queen a while, with downcast eyes,
Ponder'd the speech, then briefly thus replies:
'Trojans! dismiss your fears: my cruel fate, 790
And doubts attending an unsettled state,
Force me to guard my coast from foreign foes.
Who has not heard the story of your woes;

The name and fortune of your native place,
The fame and valor of the Phrygian race? 795
We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,
Nor so remote from Phœbus' influence,
Whether to Latian shores your course is bent,
Or, driv'n by tempests from your first intent,
You seek the good Acestes' government; 800
Your men shall be received, your fleet repair'd,
And sail with ships of convoy for your guard:
Or, would you stay, and join your friendly pow'rs
To raise and to defend the Tyrian tow'rs,
My wealth, my city, and myself, are yours. 805
And would to heav'n the storm you felt would bring
On Carthaginian coasts your wand'ring king!
My people shall, by my command, explore
The ports and creeks of ev'ry winding shore,
And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in quest 810
Of so renown'd and so desired a guest.'
Raised in his mind the Trojan hero stood,
And long'd to break from out his ambient cloud:
Achates found it, and thus urged his way:
'From whence, O goddess-born, this long delay? 815
What more can you desire, your welcome sure,
Your fleet in safety, and your friends secure?
One only wants; and him we saw in vain
Oppose the storm, and swallow'd in the main.
Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid: 820
The rest agrees with what your mother said.'
Scarce had he spoken when the cloud gave way,
The mists flew upward, and dissolved in day.
The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
August in visage, and serenely bright. 825
His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples
shine,

And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,
And breathed a youthful vigor on his face;
Like polish'd iv'ry, beauteous to behold, 830
Or Parian marble, when enchased in gold:
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke;
And thus with manly modesty he spoke:
'He whom you seek am I; by tempests toss'd,
And saved from shipwreck on your Libyan coast; 835
Presenting, gracious queen, before your throne,
A prince that owes his life to you alone.
Fair majesty! the refuge and redress
Of those whom fate pursues, and wants oppress!
You, who your pious offices employ 840
To save the relics of abandon'd Troy;
Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly shore,
With hospitable rites relieve the poor;
Associate in your town a wand'ring train,
And strangers in your palace entertain. 845
What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
Who, scatter'd through the world, in exile mourn?
The gods, (if gods to goodness are inclined—
If acts of mercy touch their heav'nly mind)
And, more than all the gods, your gen'rous heart, 850
Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!
In you this age is happy, and this earth;
And parents more than mortal gave you birth.
While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
And round the space of heav'n the radiant sun; 855
While trees the mountain-tops with shades supply,
Your honor, name, and praise, shall never die.
Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,
Your image shall be present in my mind.'
Thus having said, he turn'd with pious haste, 860
And joyful his expecting friends embraced:
With his right hand Ilioneus he graced,

Serestus with the left; then to his breast
Cloanthus and the noble Gyas press'd;
And so by turns descended to the rest. 865
The Tyrian queen stood fix'd upon his face,
Pleased with his motions, ravish'd with his grace;
Admired his fortunes, more admired the man;
Then recollected stood; and thus began:
'What fate, O goddess-born! what angry pow'rs 870
Have cast you shipwreck'd on our barren shores?
Are you the great Æneas, known to fame,
Who from celestial seed your lineage claim?
The same Æneas, whom fair Venus bore
To famed Anchises on th' Idæan shore? 875
It calls into my mind, though then a child,
When Teucer came, from Salamis exiled,
And sought my father's aid, to be restored:
My father Belus then with fire and sword
Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare, 880
And, conqu'ring, finish'd the successful war.
From him the Trojan siege I understood,
The Grecian chiefs, and your illustrious blood.
Your foe himself the Dardan valor praised,
And his own ancestry from Trojans raised. 885
Enter, my noble guest! and you shall find,
If not a costly welcome, yet a kind:
For I myself, like you, have been distress'd,
Till heav'n afforded me this place of rest.
Like you, an alien in a land unknown, 890
I learn to pity woes so like my own.'
She said, and to the palace led her guest,
Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd a feast.
Nor yet less careful for her absent friends,
Twice ten fat oxen to the ships she sends: 895
Besides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their milky dams:

And jars of gen'rous wine, and spacious bowls,
She gives, to cheer the sailors' drooping souls.
Now purple hangings clothe the palace walls, 900
And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid halls:
On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine;
With loads of massy plate the side-boards shine,
And antique vases, all of gold emboss'd,
(The gold itself inferior to the cost 905
Of curious work,) where on the sides were seen
The fights and figures of illustrious men,
From their first founder to the present queen.
The good Æneas, whose paternal care
Iulus' absence could no longer bear, 910
Despatch'd Achates to the ships in haste,
To give a glad relation of the past,
And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy,
Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy—
A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire; 915
An upper vest, once Helen's rich attire,
From Argos by the famed adultress brought,
With golden flow'rs and winding foliage wrought—
Her mother Leda's present, when she came
To ruin Troy, and set the world on flame; 920
The sceptre Priam's eldest daughter bore,
Her orient necklace, and the crown she wore
Of double texture, glorious to behold;
One order set with gems, and one with gold.
Instructed thus, the wise Achates goes, 925
And, in his diligence, his duty shows.
But Venus, anxious for her son's affairs,
New counsels tries, and new designs prepares:
That Cupid should assume the shape and face
Of sweet Ascanius, and the sprightly grace; 930
Should bring the presents, in her nephew's stead,
And in Eliza's veins the gentle poison shed:

For much she fear'd the Tyrians, double-tongued,
And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd.
These thoughts by night her golden slumbers broke;
And thus, alarm'd, to winged Love she spoke: 936
'My son, my strength, whose mighty pow'r alone
Controls the thund'rer on his awful throne,
To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,
And on thy succor and thy faith relies. 940
Thou know'st, my son, how Jove's revengeful wife,
By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life:
And often hast thou mourn'd with me his pains.
Him Dido now with blandishment detains;
But I suspect the town where Juno reigns. 945
For this, 'tis needful to prevent her art,
And fire with love the proud Phœnician's heart—
A love so violent, so strong, so sure,
That neither age can change, nor art can cure.
How this may be perform'd, now take my mind: 950
Ascanius, by his father is design'd
To come, with presents laden, from the port,
To gratify the queen, and gain the court.
I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,
And, ravish'd, in Idalian bow'rs to keep, 955
Or high Cythera, that the sweet deceit
May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat.
Take thou his form and shape. I beg the grace
But only for a night's revolving space;
Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face; 960
That when, amidst the fervor of the feast,
The Tyrian hugs and fonds thee on her breast,
And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,
Thou may'st infuse thy venom in her veins.'
The god of love obeys, and sets aside 965
His bow and quiver, and his plumy pride:

He walks Iulus in his mother's sight,
And in the sweet resemblance takes delight.
  The goddess then to young Ascanius flies,
And in a pleasing slumber seals his eyes:
Lull'd in her lap, amidst a train of loves,
She gently bears him to her blissful groves,
Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,
And softly lays him on a flow'ry bed.
Cupid meantime assumed his form and face,
Following Achates with a shorter pace,
And brought the gifts. The queen already sate
Amidst the Trojan lords, in shining state,
High on a golden bed: her princely guest
Was next her side; in order sate the rest.
Then canisters with bread are heap'd on high:
Th' attendants water for their hands supply,
And, having wash'd, with silken towels dry.
Next fifty handmaids in long order bore
The censers, and with fumes the gods adore:
Then youths and virgins, twice as many, join
To place the dishes, and to serve the wine.
The Tyrian train, admitted to the feast,
Approach, and on the painted couches rest.
All on the Trojan gifts with wonder gaze,
But view the beauteous boy with more amaze,
His rosy-color'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,
His motions, voice, and shape, and all the god'
  guise;
Nor pass unpraised the vest and veil divine,
Which wand'ring foliage and rich flow'rs entwine
But, far above the rest, the royal dame,
(Already doom'd to love's disastrous flame)
With eyes insatiate, and tumultuous joy,
Beholds the presents, and admires the boy.

The guileful god, about the hero long, 1000
With children's play, and false embraces, hung;
Then sought the queen: she took him to her arms
With greedy pleasure, and devour'd his charms.
Unhappy Dido little thought what guest,
How dire a god, she drew so near her breast. 1005
But he, not mindless of his mother's pray'r,
Works in the pliant bosom of the fair,
And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former care.
The dead is to the living love resign'd;
And all Æneas enters in her mind. 1010

Now, when the rage of hunger was appeased,
The meat removed and ev'ry guest was pleased,
The golden bowls with sparkling wine are crown'd,
And through the palace cheerful cries resound.
From gilded roofs depending lamps display 1015
Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.
A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine,
The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine—
The bowl that Belus used, and all the Tyrian line.
Then, silence through the hall proclaim'd, she spoke:
'O hospitable Jove! we thus invoke, 1021
With solemn rites, thy sacred name and pow'r:
Bless to both nations this auspicious hour!
So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line
In lasting concord from this day combine. 1025
Thou, Bacchus, god of joys and friendly cheer,
And gracious Juno, both be present here!
And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows address
To heav'n with mine to ratify the peace.'
The goblet then she took, with nectar crown'd, 1030
(Sprinkling the first libations on the ground)
And raised it to her mouth with sober grace,
Then, sipping, offer'd to the next in place.

'Twas Bitias whom she call'd—a thirsty soul:
He took the challenge, and embraced the bowl, 1035
With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceased to draw,
Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw.
The goblet goes around: Iöpas brought
His golden lyre, and sung what ancient Atlas taught—
The various labórs of the wand'ring moon, 1040
And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun;
Th' original of men and beasts; and whence
The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense,
And fix'd and erring stars dispose their influence;
What shakes the solid earth; what cause delays 1045
The summer nights, and shortens winter days.
With peals of shouts the Tyrians praise the song;
Those peals are echo'd by the Trojan throng.
Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,
And drank large draughts of love with vast delight;
Of Priam much inquired, of Hector more; 1051
Then ask'd what arms the swarthy Memnon wore;
What troops he landed on the Trojan shore:
(The steeds of Diomede varied the discourse,
And fierce Achilles, with his matchless force.) 1055
At length, as fate and her ill stars required,
To hear the series of the war desired:
'Relate at large, my god-like guest,' she said,
'The Grecian stratagems, the town betray'd;
The fatal issue of so long a war, 1060
Your flight, your wand'rings, and your woes, declare:
For, since on ev'ry sea, on ev'ry coast,
Your men have been distress'd, your navy toss'd,
Sev'n times the sun has either tropic view'd,
The winter banish'd, and the spring renew'd.' 1065

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

ÆNEAS relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years' siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse—He declares the fixed resolution he had taken not to survive the ruin of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it—At last, having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed on to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country—In order to this, he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind—When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.

ALL were attentive to the god like man,
When from his lofty couch he thus began:
'Great queen, what you command me to relate
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate:
An empire from its old foundations rent, 5
And ev'ry woe the Trojans underwent;
A peopled city made a desert place;
All that I saw, a part of which I was;
Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear,
Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear. 10
And now the latter watch of wasting night,
And setting stars to kindly rest invite.
But, since you take such int'rest in our woe,
And Troy's disastrous end desire to know,

I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell 15
What in our last and fatal night befell.
By destiny compell'd, and in despair,
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war,
And by Minerva's aid, a fabric rear'd,
Which like a steed of monstrous height appear'd: 20
The sides were plank'd with pine: they feign'd it made
For their return, and this the vow they paid.
Thus they pretend; but in the hollow side
Selected numbers of their soldiers hide:
With inward arms the dire machine they load; 25
And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.
In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
(While Fortune did on Priam's empire smile)
Renown'd for wealth; but since, a faithless bay,
Where ships exposed to wind and weather lay. 30
There was their fleet conceal'd. We thought, for Greece
Their sails were hoisted, and our fears release.
The Trojans, coop'd within their walls so long,
Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
Like swarming bees, and with delight survey 35
The camp deserted where the Grecians lay:
The quarters of the sev'ral chiefs they show'd—
Here Phœnix, here Achilles, made abode;
Here join'd the battles; there the navy rode.
Part on the pile their wond'ring eyes employ— 40
The pile by Pallas raised to ruin Troy.
Thymœtes first ('tis doubtful whether hired,
Or so the Trojan destiny required)
Moved that the ramparts might be broken down
To lodge the monster fabric in the town. 45
But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,
The fatal present to the flames design'd,

Or to the wat'ry deep; at least to bore
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore.
The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide, 50
With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.
Laocoon, follow'd by a num'rous crowd,
Ran from the fort, and cried, from far, aloud:
'O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns?
What more than madness has possess'd your brains? 55
Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone?
And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
This hollow fabric either must inclose,
Within its blind recess, our secret foes;
Or 'tis an engine raised above the town, 60
T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
Somewhat is sure design'd by fraud or force—
Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.'
Thus having said, against the steed he threw
His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew, 65
Pierced through the yielding planks of jointed wood,
And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
The sides, transpierced, return a rattling sound;
And groans of Greeks inclosed come issuing through the wound.
And, had not heav'n the fall of Troy design'd, 70
Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done, t' inspire a better mind,
Then had our lances pierced the treach'rous wood,
And Ilian towers and Priam's empire stood.
Meantime, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring 75
A captive Greek in bands, before the king—
Taken, to take—who made himself their prey,
T' impose on their belief, and Troy betray;
Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
To die undaunted, or to circumvent. 80

About the captive tides of Trojans flow;
All press to see, and some insult the foe.
Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles disguised:
Behold a nation in a man comprised.
Trembling the miscreant stood: unarm'd and bound,
He stared, and roll'd his haggard eyes around, 85
Then said, 'Alas! what earth remains, what sea
Is open to receive unhappy me?
What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends?' 90
He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye:
Our pity kindles, and our passions die.
We cheer the youth to make his own defence,
And freely tell us what he was, and whence:
What news he could impart we long to know, 95
And what to credit from a captive foe.
His fear at length dismiss'd, he said, 'Whate'er
My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere:
I neither can nor dare my birth disclaim:
Greece is my country, Sinon is my name. 100
Though plunged by Fortune's pow'r in misery,
'Tis not in Fortune's pow'r to make me lie.
If any chance has hither brought the name
Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,
Who suffer'd from the malice of the times, 105
Accused and sentenced for pretended crimes,
Because the fatal wars he would prevent;
Whose death the wretched Greeks too late lament—
Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare
Of other means, committed to his care, 110
His kinsman and companion in the war.
While Fortune favor'd, while his arms support
The cause, and ruled the counsels of the court,
I made some figure there; nor was my name
Obscure, nor I without my share of fame. 115

But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,
Had made impression in the people's hearts,
And forged a treason in my patron's name
(I speak of things too far divulged by fame),
My kinsman fell. Then I, without support, 120
In private mourn'd his loss, and left the court.
Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate,
With silent grief, but loudly blamed the state,
And cursed the direful author of my woes.—
'Twas told again; and hence my ruin rose. 125
I threaten'd, if indulgent heav'n once more
Would land me safely on my native shore,
His death with double vengeance to restore.
This moved the murd'rer's hate; and soon ensued
Th' effects of malice from a man so proud. 130
Ambiguous rumors through the camp he spread,
And sought, by treason, my devoted head;
New crimes invented; left unturn'd no stone
To make my guilt appear, and hide his own;
Till Calchas was by force and threat'ning wrought— 135
But why—why dwell I on that anxious thought?
If on my nation just revenge you seek,
And 'tis t' appear a foe, t' appear a Greek;
Already you my name and country know:
Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow: 140
My death will both the kingly brothers please,
And set insatiate Ithacus at ease.'
This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken starts,
Raised expectations in our longing hearts;
Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts. 145
His former trembling once again renew'd,
With acted fear; the villain thus pursued:
'Long had the Grecians (tired with fruitless care,
And wearied with an unsuccessful war)

Resolved to raise the siege, and leave the town; 150
And had the gods permitted, they had gone.
But oft the wintry seas, and southern winds,
Withstood their passage home, and changed their minds.
Portents and prodigies their souls amazed;
But most, when this stupendous pile was raised: 155
Then flaming meteors, hung in air were seen,
And thunders rattled through a sky serene.
Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire event,
Eurypylus, t' inquire their fate, was sent.
He, from the gods this dreadful answer brought: 160
'O Grecians! when the Trojan shores you sought,
Your passage with a virgin's blood was bought!
So must your safe return be bought again;
And Grecian blood once more atone the main!'
The spreading rumor round the people ran; 165
All fear'd, and each believed himself the man.
Ulysses took th' advantage of their fright;
Call'd Calchas, and produced in open sight;
Then bade him name the wretch, ordain'd by fate
The public victim, to redeem the state. 170
Already some presaged the dire event,
And saw what sacrifice Ulysses meant.
For twice five days the good old seer withstood
Th' intended treason, and was dumb to blood,
Till, tired with endless clamors and pursuit 175
Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute;
But, as it was agreed, pronounced that I
Was destined by the wrathful gods to die,
All praised the sentence, pleased the storm should fall
On one alone, whose fury threaten'd all. 180
The dismal day was come; the priests prepare
Their leaven'd cakes, and fillets for my hair.

I follow'd nature's laws, and must avow
I broke my bonds, and fled the fatal blow.
Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay, 185
Secure of safety when they sail'd away.
But now what farther hopes for me remain,
To see my friends or native soil again;
My tender infants, or my careful sire,
Whom they returning will to death require; 190
Will perpetrate on them their first design,
And take the forfeit of their heads for mine?
Which, O! if pity mortal minds can move,
If there be faith below, or gods above,
If innocence and truth can claim desert, 195
Ye Trojans, from an injured wretch avert.'
False tears true pity move: the king commands
To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands;
Then adds these friendly words: 'Dismiss thy fears:
Forget the Greeks: be mine as thou wert theirs:
But truly tell, was it for force or guile, 201
Or some religious end, you raised the pile?'
Thus said the king.—He, full of fraudful arts,
This well-invented tale for truth imparts:
'Ye lamps of heav'n!' he said, and lifted high 205
His hands now free,—'thou venerable sky!
Inviolable pow'rs, adored with dread!
Ye fatal fillets that once bound this head!
Ye sacred altars from whose flames I fled!
Be all of you adjured; and grant I may, 210
Without a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray,
Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
And justly punish whom I justly hate!
But you, O king, preserve the faith you gave,
If I, to save myself, your empire save. 215
The Grecian hopes, and all th' attempts they made,
Were only founded on Minerva's aid.

But from the time when impious Diomede,
And false Ulysses, that inventive head,
Her fatal image from the temple drew, 220
The sleeping guardians of the castle slew,
Her virgin statue with their bloody hands
Polluted, and profaned her holy bands;
From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,
And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before: 225
Their courage languish'd, as their hopes decay'd;
And Pallas, now averse, refused her aid.
Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare
Her alter'd mind, and alienated care.
When first her fatal image touch'd the ground, 230
She sternly cast her glaring eyes around,
That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to threat:
Her heav'nly limbs distill'd a briny sweat.
Thrice from the ground she leap'd, was seen to wield
Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid shield.
Then Calchas bade our host for flight prepare, 236
And hope no conquest from the tedious war,
Till first they sail'd for Greece; with pray'rs besought
Her injured pow'r, and better omens brought.
And now their navy ploughs the wat'ry main, 240
Yet, soon expect it on your shores again,
With Pallas pleased; as Calchas did ordain.
But first, to reconcile the blue-eyed maid
For her stol'n statue and her tow'r betray'd,
Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name 245
We raised and dedicate this wond'rous frame;
So lofty, lest through your forbidden gates
It pass, and intercept our better fates:
For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost,
And Troy may then a new Palladium boast: 250
For so religion and the gods ordain,
That, if you violate with hands profane

Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn,
(Which omen, O ye gods, on Græcia turn!)
But if it climb, with your assisting hands, 255
The Trojan walls, and in the city stands;
Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenæ burn,
And the reverse of fate on us return.'
With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts. 260
What Diomede, nor Thetis' greater son,
A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege, had done—
False tears and fawning words the city won.
A greater omen, and of worse portent,
Did our unwary minds with fear torment, 265
Concurring to produce the dire event.
Laocoon, Neptune's priest by lot that year,
With solemn pomp then sacrificed a steer;
When (dreadful to behold!) from sea we spied
Two serpents, rank'd abreast, the seas divide, 270
And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.
Their flaming crests above the waves they show:
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below:
Their speckled tails advance to steer their course, 274
And on the sounding shore the flying billows force.
And now the strand, and now the plain, they held.
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd:
Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,
And lick'd their hissing jaws, that sputter'd flame.
We fled amazed; their destined way they take, 280
And to Laocoon and his children make:
And first around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and bodies grind.
The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade: 285

Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd;
And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
The priest thus doubly choked—their crests divide,
And tow'ring o'er his head in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labors at the knots; 290
His holy fillets the blue venom blots:
His roaring fills the flitting air around.
Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies, 294
And with loud bellowings breaks the yielding skies.
Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,
And to the tow'r of Pallas make their way:
Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there,
By her large buckler, and protended spear.
Amazement seizes all: the gen'ral cry 300
Proclaims Laocoon justly doom'd to die,
Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
And dared to violate the sacred wood.
All vote t' admit the steed, that vows be paid,
And incense offer'd to th' offended maid. 305
A spacious breach is made: the town lies bare:
Some hoisting levers, some the wheels, prepare,
And fasten to the horse's feet: the rest
With cables haul along th' unwieldy beast.
Each on his fellow for assistance calls: 310
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.
Thus raised aloft, and then descending down,
It enters o'er our heads, and threats the town. 315
O sacred city, built by hands divine!
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
Four times he struck: as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.

Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate, 320
We haul along the horse in solemn state;
Then place the dire portent within the tow'r.
Cassandra cried, and cursed th' unhappy hour;
Foretold our fate; but, by the gods' decree,
All heard, and none believed the prophecy. 325
With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste,
In jollity, the day ordain'd to be the last.
Meantime the rapid heav'ns roll'd down the light,
And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night:
Our men, secure, nor guards nor sentries held; 330
But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.
The Grecians had embark'd their naval pow'rs
From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores,
Safe under covert of the silent night,
And guided by th' imperial galley's light; 335
When Sinon, favor'd by the partial gods,
Unlock'd the horse, and oped his dark abodes;
Restored to vital air our hidden foes,
Who joyful from their long confinement rose.
Thessander bold, and Sthenelus their guide, 340
And dire Ulysses, down the cable slide:
Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus, haste:
Nor was the Podalirian hero last,
Nor injured Menelaus, nor the famed
Epeus, who the fatal engine framed. 345
A nameless crowd succeed; their forces join
T' invade the town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.
Those few they find awake first meet their fate;
Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.
'Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs 350
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
When Hector's ghost before my sight appears:
A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bathed in tears:

Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain. 355
Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
Through the bored holes: his body black with dust;
Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils
Of war, triumphant in Æacian spoils;
Or him who made the fainting Greeks retire, 360
And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.
His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore;
And all the wounds he for his country bore,
Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran.
I wept to see the visionary man, 365
And, while my trance continued, thus began:
'O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
O, long expected by thy friends; from whence
Art thou so late return'd for our defence? 370
Do we behold thee, wearied as we are,
With length of labors, and with toils of war?
After so many fun'rals of thy own,
Art thou restored to thy declining town?
But say, what wounds are these? what new disgrace
Deforms the manly features of thy face?' 376
To this the spectre no reply did frame,
But answer'd to the cause for which he came,
And groaning from the bottom of his breast,
This warning, in these mournful words, express'd: 380
'O goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes already have possess'd the wall:
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall:
Enough is paid to Priam's royal name, 385
More than enough to duty and to fame.

If by a mortal hand my father's throne
Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone.
Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
And gives her gods companions of thy fate: 390
From their assistance, happier walls expect,
Which, wand'ring long, at last thou shalt erect.'
He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,
The venerable statues of the gods;
With ancient Vesta from the sacred choir, 395
The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.
Now peals of shouts come thund'ring from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war:
The noise approaches, though our palace stood
Aloof from streets, encompass'd with a wood. 400
Louder, and yet more loud I hear th' alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.
Fear broke my slumbers; I no longer stay,
But mount the terrace, thence the town survey,
And hearken what the frightful sounds convey. 405
Thus—when a flood of fire by wind is borne,
Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn;
Or deluges, descending on the plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains
Of lab'ring oxen, and the peasant's gains; 410
Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey—
The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees from far
The wasteful ravage of the wat'ry war.
Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd; 415
And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd.
The palace of Deiphobus ascends
In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.
Ucalegon burns next: the seas are bright
With splendor not their own, and shine with Trojan
light. 420

New clamors and new clangors now arise,
The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries.
With frenzy seized, I run to meet th' alarms,
Resolved on death, resolved to die in arms!
But first to gather friends, with them t' oppose, 425
If fortune favor'd, and repel the foes—
Spurr'd by my courage—by my country fired,
With sense of honor and revenge inspired.
Panthus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
Had 'scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the flame:
With relics loaden, to my doors he fled, 431
And by the hand his tender grandson led.
'What hope, O Panthus! whither can we run?
Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?'
Scarce had I said, when Panthus, with a groan, 435
'Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town!
The fatal day, th' appointed hour, is come,
When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands.
The fire consumes the town, the foe commands; 440
And armed hosts, an unexpected force,
Break from the bowels of the fatal horse.
Within the gates, proud Sinon throws about
The flames; and foes, for entrance, press without;
With thousand others, whom I fear to name, 445
More than from Argos or Mycenæ came.
To sev'ral posts their parties they divide:
Some block the narrow streets, some scour the wide:
The bold they kill, th' unwary they surprise:
Who fights finds death, and death finds him who flies.
The warders of the gate but scarce maintain 451
Th' unequal combat, and resist in vain.'
I heard; and heav'n, that well-born souls inspires,
Prompts me, through lifted swords and rising fires,

To run, where clashing arms and clamor calls, 455
And rush undaunted to defend the walls.
Ripheus and Iphitus by my side engage,
For valor one renown'd, and one for age.
Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight knew
My motions and my mien, and to my party drew; 460
With young Chorœbus, who by love was led
To win renown, and fair Cassandra's bed;
And lately brought his troops to Priam's aid,
Forewarn'd in vain by the prophetic maid;
Whom when I saw resolved in arms to fall, 465
And that one spirit animated all,
'Brave souls!' said I, 'but brave, alas! in vain—
Come, finish what our cruel fates ordain.
You see the desp'rate state of our affairs:
And heaven's protecting pow'rs are deaf to pray'rs.
The passive gods behold the Greeks defile 471
Their temples, and abandon to the spoil
Their own abodes; we, feeble few, conspire
To save a sinking town, involved in fire.
Then let us fall, but fall amidst our foes. 475
Despair of life the means of living shows.'
So bold a speech encouraged their desire
Of death, and added fuel to their fire.
As hungry wolves, with raging appetite,
Scour through the fields, nor fear the stormy night—
Their whelps at home expect the promised food, 481
And long to temper their dry chaps in blood—
So rush'd we forth at once, resolved to die,
Resolved, in death, the last extremes to try,
We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare 485
Th' unequal combat in the public square:
Night was our friend; our leader was Despair.
What tongue can tell the slaughter of that night?
What eyes can weep the sorrows and affright?

An ancient and imperial city falls; 490
The streets are fill'd with frequent funerals:
Houses and holy temples float in blood;
And hostile nations make a common flood.
Not only Trojans fall; but, in their turn,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn. 495
Ours take new courage from despair and night;
Confused the fortune is, confused the fight.
All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears;
And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.
Androgeos fell among us, with his band, 500
Who thought us Grecians newly come to land.
'From whence,' said he, 'my friends, this long delay?
You loiter, while the spoils are borne away:
Our ships are laden with the Trojan store;
And you, like truants, come too late ashore.' 505
He said, but soon corrected his mistake,
Found by the doubtful answers which we make.
Amazed, he would have shunn'd th' unequal fight;
But we, more num'rous, intercept his flight.
As when some peasant in a bushy brake 510
Has with unwary footing press'd a snake,
He starts aside, astonish'd, when he spies
His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes;
So from our arms surprised Androgeos flies—
In vain: for him and his we compass round, 515
Possess'd with fear, unknowing of the ground;
And of their lives an easy conquest found.
Thus Fortune on our first endeavor smiled.
Chorœbus then, with youthful hopes beguiled,
Swoln with success, and of a daring mind, 520
This new invention fatally design'd.
'*My friends*,' said he, 'since Fortune shows the way,
'Tis fit we should the [illegible] *propitious* guide obey.

For what has she these Grecian arms bestow'd,
But their destruction, and the Trojans' good? 525
Then change we shields, and their devices bear:
Let fraud supply the want of force in war.
They find us arms.' This said, himself he dress'd
In dead Androgeos' spoils, his upper vest,
His painted buckler, and his plumy crest. 530
Thus Ripheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train,
Lay down their own attire, and strip the slain.
Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill presage,
Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage;
Unknown, assaulting whom we blindly meet, 535
And strew, with Grecian carcases, the street.
Thus while their straggling parties we defeat,
Some to the shore and safer ships retreat;
And some, oppress'd with more ignoble fear,
Remount the hollow horse, and pant in secret there.
But, ah! what use of valor can be made, 541
When heaven's propitious pow'rs refuse their aid?
Behold the royal prophetess, the fair
Cassandra, dragg'd by her dishevel'd hair,
Whom not Minerva's shrine, nor sacred bands, 545
In safety could protect from sacrilegious hands:
On heav'n she cast her eyes, she sigh'd, she cried—
'Twas all she could—her tender arms were tied.
So sad a sight Chorœbus could not bear;
But, fired with rage, distracted with despair, 550
Amid the barb'rous ravishers he flew.
Our leader's rash example we pursue:
But storms of stones, from the proud temple's height,
Pour down, and on our batter'd helms alight:
We from our friends received this fatal blow, 555
Who thought us Grecians, as we seem'd in show.

They aim at the mistaken crests, from high;
And ours beneath the pond'rous ruin lie.
Then, moved with anger and disdain, to see
Their troops dispersed, the royal virgin free,
The Grecians rally, and their pow'rs unite,
With fury charge us, and renew the fight.
The brother kings with Ajax join their force,
And the whole squadron of Thessalian horse.
  Thus, when the rival winds their quarrel try,
Contending for the kingdom of the sky,
South, east, and west, on airy coursers borne—
The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:
Then Nereus strikes the deep: the billows rise,
And, mix'd with ooze and sand, pollute the skies.
The troops we squander'd first, again appear
From sev'ral quarters, and inclose the rear.
They first observe, and to the rest betray,
Our diff'rent speech; our borrow'd arms survey.
Oppress'd with odds, we fall: Chorœbus first,
At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierced.
Then Ripheus follow'd in th' unequal fight;
Just of his word, observant of the right.
Heav'n thought not so. Dymas their fate attends.
With Hypanis, mistaken by their friends.
Nor, Panthus, thee, thy mitre nor the bands
Of awful Phœbus saved from impious hands.
Ye Trojan flames, your testimony bear,
What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd there;
No sword avoiding in the fatal strife,
Exposed to death, and prodigal of life.
Witness, ye heav'ns! I live not by my fault:
I strove to have deserved the death I sought.
But, when I could not fight, and would have died,
Borne off to distance by the growing tide,

Old Iphitus and I were hurried thence,
With Pelias wounded, and without defence.
New clamors from th' invested palace ring:
We run to die, or disengage the king.
So hot th' assault, so high the tumult rose, 595
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppose,
As all the Dardan and Argolic race
Had been contracted in that narrow space;
Or as all Ilium else were void of fear,
And tumult, war, and slaughter, only there. 600
Their targets in a tortoise cast, the foes,
Secure advancing, to the turrets rose:
Some mount the scaling-ladders; some, more bold,
Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars hold:
Their left hand gripes their bucklers in th' ascent, 605
While with the right they seize the battlement.
From the demolish'd tow'rs the Trojans throw
Huge heaps of stones, that, falling, crush the foe:
And heavy beams and rafters from the sides,
(Such arms their last necessity provides!) 610
And gilded roofs come tumbling from on high,
The marks of state, and ancient royalty.
The guards below, fix'd in the pass, attend
The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
Renew'd in courage with recover'd breath, 615
A second time we ran to tempt our death,
To clear the palace from the foe, succeed
The weary living, and revenge the dead.
A postern-door, yet unobserved and free,
Join'd by the length of a blind gallery, 620
To the king's closet led—a way well known
To Hector's wife, while Priam held the throne—
Through which she brought Astyanax, unseen,
To cheer his grandsire, and his grandsire's queen.

Through this we pass, and mount the tow'r, from whence
With unavailing arms the Trojans make defence. 626
From this the trembling king had oft descried
The Grecian camp, and saw their navy ride.
Beams from its lofty height with swords we hew,
Then, wrenching with our hands, th' assault renew;
And, where the rafters on the columns meet, 631
We push them headlong with our arms and feet.
The lightning flies not swifter than the fall;
Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall:
Down goes the top at once; the Greeks beneath 635
Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into death.
Yet more succeed, and more to death are sent:
We cease not from above, nor they below relent.
Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, threat'ning loud,
With glitt'ring arms conspicuous in the crowd. 640
So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake,
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake,
And, casting off his slough when spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns,
Restored with pois'nous herbs: his ardent sides 645
Reflect the sun; and, raised on spires, he rides
High o'er the grass, hissing he rolls along,
And brandishes by fits his forky tongue.
Proud Periphas, and fierce Automedon,
His father's charioteer, together run 650
To force the gate: the Scyrian infantry
Rush on in crowds, and the barr'd passage free.
Ent'ring the court, with shouts the skies they rend;
And flaming firebrands to the roofs ascend.
Himself, among the foremost deals his blows, 655
And with his axe repeated strokes bestows
On the strong doors: then all their shoulders ply,
Till from the posts the brazen hinges fly.

He hews apace: the double bars at length
Yield to his axe, and unresisted strength. 660
A mighty breach is made: the rooms conceal'd
Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd—
The halls of audience, and of public state,
And where the lonely queen in secret sate.
Arm'd soldiers now by trembling maids are seen, 665
With not a door, and scarce a space, between.
The house is fill'd with loud laments and cries;
And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies.
The fearful matrons run from place to place,
And kiss the thresholds, and the posts embrace. 670
The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies;
And all his father sparkles in his eyes.
Nor bars nor fighting guards his face sustain:
The bars are broken, and the guards are slain.
In rush the Greeks, and all th' apartments fill; 675
Those few defendants whom they find, they kill.
Not with so fierce a rage the foaming flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood;
Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
And sweeps the cattle and the cots away. 680
These eyes beheld him, when he march'd between
The brother kings: I saw th' unhappy queen,
The hundred wives, and where old Priam stood,
To stain his hallow'd altar with his blood.
The fifty nuptial beds, (such hopes had he, 685
So large a promise of a progeny,)
The posts of plated gold, and hung with spoils,
Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
Where'er the raging fire had left a space
The Grecians enter, and possess the place. 690
Perhaps you may of Priam's fate inquire.
He—when he saw his regal town on fire,

His ruin'd palace, and his ent'ring foes,
On ev'ry side inevitable woes—
In arms disused invests his limbs, decay'd, 695
Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.
His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain:
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain,
Despairing of success, ambitious to be slain!
Uncover'd but by heav'n, there stood in view 700
An altar: near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass round
The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain. 705
Driven like a flock of doves along the sky,
Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
The queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
And hanging by his side a heavy sword,
'What rage,' she cried, 'has seized my husband's mind? 710
What arms are these, and to what use design'd?
These times want other aids. Were Hector here,
Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam, would appear.
With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,
Or in one common fate with us be join'd.' 715
She said, and with a last salute embraced
The poor old man, and by the laurel placed.
Behold! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs.
Through swords and foes, amazed and hurt, he flies
Through empty courts and open galleries. 721
Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,
And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
The youth transfix'd, with lamentable cries,
Expires before his wretched parents' eyes; 725

Whom gasping at his feet when Priam saw,
The fear of death gave place to nature's law;
And, shaking more with anger than with age,
'The gods,' said he, 'requite thy brutal rage!
As sure they will, barbarian, sure they must, 730
If there be gods in heav'n, and gods be just—
Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight;
With a son's death t' infect a father's sight.
Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
To call thee his—not he, thy vaunted sire, 735
Thus used my wretched age: the gods he fear'd,
The laws of nature and of nations heard.
He cheer'd my sorrows, and, for sums of gold,
The bloodless carcase of my Hector sold;
Pitied the woes a parent underwent, 740
And sent me back in safety from his tent.'
This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
Which, flutt'ring, seem'd to loiter as it flew:
Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield. 745
Then Pyrrhus thus: 'Go thou from me to fate,
And to my father my foul deeds relate.
Now die!'—With that he dragg'd the trembling sire,
Slidd'ring through clotter'd blood and holy mire,
(The mingled paste his murder'd son had made,) 750
Haul'd from beneath the violated shade,
And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.
His right hand held his bloody falchion bare;
His left he twisted in his hoary hair:
Then with a speeding thrust his heart he found; 755
The lukewarm blood came rushing through the wound,
And sanguine streams distain'd the sacred ground.
Thus Priam fell, and shared one common fate
With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state—

He, who the sceptre of all Asia sway'd, 760
Whom monarchs, like domestic slaves, obey'd.
On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd king,
A headless carcase, and a nameless thing.
Then, not before, I felt my curdled blood
Congeal with fear; my hair with horror stood: 765
My father's image fill'd my pious mind,
Lest equal years might equal fortune find.
Again I thought on my forsaken wife,
And trembled for my son's abandon'd life,
I look'd about, but found myself alone, 770
Deserted at my need!—My friends were gone.
Some spent with toil, some with despair oppress'd,
Leap'd headlong from the heights; the flames consumed the rest.
Thus wand'ring in my way without a guide,
The graceless Helen in the porch I spied 775
Of Vesta's temple; there she lurk'd alone;
Muffled she sate, and, what she could, unknown:
But, by the flames that cast their blaze around,
That common bane of Greece and Troy I found.
For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan sword, 780
More dreads the vengeance of her injured lord;
Ev'n by those gods, who refuged her, abhorr'd.
Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard,
Resolved to give her guilt the due reward.
'Shall she triumphant sail before the wind, 785
And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?
Shall she her kingdom and her friends review
In state attended with a captive crew,
While unrevenged the good old Priam falls,
And Grecian fires consume the Trojan walls? 790
For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood
Were swell'd with bodies, and were drunk with blood!

'Tis true, a soldier can small honor gain,
And boast no conquest, from a woman slain:
Yet shall the fact not pass without applause, 795
Of vengeance taken in so just a cause.
The punish'd crime shall set my soul at ease,
And murm'ring manes of my friends appease.'
Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasing light
Spread o'er the place; and, shining heav'nly bright,
My mother stood reveal'd before my sight— 801
(Never so radiant did her eyes appear;
Not her own star confess'd a light so clear)—
Great in her charms, as when on gods above
She looks, and breathes herself into their love. 805
She held my hand, the destined blow to break;
Then from her rosy lips began to speak:
'My son! from whence this madness, this neglect
Of my commands, and those whom I protect?
Why this unmanly rage? Recall to mind 810
Whom you forsake, what pledges leave behind.
Look if your helpless father yet survive,
Or if Ascanius or Creüsa live.
Around your house the greedy Grecians err;
And these had perish'd in the nightly war, 815
But for my presence and protecting care.
Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault:
But by the gods was this destruction brought;
Now cast your eyes around, while I dissolve
The mists and films that mortal eyes involve, 820
Purge from your sight the dross, and make you see
The shape of each avenging deity.
Enlighten'd thus, my just commands fulfil,
Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.
Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies, 825
Stones rent from stones,—where clouds of dust arise,—

Amid that smother, Neptune holds his place,
Below the wall's foundation drives his mace,
And heaves the building from the solid base.
Look, where, in arms, imperial Juno stands 830
Full in the Scæan gate, with loud commands
Urging on shore the tardy Grecian bands.
See! Pallas, of her snaky buckler proud,
Bestrides the tow'r, refulgent through the cloud:
See! Jove new courage to the foe supplies, 835
And arms against the town the partial deities.
Haste hence, my son! this fruitless labor end:
Haste, where your trembling spouse and sire attend:
Haste! and a mother's care your passage shall befriend.'
She said, and swiftly vanish'd from my sight, 840
Obscure in clouds, and gloomy shades of night.
I look'd, I listen'd: dreadful sounds I hear;
And the dire forms of hostile gods appear.
Troy sunk in flames I saw (nor could prevent),
And Ilium from its old foundations rent— 845
Rent like a mountain ash, which dared the winds,
And stood the sturdy strokes of lab'ring hinds.
About the roots the cruel axe resounds;
The stumps are pierced with oft-repeated wounds:
The war is felt on high: the nodding crown 850
Now threats a fall, and throws the leafy honors down.
To their united force it yields, though late,
And mourns with mortal groans th' approaching fate:
The roots no more their upper load sustain: 854
But down she falls, and spreads a ruin through the plain.
Descending thence, I 'scape through foes and fire:
Before the goddess, foes and flames retire.
Arrived at home, he, for whose only sake,
Or most for his, such toils I undertake—
The good Anchises—whom, by timely flight, 860
I purposed to secure on Ida's height—

Refused the journey, resolute to die,
And add his fun'rals to the fate of Troy,
Rather than exile and old age sustain.
'Go you, whose blood runs warm in ev'ry vein, 865
Had heav'n decreed that I should life enjoy,
Heav'n had decreed to save unhappy Troy.
'Tis, sure enough, if not too much, for one,
Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.
Make haste to save the poor remaining crew; 870
And give this useless corpse a long adieu.
These weak old hands suffice to stop my breath:
At least the pitying foes will aid my death,
To take my spoils, and leave my body bare:
As for my sepulchre, let heav'n take care. 875
'Tis long since I, for my celestial wife,
Loathed by the gods, have dragg'd a ling'ring life;
Since ev'ry hour and moment I expire,
Blasted from heav'n by Jove's avenging fire.'
This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to die: 880
Myself, my wife, my son, my family,
Entreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful cry—
'What! will he still persist, on death resolve,
And in his ruin all his house involve?'
He still persists his reasons to maintain; 885
Our pray'rs, our tears, our loud laments are vain.
Urged by despair, again I go to try
The fate of arms, resolved in fight to die.
What hope remains, but what my death must give?
'Can I, without so dear a father live? 890
You term it prudence, what I baseness call:
Could such a word from such a parent fall?
If Fortune please, and so the gods ordain,
That nothing should of ruin'd Troy remain,
And you conspire with Fortune to be slain: 895

The way to death is wide, th' approaches near:
For soon relentless Pyrrhus will appear,
Reeking with Priam's blood—the wretch who slew
The son (inhuman) in the father's view,
And then the sire himself to the dire altar drew. 900
O goddess-mother! give me back to fate;
Your gift was undesired, and came too late.
Did you, for this, unhappy me convey
Through foes and fires, to see my house a prey?
Shall I my father, wife, and son, behold, 905
Welt'ring in blood, each other's arms infold?
Haste! gird my sword, though spent, and overcome:
'Tis the last summons to receive our doom.
I hear thee, Fate! and I obey thy call!
Not unrevenged the foe shall see my fall. 910
Restore me to the yet unfinish'd fight:
My death is wanting to conclude the night.'
Arm'd once again, my glitt'ring sword I wield,
While th' other hand sustains my weighty shield;
And forth I rush to seek th' abandon'd field. 915
I went; but sad Creüsa stopp'd my way,
And 'cross the threshold in my passage lay,
Embraced my knees, and, when I would have gone,
Show'd me my feeble sire, and tender son.
'If death be your design—at least,' said she, 920
'Take us along, to share your destiny.
If any farther hopes in arms remain,
This place, these pledges of your love maintain.
To whom do you expose your father's life,
Your son's, and mine, your now forgotten wife?' 925
While thus she fills the house with clam'rous cries,
Our hearing is diverted by our eyes:
For, while I held my son, in the short space
Betwixt our kisses and our last embrace,

(Strange to relate!) from young Iulus' head 930
A lambent flame arose, which gently spread
Around his brows, and on his temples fed.
Amazed, with running water we prepare
To quench the sacred fire, and slake his hair;
But old Anchises, versed in omens, rear'd 935
His hands to heav'n, and this request preferr'd:
'If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend
Thy will—if piety can pray'rs commend—
Confirm the glad presage which thou art pleased to send.'
Scarce had he said, when, on our left, we hear 940
A peal of rattling thunder roll in air:
There shot a streaming lamp along the sky,
Which on the winged lightning seem'd to fly;
From o'er the roof the blaze began to move,
And, trailing, vanish'd in th' Idæan grove. 945
It swept a path in heav'n, and shone a guide,
Then in a steaming stench of sulphur died.
The good old man with suppliant hands implored
The gods' protection, and their star adored.
'Now, now,' said he, 'my son, no more delay; 950
I yield, I follow where heav'n shows the way.
Keep (O my country gods!) our dwelling-place,
And guard this relic of the Trojan race,
This tender child!—These omens are your own;
And you can yet restore the ruin'd town. 955
At least accomplish what your signs foreshow:
I stand resign'd, and am prepared to go.'
He said.—The crackling flames appear on high,
And driving sparkles dance along the sky.
With Vulcan's rage the rising winds conspire, 960
And near our palace roll the flood of fire.
'Haste, my dear father! ('tis no time to wait)
And load my shoulders with a willing freight.

Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care:
One death, or one deliv'rance, we will share. 965
My hand shall lead our little son; and you,
My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.
Next, you, my servants, heed my strict commands:
Without the walls a ruin'd temple stands,
To Ceres hallow'd once: a cypress nigh 970
Shoots up her venerable head on high,
By long religion kept: there bend your feet;
And in divided parties let us meet.
Our country gods, the relics, and the bands,
Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands: 975
In me 'tis impious, holy things to bear,
Red as I am with slaughter, new from war,
Till in some living stream I cleanse the guilt
Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt.'
Thus ord'ring all that prudence could provide, 980
I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide,
And yellow spoils; then, on my bending back,
The welcome load of my dear father take;
While on my better hand Ascanius hung,
And with unequal paces tripp'd along. 985
Creüsa kept behind: by choice we stray
Through ev'ry dark and ev'ry devious way.
I, who so bold and dauntless, just before,
The Grecian darts and shock of lances bore,
At ev'ry shadow now am seized with fear; 990
Not for myself, but for the charge I bear;
Till, near the ruin'd gate arrived at last,
Secure, and deeming all the danger past,
A frightful noise of trampling feet we hear.
My father, looking through the shades with fear, 995
Cried out, 'Haste, haste, my son! the foes are *nigh*:
Their swords and shining armor I descry:

Some hostile god, for some unknown offence,
Had sure bereft my mind of better sense;
For, while through winding ways I took my flight,
And sought the shelter of the gloomy night, 1001
Alas! I lost Creüsa: hard to tell
If by her fatal destiny she fell,
Or weary sate, or wander'd with affright;
But she was lost for ever to my sight. 1005
I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
My friends at Ceres' now deserted seat.
We met: not one was wanting: only she
Deceived her friends, her son, and wretched me.
What mad expressions did my tongue refuse? 1010
Whom did I not of gods or men accuse?
This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,
Abandoning my now forgotten care, 1015
Of counsel, comfort, and of hope, bereft,
My sire, my son, my country gods, I left.
In shining armor once again I sheathe
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.
Then headlong to the burning walls I run, 1020
And seek the danger I was forced to shun.
I tread my former tracks, through night explore
Each passage, ev'ry street I cross'd before.
All things were full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night. 1025
Then to my father's house I make repair,
With some small glimpse of hope to find her there.
Instead of her, the cruel Greeks I met:
The house was fill'd with foes, with flames beset.
Driv'n on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire,
Through air transported, to the roofs aspire. 1031

From thence to Priam's palace I resort,
And search the citadel, and desert court.
Then, unobserved, I pass by Juno's church:
A guard of Grecians had possess'd the porch: 1035
There Phœnix and Ulysses watch the prey;
And thither all the wealth of Troy convey—
The spoils which they from ransack'd houses brought,
And golden bowls from burning altars caught,
The tables of the gods, the purple vests, 1040
The people's treasure, and the pomp of priests.
A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,
And captive matrons, in long order stands.
Then, with ungovern'd madness, I proclaim,
Through all the silent streets, Creüsa's name: 1045
Creüsa still I call: at length she hears,
And sudden, through the shades of night, appears—
Appears, no more Creüsa, nor my wife,
But a pale spectre, larger than the life.
Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear, 1050
I stood: like bristles rose my stiffen'd hair.
Then thus the ghost began to soothe my grief:
'Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief.
Desist, my much-loved lord, t' indulge your pain:
You bear no more than what the gods ordain. 1055
My fates permit me not from hence to fly;
Nor he, the great controller of the sky.
Long wand'ring ways for you the pow'rs decree—
On land hard labors, and a length of sea.
Then, after many painful years are past, 1060
On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast,
Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
The flow'ry meadows, and the feeding folds.
There end your toils; and there your fates provide
A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride; 1065

There Fortune shall the Trojan line restore;
And you for lost Creüsa weep no more.
Fear not that I shall watch, with servile shame,
Th' imperious looks of some proud Grecian dame,
Or, stooping to the victor's lust, disgrace 1070
My goddess-mother, or my royal race.
And now, farewell! the parent of the gods
Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes.
I trust our common issue to your care.'
She said, and gliding pass'd unseen in air. 1075
I strove to speak: but horror tied my tongue;
And thrice about her neck my arms I flung,
And, thrice deceived, on vain embraces hung.
Light as an empty dream at break of day,
Or, as a blast of wind, she rush'd away. 1080
Thus having pass'd the night in fruitless pain,
I to my longing friends return again.
Amazed th' augmented number to behold,
Of men and matrons mix'd, of young and old—
A wretched exiled crew together brought, 1085
With arms appointed, and with treasure fraught,
Resolved, and willing, under my command,
To run all hazards both of sea and land.
The morn began, from Ida, to display
Her rosy cheeks; and Phosphor led the day: 1090
Before the gates the Grecians took their post,
And all pretence of late relief was lost.
I yield to Fate, unwillingly retire,
And, loaded, up the hill convey my sire. 1094

END OF VOL. I.